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THE REMEMBERED MAN TO HIS PRESIDENT

BY WILSON FOLLETT

'We must learn to do our Hero-worship better.'— Carlyle, *Past and Present*

Mr. President, it is high time for the voice of the country to make articulate, or as articulate as it can, what the conscience of the country has now been feeling with more and more intensity for these many weeks. Your forgotten man has come a long way since last November. He has come, if you will overlook the paradox for the sake of the truth in it, an even longer way since March 4. A lot of water has passed under all the bridges which represent his bonded indebtedness. And about many important matters his composite mood has changed more rapidly, and perhaps more radically, than it was ever before known to do in so brief a stretch of months. Suppose that a single mind could possess the common element in all our views. Suppose that it could shut out at the same time all but that common element. Suppose that a single voice could then express the result. What that voice would endeavor first of all to convey to you to-day would amount to a plea for forgiveness, a tribute of gratitude, and a declaration of faith.

'A plea for forgiveness' — is that perhaps stating the case a little too strongly? Name it, then, a simple explanation of our minds' failure to have done you instant justice — an excusable failure which can hardly be called our fault, since we are not seers, and which was certainly not your fault, since what you told us from the beginning was truth. The words chosen matter little to us and will matter as little to you, as long as it is understood that what we offer is from the heart and is in some sort reparation and atonement. The point is that you have taken us into a relationship in which we can profoundly believe, and we must try to keep our side of it not less sensitive, not less candid, than you seem to be keeping yours. You have

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promised to retract your mistakes, and that imposes upon us a readiness to admit and retract ours. We do not know how otherwise to go about the payment of our threefold debt. The plea for forgiveness comes before all: it represents the past. Our tribute of gratitude — that is for the present. And our declaration of faith — what does that stand for if not the future you and we can make, working together?

First, then, the past.

I

In the March *Atlantic*, on the eve of your inauguration, the author of these paragraphs addressed you in a vein of hope combined with — shall we say admonitory skepticism? The only imaginable importance to be claimed for that very sincere appeal was that it tried to state the pre-inauguration hopes and fears of an uncountable swarm of your forgotten people — the very folk to whom you had made your campaign promises. From any one person or pen, that friendly warning would have been grossly officious and impertinent. As a painstaking record of what was then felt by multitudes, including many of those to whom you owed your popular mandate, it was not impertinent, not officious. Whose pen happened to be used did not matter.

That the article was indeed more than a personal expression, that it described the November-to-March posture of innumerable Americans, was proved by the bombardment of mail which followed. That amazingly good-natured bombardment was sustained without an intermission from your proclamation of the banking holiday until after passage of the farm relief bill. It represented all sorts and conditions of forgotten men and women from coast to coast. The well-to-do and the poor said their say, the idle and the busy, the lettered and the illiterate — in fact, about every class of Americans *except* the cranks who account for nine tenths of a writer's year-in-and-year-out correspondence with strangers. What all that mail bore witness to, in short, was the immense number of adults in this country who might as reasonably have composed the original article themselves, and who, if I am as right about them to-day as then, might well be composing this one.

All those letters said in effect the same thing, posed one question, issued a single challenge. There was not an exception from beginning to end. 'Yes, yes,' they admitted in substance, 'we, too, cast our votes with more hope than faith, and perhaps with more fear than hope. We, too, went through the stage of wondering how long after Inauguration Day we should continue able to believe in the choice we had made. But what do you think of our President *now*? How do those last winter's doubts and reservations about our chief executive look this spring, since we have had a chance to study him in actions of his own choosing?' Every one of those writers meant that, so far as he was concerned, the November doubts had begun to look singularly hollow, misapplied, uncalled for.

And so, to be sure, they do look. All that energy of the popular intelligence which we expended in bracing ourselves against disillusionment seems now to have been so much energy wasted. You were elected by the ballots of people who misrated you, and who to-day stand convicted of error by the history which you have made since March 4. It was a mistake to judge the future by the past, as encouraged by proverb, so far as that process involved judging you by other men.

We dreaded another merely political administration with nothing but, perhaps, its superior dexterity to commend

it. We hoped, but against hope, for a good long moratorium on timidity, partisan manœuvring, and the more ignoble uses of the spoils of victory. When, between qualms, we dreamed our dream of the highest personal courage in the highest office, we told ourselves that it was a fabulous dream, beyond the utmost scope of to-day's practical politics, and not seriously to be cherished by sensible, realistic folk who had been taught all the lessons of the lower expediency by the world's most expert tutors. And we were wrong — on every count, wrong. Voting for you, making what seemed at the moment a choice of evils, we somehow elected a man for the time — perhaps *the* man. Your hour struck; and soon we knew, and the world knew.

About all we can say for ourselves is that, as an American master of epigram once put it, we had not the outcome to guide us. Or shall we believe that there was something effective, salutary, and bracing in our very skepticism? Could you have done as much for us if we had counted on more? Some men, we know, have been most trustworthy when most distrusted, and many a home-town lad has been helped to his place in the world by the blindness of those who could see nothing in him. From a hundred sources and by a thousand channels the honest misgivings of fellow Americans must have reached so sensitive a mind as yours, and, for all we can tell, they may have come as a challenge to powers latent in yourself which you had not yet realized. Have we, once unbelieving, helped make a great leader by doubting his stature, his leadership? These are mysteries reserved for the historian, the biographer, of a future day — who may, after all, pronounce upon them as one having authority, yet possessing the truth no more than we.

If we are to speak by the present seeming, the truth is that up to a certain point you very successfully concealed the existence among us of a first-rate American — one whom history, intent on the personal force which seizes opportunity or makes it, will perhaps know as a great man. And the question rises, 'How did it come about that his existence was so long concealed from all save a handful of those nearest him?' Why, Mr. President, had your pre-nomination and pre-election campaigns to be so reticent? Why, meaning so much more than your platform said, did you feel obliged to tell us so little of what you meant?

The answer to such questions must be looked for in the cynicism which progressively dominated our political life for the inglorious decade past, until the very man in the street, traditionally the most gullible of God's creatures, found himself disbelieving all promises, jeering at all idealism, and interpreting all programmes of betterment as so many ingenious new springes to catch woodcocks.

We were clamoring for action; we bless any number of the actions you have taken, seeing them after the fact as the only tenable alternatives to disaster; but could you have got our votes before the fact by promising or threatening to take those very actions in our interest? You did not believe it for a moment; and who can blame you? What would have happened to you if, for instance, at any time before November 8 you had breathed an intimation to the country at large that in certain exigencies you were prepared to take the United States off the gold standard? It would have been your political death warrant, and well you knew it.

Nearly every one of the staggering measures to which you have resorted would have struck the country a little in advance as conceivable only by the maddest of revolutionaries. One after

another, they would have produced a swelling chorus of 'unconstitutional,' 'rampant radicalism,' 'irresponsible schemer,' 'visionary,' 'betrayal of the American ideal,' and so on. Yet nearly every one of those same measures has come about with hardly a voice raised, as if in recognition of accomplished facts so obvious that even a practical politician has to face them. The speed with which you acted proves that you foresaw; but would you or any man in your place have dared also to foretell?

It looks as if the only way on earth for an honest man to get himself into a position to help the American people were first to deceive them as to his intentions. We thank heaven that you knew what had to be done. But we are also obliged to thank heaven that you knew better than to let us suspect anything of the sort. Your former secrecy has come to seem an indispensable part of your present greatness.

If that is not cynicism and the fruit of cynicism, pray tell us where to look for the definition.

II

Thus much for that confession of past frailties which is said to be so good for the soul. Next, our tribute of gratitude for the present. For what consummation of these times are we to be half so grateful as for the headway you are enabling us to make through the morass of that very cynicism?

We realize that you are answerable for prodigious, almost undreamed-of accomplishments, remarkable in themselves and more far-reaching in their implications than we can as yet entirely make out. For them, too, we shall have a word, though in only the most general way. But your all-important gift to us is not in the domain of policies, programmes, economies, strategies, or concrete doings. It is not to be described in terms of your material triumphs, nor shall it be wiped out if material disasters should follow them. For it is essentially a matter of the attitudes, motives, and morals underlying all achievements. The important and stirring changes which you have wrought in the political consciousness of your country you have brought to pass by reading us a terrific lesson in the necessity, the simple possibility, of faith.

Few of us may agree as to the ultimate meaning of all you have done and tried, but none save a handful of the over-educated (who are superior to everything on earth) can have escaped the moral leverage of the fearless candor with which you have met the issues as they came. All of us feel the cleaner to-day for a common admiration of something which exacts admiration; yes, and for this renewed pride of ours in the motive force at the centre of our national government. It is no mean thing for all from the highest to the lowest to be feeling once again, and feeling with passion, the true significance of the sentiment, 'My country, right or wrong!' — which true significance, we take it, is that we do not have to be dead sure whether the methods we support are ideally perfect so long as we know that the motives are.

As we have just been seeing, great numbers of Americans have, since March 4, been compelled by their moral sense to make a sort of apology to an elected candidate *for whom they voted*, because their votes turn out to have expressed only an ignorant and grudging recognition of his just claims. What a quickening of our lethargic public consciousness that simple fact denotes! Often enough in the past we have regretted votes cast on the wrong side. But when within living memory have any great number of us felt something resembling contrition for a timorous or mean-spirited attitude behind

votes cast on the right side? And when have we seen a candidate who could be conceived of as caring at all how much or how little we meant by our votes so long as he got them? You, by showing that you do care, create a new category in our political experience. You take us at a stride into a promised land of public moral values which we disillusioned ones hardly dared expect to live long enough to set foot in.

Last November 9, on one of those waves of wildfire which can turn a community maudlin overnight, the word swept through a city of two million inhabitants that your mysterious 'New Deal' was nothing other than Technocracy. Specifically, rumor had it that Mr. Howard Scott would be your Secretary of State and vice-dictator. All heard; some who should have known better believed. But the New Deal was something much simpler than that — something better and, as it happened, a good deal older. It was an application to the handling of a hundred and thirty million people's affairs of the same standard of personal rectitude which alone makes tolerable our everyday relationships between man and individual man. The New Deal was, in fine, just the decency which keeps life livable on Main Street or at Amity Four Corners.

The bearable human relationship, as all of us have always known it, is one in which A trusts B somewhat as B trusts A. Either will do for the other any mortal thing which it is at all reasonable to ask, at least up to the point where it involves unwarranted damage to C. Above everything, each knows all the time what he is entitled to rely upon the other for. It is a reciprocal, a mutual connection, depending upon kept engagements and promises receivable at par. And it is simple. The participants do not befool each other with double meanings or deal out words behind which they can later hide their shame.

Now, how does this familiar type of relationship compare with that which has existed more often than not between electorate and officeholder? In that less personal relationship, A, the citizen, is called upon to trust B, the candidate, and honor his word. But what does B do? He *uses* A — makes him promises intended only in a Pickwickian sense, sells out his interests the moment they threaten to become embarrassing or costly, and from beginning to end hocuses A with politically allowable, humanly contemptible excuses and no-excuses which, as between one neighbor and another, would make daily life unbearable.

We naïve non-political folk have always held among ourselves that just the lay world's simple, everyday code of decency, if it were to be tried on a broad scale by a level-headed man of first-rate courage, would turn out to be the most spectacularly efficient political technique ever devised. At the same time, we were hardly so naïve as to expect anyone to try it in this day and age. We had been too well schooled in the difference between an honest man and what is called an 'honest politician.' The latter's honesty exists, to be sure, but not for us. It is dedicated to his party interests, his party's managers and manipulators. His partisan loyalty is often a magnificent thing to see, considered purely as an exhibit in human tenacity; but you cannot exactly call it a demonstration of noble candor, because all his disregarded promises were made to *us*, in consideration of our votes. To us plain people he is rigidly economical with his honesty, as if it were a luxury not to be squandered on the inferior. A surface film of honesty — just enough to lubricate a career and make it run without friction — is about all we can sensibly

look to him for. What he obviously believes about people is that in the long run they are there to be climbed on; and which of all our faces has not at one time or another felt his boot heel?

This painfully acquired disillusionment of ours, this natural aftermath of the nearly universal cynicism in politics, is what you, Mr. President, have scattered upon the winds. Every intelligent adult in the United States to-day knows that a President of the United States is keeping, is more than keeping, his campaign promises; that he is working heart and hand in the sole interest of those to whom he made them; that he has forgotten himself, his party, all special classes and interests, every selfish claim upon him, to give all there is of him to nothing on this footstool but the common good of his people. Over the heads of party strategists and obstructionists he is talking to us who elected him — telling us the truth in language we can understand. That is precisely what we asked of him, but dared not expect. So doing, he is rapidly restoring the atmosphere of confidence in which prosperity can breed — which, again, is what we asked of him. So far from throwing our requirements to the hungry wolf of party expediency, he has actually made party solidarity and the standard brand of tactics get out of our way and his — thereby, if our breed of political wisdom has any virtue, creating a strategy worth two of the other.

The thing has happened, and therefore it *can* happen, and therefore it can be believed in — especially by folk as starved as we for something in which to believe. That permanent possibility of faith, over and above the astounding sequence of definite achievements, is your great gift to your people, Mr. President. We may differ in the pitch of our enthusiasm for the achievements, but in this matter we can find no room for differences. Is it not cause for gratitude, and shall we not be grateful?

It is manifestly incumbent on us, as time goes on, to see that you gain more than you lose by your plucky and steadfast defiance of what have hitherto been regarded as the necessary amenities of party coöperation. Well, we expect to take care of that.

Woe, say we, to the next national politician who essays to unteach us our newly regained pride in our government, or to trade too far on the assumption that nothing has happened to the ingrained political cynicism of yesteryear. For we are taking our political reëducation these days from a leader whose ultimate objective it is simply to save our poor, ravished, plundered country and give it back as whole as may be to the mass of us who have to live in it.

III

And there you have our declaration of faith in the future. It is what you particularly want to hear from us, is it not?

Some of the politicians of both parties with whom you are having to cope in Washington have taken violent issue with you over various specific items in your programme. Passionately convinced that they are right, they state their case within the hearing of the nation; and with what result? In practically every instance, amazed and staggered by the feebleness of the popular support they are able to muster against you, they are obliged to accept either your solution or a merely nominal modification of it. Why is it that with such telling uniformity they are unable to get any appreciable number of us to take their side against you? Is it because we are so convinced of the unassailable economic wisdom of everything you propose? Do we really feel ourselves competent to take sides in a contention

over a matter of purely fiscal policy between you and, say, Senator Glass?

Of course, we claim no such competence. About all we can make out with certainty is that many of those who do claim it do not have it. Some human being somewhere may know whether there is any such possibility as a controlled currency, and whether the right degree of inflation will enable debtors to pay 1929 debts in the kind of dollar they borrowed, and whether international coöperation can ever revive international trade on the scale of the 1920's and whether legal tender in redemption of government bonds is wanton repudiation or humanly unavoidable salvage; but we do not pretend to know those things, and we do not believe that anything short of the outcome can ever teach us the answers. Thus, when we who admittedly do not know support you on purely technical issues against those who insist that they do know, the rationale of our support is certainly not technical. Where, then, are we to seek it, and how define it?

The answer is that we, seemingly unlike a great many politicians, have caught a glimpse of how all your plans fit together, and for practical purposes stand or fall together. It seems to us that your whole programme is a unit, not a collection of brilliant improvisations or ingenious devices; that it is the expression not so much of a mere executive talent as of a social philosophy stamped with an ideal that is our ideal.

If we read your mind at all correctly, you are doing something more than meeting situations as they come up. You seem to be working all the time for one thing. Whether you try to conserve a remnant of our investments, or to make the indispensable dollar a little easier to get, or to dam a river and save a forest, or to keep a particular breed of cormorants from flapping and wheeling around the treasury which represents our flattened pockets, or to give people inducements to get out of those great solitudes called cities, or to deflate an anachronistic tradition of snobbery in a naval training institution, or to relieve the destitution which stares us in the face on every hand — whatever you do, whether or not it is just what we might think of in a like emergency, whether or not it has the unreserved blessing of this Senator and that banker and yonder major general of industry, we have a clear and steady conviction of what you are really working for. And it is what we want — a better America, more free, more friendly, more secure for the great general average of its inhabitants, more ours.

And that is why we in our ignorance are so ready to take your side against the knowing politicians. It is because we feel that in all your central motives and visions you have already taken our side against them.

There are two mutually exclusive philosophies contending for mastery in the national life to-day, and sometimes it comes over us that this very presidential administration may be the hour of their death struggle. One of them — that which we are used to seeing regnant in all three branches of the Federal Government, and which is often styled 'the American ideal,' especially by those who stand to gain most by it — rests on the assumption that the good of everyone is best secured by all possible favors to a few. Specifically and concretely, the nation is best off, according to this philosophy, when certain classes of persons find it easiest to make money — the more money and the faster made, the better. For some years the government has taken pride and pleasure in being as helpful as it could to these classes of persons, headed by the twelve or fifty or five hundred men who are said to rule the country; and the theory was

that prosperity would filter downward from them until it showered blessings upon us all. Sometimes, to be sure, the arrangement has suggested a series of descending sieves, with the holes so graduated that all the double eagles stay at the top and only a thin scattering of pennies finds its way to the bottom; but let that go.

This conception of the national well-being has found itself placed in a somewhat withering light since 1929, not only before the revolutionaries and malcontents who have always fought it, but also before the conservatives who have always lived by it and in so doing thrived and flourished. For, behold, it has been proved with a cogency which even stockbrokers cannot miss that the highest conceivable peak of that sort of prosperity leads straight to the lowest conceivable abyss of want, and can lead nowhere else. All of us are where we are to-day precisely *because* a few found it easy to make so much money so fast in 1928; and even those who made the money can see it now.

The inevitable consequence, in government as everywhere else, is a swing to the alternative philosophy of less sensational profits, controlled production, steadier consumption, more coördination and coöperation all round, a broader and more equal sharing of both opportunities and responsibilities — in short, the planned economy about which we have lately heard so much, with governmental compulsion to encourage the planning and the economy wherever private initiative falters in well-doing.

Your words as President have, to be sure, been all of coöperation, not compulsion. But we are weighing you by your acts; and we find them to be acts which, at the very least that can be said, acknowledge the compulsion inherent in events themselves and which use its leverage. 'Revolution' is, of course, a word which we neither expect nor require to hear from Presidential lips. Yet something amounting to a social revolution is being produced among us to-day by the brute facts of a situation which all have helped produce and must face together. The only question is whether we shall go with the facts of the time and save ourselves, or deny the facts and be broken upon them. It seems to us that you have decided to go with the facts — to align the functions and objectives of government squarely behind the second of our two philosophies and as squarely against the old anarchic individualism.

Nor can we escape the conviction that, so far as that is true, you represent the time to come, while those who are opposing you represent the past. In any event, we think you represent us, which is perhaps another way of saying that you have dedicated yourself to the future. For we are folk who have long ago accepted our losses, settled down to a fresh start, and reorganized our lives on a basis which will stand examination better than the flimsy old one ever did; whereas we notice with dismay that nine in ten of your enemies are precisely the unteachables who still consume their force in chaffering over scraps and remnants of hypothetical assets which, for all anyone knows, can never be salvaged anyhow. Certainly our collective mind is made up to follow you and not them. And, yes, we shall follow with all the more steady loyalty now because once it took us so long to find your measure and respond to your deep kinship with all that we can best tolerate in ourselves.

We give you back, Mr. President, syllable for syllable, the last words which you spoke directly to and for us before this writing: 'In the present spirit of mutual confidence and mutual encouragement *we go forward.*'

MY MIXED MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

UNEXPECTEDLY I dropped off the train in Cleveland to rest for several hours. I called at the house of a friend to find that a dinner party was in preparation. Dr. John Haynes Holmes was to debate Rabbi Barnett Brickner on the everlasting subject of intermarriage — miscegenation, the elect like to call it. The clergyman was to be for it, the rabbi against it.

It was impossible for me not to be facetious.

'What,' I asked, 'do you gentlemen really know about intermarriage? You, who favor it, are married to a woman of your own kind; you, who oppose it, are married to a woman of *your* own kind. Vicariously, distantly, even statistically, you may speak with some authority. But do you know the secrets of the hearth? Do you know the unspoken thoughts of those who have crossed national and racial and even color barriers? Do you know the anguish that must arise when ordinary misunderstandings among human beings are attributed to prejudices? Do you appreciate the problem of the child?'

I

Well might I ask such questions, for mine is perhaps the most mixed of marriages. My wife is a Hakka. The Hakkas are the most vital of the aboriginal people of China; they are strong, independent, vigorous; excellent pirates, and splendid merchants. Their women never bound their feet; they carried short swords in their hair as a protection against rape by the conquering sons of Han, who drove them southward as they moved down the Wei and Yellow rivers to encompass a continent. Not intermarrying with the Puntis, continuing to speak their own racial dialect, they nevertheless are Chinese, for the word 'Chinese' applies to all the people who live in the country of China — many races, many tribes, many religions, many human mixtures.

Enterprising, hardened by travail, the Hakkas are China's most intrepid emigrants. They built railroads in the United States; they developed tin mines in the Malay Archipelago; they cultivated rubber in Java. Nearly a century ago my wife's ancestors appeared in the British West Indies, where they became merchants.

My own people are Polish Jews, mostly rabbis and musicians. On my mother's side, there is a line that goes back to Italy several centuries ago — a line that moved over all of Europe, and is still moving. Who can know what heredity there is in such a race? A red-headed aunt — might that not be attributable to the rape of Jewish women by Gustavus Adolphus's soldiers, or to the *Lex primae noctis* of the feudal lords? Might not some of the Mongolian characteristics which appear in eye and eyebrow trace back to the hordes of the Huns or of Genghis Khan? Who can know such things, for

are not the essentials of history all unwritten? Do we not live in the security of overlooked and forgotten facts?

My father came to this country in the 1880's to be a rabbi among struggling tailors, peddlers, and junk dealers. His was the task of keeping a poverty-stricken head high among the *nouveaux riches* who transferred their packs to shops and became department-store owners or manufacturers. His was a life of serving an ideal of faith, while the rewards went to the unholy and sometimes to the wicked.

My wife was educated in England, in a school in Bath and at the Royal Academy of Music in London. Born in a British colony, educated in England, her cultural heritage is British. I was brought up on the East Side of New York, amid the excitements of the transition of the East Side from a ghetto to a vast and assimilative metropolis which now includes the whole of New York. I was educated in New York's public school system until I went to Columbia University during the stimulating years just before the war. Mine is a New York cultural heritage — distinctly New York, because it is also Jewish.

I came to China by way of Russia, to become steeped in the Chinese revolution, to learn to love an alien people, and then to weary of disappointment and become distressed by unending failures. She came to an idealized China, to the China which her grandmother recalled as it was during the Taiping rebellion, to a China which exists no more, and may never have existed except in the glorified memory of a mother who had never seen China, who had never known the Chinese in their native habitat. Just as I, in my Zionist childhood on East Broadway, had looked forward to the Jewish homeland in Palestine, so she had envisioned the Chinese homeland, to reach which she traversed two oceans and a continent from London to Shanghai.

And in Shanghai we met the day she arrived, and three years later we were married. Three years we debated the question of mixed marriages. Three years we argued our prospects of success. We had nothing in common except an affection for and a faith in each other. Could such a marriage succeed?

Everyone said it must fail. Shall I ever forget how a kindly friend sat before me for hours recounting all the probabilities of failure? Do I not still tremble when I think of the picture he painted of the child's future — if there should be a child? And then a Chinese friend — a man who had himself experimented with intermarriage and failed — spoke to each of us separately and advised against it. Upon me he loaded a fearful responsibility. He said: —

'If you fail, she will have no one to go to. If you are cruel, the Chinese will say it is racial prejudice. If you do not succeed in life, foreigners [Westerners] will say that it is your Chinese wife who keeps you down. And you may come to believe it. If you succeed in life, you may not be willing to admit that a Chinese wife helped you. Unless you are both gentle and careful, you will inevitably fail — not only in your marriage, but in your lives.'

Then we married — she, Chinese, Christian, British; I, Polish, Jewish, American. She became a woman without a country, for my country would not have her and hers had to let her go; I became part of a mixed world in the East, where the color line is drawn in the foreign settlements.

II

Ten years have now passed, and we have both reached the same conclusion:

that marriage is essentially a matter of readjustment — the more sensitive the individuals, the more delicate the readjustments. Marriage involves, not races and nationalities, but individuals — two individuals, no more than two. Even if they are of the same stock, the same heredity, the same education, success or failure depends upon adaptability. The inflexible man and the shrewish woman are never a happy pair.

A mixed marriage is, then, first of all, only a marriage. The elements which make for success or failure are primarily those which determine the fate of other unions. Poverty, irascibility, injustice, brutality, deceit — these make for failure in any marriage. The 'mixed' characteristic plays no part here.

But there are moments when the mixed marriage is subjected to a stress which does not appear ordinarily — that is, when misunderstandings are attributed to the racial or religious or national differences. In a marriage between a Gentile and a Jewess, for example, an indelicate man is particularly liable to forget the sensitiveness of his wife when he thoughtlessly uses the phrase 'damn Jew,' forgetting that he is referring to his wife's people, even to herself. It is a sad moment for both partners when the ordinary wear and tear of life leads to a repudiation of racial or national equality, to an accentuation of differences, to an attribution of all errors to religious practices. Mixed marriages, then, should not be entered into by individuals who are not certain that they have transcended racial, national, and religious affiliations. Upon that we are both agreed.

Marriages between Chinese and foreigners have usually been unsuccessful — most often when the 'white' component has been a woman. Many elements enter into these failures. First of all, most of these marriages have been between sailors, beach combers, or other representatives of the lower social strata of the white man on the China coast, and 'salt-water girls' — that is, specimens of the lowest social stratum among Chinese women. Such marriages are doomed at the start. Coarseness on either side leads to injustice and misery. Physical attraction being the sole cause for marriage, the thing goes on the rocks when that has faded. Among such men and women there is rarely either the character or the capacity for adjustment. The man goes his way, the woman hers. He gives her money; she feeds him and sews on his buttons. They have children. She would bring them up her way; he finally gives in and lets them drift. Yet, even among such people, there have been notable exceptions — men and women who have grown, who have achieved a competence and an elevating environment, and who have created a family.

Among what may, for want of a better phrase, be called educated men and women, intermarriage between Chinese and foreigners has, if the 'white' component is the man, often been as successful as an ideal marriage of the orthodox type. The Princess Der Ling and her husband, T. C. White, are an example of a happy mixed marriage. Dr. Hawks Pott, of St. John's University in Shanghai, and his Chinese wife were supremely happy as long as she lived. Our own marriage has stood the test of a decade. There have been other instances which I could cite.

When the 'white' element is a woman, the problem is very much more seriously complicated by the intricacies of the Chinese family system. The wife finds that she has to adjust herself not only to her husband but to his relatives as well, to his mother in particular. If she lives with the family — the usual practice in China — she faces prob-

lems of differing customs and habits, to which she may never adapt herself. If she lives in Shanghai or Peking, she may take her place in a society in which normal recreation and stimulation are possible; but if the husband carries her to his native village, then she finds herself isolated among strangers whom she never can regard as her people. If he was married in childhood or early youth, as often happens, and he has failed to tell her about it, she soon discovers that his people look upon her as a concubine, and treat her according to that status. If she cannot compromise, and does not follow family customs, then she becomes a problem, an impediment, a cause for quarrels. If she lives a Western life, she is often too expensive. If the father is paying the bills of the entire family, as Chinese fathers not infrequently do, she then becomes an occasion for bickering between father and son, which brings upon her the opprobrium of society. I know of very few such marriages which have not foundered rather quickly.

III

The only broad general conclusion that can be reached with regard to mixed marriages is that environmental differences make adjustments more difficult than in the ordinary marriage of like and like. Failure comes more often from deceit and ignorance than from any inability of races to blend. American girls who marry Chinese students often imagine that their husbands are very wealthy. One Chinese boy, when he was a student in this country, gave the impression that he was a prince, and the American girl who married him was shocked to discover in Shanghai that he was only another young man looking for a job. Deception, poverty, and disappointment wrecked that marriage, just as they wreck thousands of the most orthodox unions. In such cases, it is not the mixture, it is the lies, that make for failure.

Few of us realize that most marriages involve elements of racial, national, and cultural mixtures. Even when the pair have been brought up in the same village one cannot be certain that there is not, in one or the other, an intricately mixed racial origin. I know an American who may be a New Englander for all I know, yet there is something about him which indicates a deviation. Is it a Hungarian strain? If so, is it Magyar, Gypsy, or Jew? If it is Magyar, it is Asiatic from northwest China, diluted by centuries of assimilation with Europeans. An American heiress marries a Russian prince. Is he a Russian, a Georgian, an Armenian, or what? He may be a mixture of Hun, Tatar, Slav, and German. Their children grow up in Newport and marry there. Is this not as great a mixture as can be found in Canton?

In an intermarriage, cultural dissimilarities are likely to be great, because here enter elements of diverse home environment, schooling, travel, religious practices, and a thousand and one influences that play on every individual from the moment of his birth. These cultural influences make for success or failure in marriage more than any other factor. They are never identical in two individuals, not even in brothers; yet one rarely thinks of a cultural difference as being important except when associated with a racial or national difference. Race and nationality do, undoubtedly, accentuate cultural differences; but there are sports in human development which make for cultural similarities when there are actually wide divergencies of race and nationality. My own affinity for the Asiatic can only be explained in this manner.

IV

In the setting up of a new household, the relationship to friends often becomes a question making for happiness or disaster. What becomes of old schoolmates, old calf loves, old associates? Can they remain quite as they were? In any marriage this may become a problem, particularly if a former friendship has been intense or important.

The struggle between old ties and the new one often precipitates the first bickerings of married life. In the United States, where marriage customs seem at present to be in disorder, I have noticed that husbands are more obviously jealous of their wives' friendships than are men in other countries where I have lived. Here, there is, of course, a lack of security in married life, a fear of failure, because the law has made failure so easy. The so-called 'broad-minded' husband or wife presents a curious problem to old friends because it is difficult to know how much of the broad-mindedness is real. No one ever knows exactly upon what rock a marriage is to split when there are no fixed traditions.

In a mixed marriage there can be no traditions, for there is inevitably an assimilation of — or, alternatively, a compromise over — traditions. You start out — and this, perhaps, makes such a marriage more interesting, if not exciting — by trying carefully to make up your mind just how much you can take over of your partner's attitude toward life. There may be such fundamental questions to decide as that of table manners, the precedence of husband or wife, the handling of family money, the attitude toward relatives and friends.

Old friends may not be able to understand or make allowances for the strange, hybrid customs which often mark the home founded upon a mixed marriage. The Chinese, for example, are a reserved people. They may be warm and ardent friends, and you may never know it until you meet with misfortune; then they will prove the genuineness of their affection. On the other hand, they have a code of politeness which gives to strangers a sense of being included in the intimate family circle. Later the stranger discovers that he has been 'dropped.' Not at all. What has happened is that the code has been followed to the letter, and the matter is closed. Friendship comes very slowly, and involves trial periods. Old schoolmates enjoy the intimacy of brothers; an old teacher stands in the relationship of a father. A house friend is often trusted with the most delicate concerns of the family — even with the care of the wife, say, during a period of long absence.

If husband and wife quarrel, the Chinese code permits intimate friends to intervene. I remember an occasion when a Chinese friend of mine 'went off the deep end.' A committee of his closest friends organized themselves, traveled down to the place where he and the young lady were living together in a temple, and appealed to them both to give up their relationship. In this instance the appeal was based upon national interests, since it was felt that the effect of their conduct upon the youth of the country might be harmful.

Among Western peoples, friendship may be quite casual, carrying with it none of the rights and claims which characterize it in China. Returning to America after years in the Far East, I was struck by this difference. Here, friendship often implies neither responsibilities nor obligations, but only gregariousness. You belong to a set or a crowd or a clique. It is always changing in personnel and quality. Men go

up in the social scale, often forgetting old comrades who could not keep step; they go down to the song of 'Brother, can you spare a dime?'

In a mixed marriage involving two such distinct conceptions of friendship, difficulties are sure to arise if either party to it fails to grasp the full meaning of the word and of the ideal as understood by the other. There is danger, particularly, that the Western member may not understand his partner's appeal to old friends for advice, the continued relationship toward former schoolmates, the dependence upon what has become a static environment, the expenditure of money to help old friends in need. He may apply the rule of 'every man for himself,' while she applies the social conception of group responsibility. Even in their charities they would differ — he believing in organization and in a broad doctrine of community responsibility, she adhering to the principle of personal assistance. He would not understand that a 'loan' is not to be repaid, or that, were he in difficulties, a similar loan might be made to him.

Among the Chinese, the pull of friendship is in the wife's direction. Her friends tend to become the family friends. In marriages between a Chinese woman and a 'white' man, this tendency is accentuated by the fact that European and American women resent such unions and have erected social barriers to discourage them. To the objectors this seems a social necessity, for, were there no barriers, more 'white' men would marry Chinese women — if the latter would have them. I can well imagine that in some countries a natural barrier may exist; but Chinese women, particularly of the educated classes, are often both beautiful and charming.

Until 1927, intercourse between foreigners and the Chinese was restricted to business relationships, except among the missionaries. Since then, as a result of political necessity and the influence of Lord Willingdon and Sir Frederick Whyte, the barriers have begun to crumble.

I remember the first time that Chinese and foreigners danced together; it was at a party given by a group of friends when my wife arrived in Shanghai from England. They screened us off in a part of the restaurant — 'to guarantee us privacy,' they said, but really to avoid protests from 'white' women.

Even when the foreigner found it advantageous and necessary to associate with the Chinese socially, he still continued his prejudices. The result is that in such a mixed marriage as ours the social relationships tend to be limited to the wife's people. In the husband, resentment grows against the discrimination and condescension which he sees frequently manifested toward her people. Old friendships are broken over this issue. Men with whom one has associated become mere business acquaintances, because social contacts cannot be carried over to their wives. More and more the man finds himself tied to his wife's people. Her interests and her social group become his.

Nevertheless, the home created by such a marriage tends to be Westernized. In matters of food, clothing, and furnishings, Western forms dominate because they are more convenient and, in the upper reaches, less expensive. In cultural matters — books, magazines, music, art — the West seems to pull a stronger oar, perhaps because it is a lighter oar to pull. At any rate, in every home of a mixed marriage that I have visited, I have found Western influences more prevalent than Chinese, Western customs more visible and more usual.

V

The most pressing problem in every intermarriage, particularly in one that involves racial and national differences, is the child. Not only does he face the possibility of a confused home training, a drawing hither and thither in education and religion, but he encounters a sentimental prejudice among other children, and even adults, which may develop in him a racial inferiority complex so deep as to ruin his personality. His greatest danger comes during puberty, when he may grow to hate his parents for having involved him in confusion, and, later, his first love affair may leave him with psychological scars that never heal. Parents who bring children of mixed marriages into this very cruel and erring world assume a responsibility which cannot be treated with the devil-may-care attitude of most fathers and mothers toward the upbringing of their children.

The Eurasian child in China or Japan is usually the product, not of careful rearing by parents, but of incidental training by amahs. The Chinese amah constantly asserts that such a child is a 'white man,' and this creates in him a racial antipathy toward his mother's people which distorts his outlook on life and poisons his personality. In Hongkong, however, a number of Eurasians have chosen the Chinese side as their own. They have become leaders of the Chinese community, and represent a healthy, decent stock there. The fact that they are not ashamed of either branch of their origin gives them strength.

As we faced this problem, we were well aware, even before a child came to us, that the task of bringing him up would involve a large measure of character building. We should have to instill in him a sense of personal pride so that he might withstand the buffets of a prejudiced world. We should have to nurture his constructive characteristics with special care so that sheer ability would help him over the hurdles. It must be assumed for such a child that, if he drifts, his chances of a successful life will not be many; if his personality is weak, he will be hit down by society; if he lacks charm or special ability, he will be heavily handicapped. Yet what parent can guarantee that his child, whatever its heredity, will not be just one in a multitude? The task, then, was to watch, to analyze, to strengthen.

We felt that our boy would have a more even chance in life if he were to develop artistic traits. In the rough competition of business or politics, his racial origin would almost surely prove an impediment; prejudices would limit his opportunities, keep him from preferred positions, generate thoughtless distrust. Even Hitler is handicapped by his Czech mother. I know a man in the British foreign service who was prevented from receiving an appointment to which his seniority and services entitled him because in his ancestry and his personality there were visible evidences of an Asiatic mixture.

In the arts, nothing really matters but ability. No one asks a violinist or a pianist, a painter or a poet, a great actor or a tenor, who his grandfather or grandmother happened to be. Who cares whether Fritz Kreisler is an Austrian or a Greek? What does it matter that Paul Robeson is a Negro? In the arts, there is not only a genuine democracy in the sense that all men of ability and genius are equal, there is also an aristocracy in which the intellectually fittest survive. For the child of a mixed marriage, then, the arts offer greater prospects of the happiness that comes from achievement than does any other field.

Yet no parent can say to his child, 'My boy, go forth and practise the

arts.' The hidden qualities of genius, the stirring of a need for self-expression through a particular artistic medium, the lust for music, for color, for words — these must dawn within the consciousness of each individual. What fathers and mothers *can* do, however, is to be vigilant, providing the child with an atmosphere and environment to stimulate whatever talents he may possess.

The child of a mixed marriage is indeed fortunate if his inherent qualities set him apart from the herd, for in it he will ever be a stranger. His very differences in coloring, in character, in ideas, make him stand out from the crowd. In the arts, each man is an individual. He must be himself. Nothing can thwart him but lack of ability. In such a field the inevitably different child of a mixed marriage can find full equality. There he is in a safe harbor. Who cares that Yehudi Menuhin is a Jew? There is no anti-Semitic intolerance that can compete with the bowing of his violin.

VI

In America to-day, too large a share of the responsibilities of education is relegated to the schools. The parent, busy with work, lectures, bridge, politics, finds the child a nuisance and turns him over to his teachers. I have looked into some of the so-called experimental schools, and have been much impressed by their freedom and lack of discipline. This may be just the environment for the genius; but the child of cantankerous traits may be spoiled by it beyond redemption. The upbringing of a Eurasian child cannot be left to chance. He requires the close supervision of parents who are sympathetic and rational, who have the time and patience to study him, and who dare assume the burden of fitting him to meet the certain difficulties that lie ahead of him.

Their first duty is to make him realize from infancy that there is nothing extraordinary about him. Now that is a terrific task, because the effects are likely to be just the opposite of what one desires. The more it is explained that all people are alike, the more the child will discern that they are different. Sooner or later he may come to the conclusion that his parents have been untruthful, and he will wonder why they lied to him. At that moment trouble begins, both for them and for him.

The recipe is the whole truth. Over a period of years, commencing with the time when the child begins to ask questions, when he notices the difference between blond hair and black, patiently, carefully, the story of his racial origin should be unfolded to him — not nationalistically, not to encourage a superior attitude, not as a political problem, but as a story in which he is an incidental character. The heroine of such a tale should be his mother. Her importance in his young life can never be overestimated. He should grow up to realize that he was brought into the world to take his father's place in looking after her.

My wife always wonders why our little boy is so good when I am away on my long trips about this country or to Asia. It is easily explained. When I am at home, he has no responsibility for the welfare of the family or for the care of his mother. But when I am gone he is the head of the house. It is a little game that he and I play, with his mother as the centre of the picture. Just now it is only a game; later it will become a habit. It will strengthen his faith in her and in himself. He will feel that it is quite all right to have come out of her race. It will not matter what others say — he will know better.

All children who are carefully nurtured are spoiled by their parents, par-

ticularly by their fathers. It cannot be helped, because fathers are like that. The process of spoiling can be arrested, however, by social discipline. This must be applied in the home as well as in the school, and the problem is especially important for the child of a mixed marriage. He must be subjected to the firmest discipline if he is to be prevented from evading his duties and responsibilities on the ground that he is different from other children. The Jewish child, for instance, often becomes lopsided from hearing too much about anti-Semitism. If he has a good mind, he is spurred on to unusual efforts to prove that a Jew can accomplish great things in spite of his disabilities. He never gets over carrying this chip on his shoulder, and he suffers because others never understand why he burdens himself with the chip.

We felt that our boy should be taught to assume his tasks as mere tasks, without regard for the rewards. But such a programme is difficult to carry out in America, where rewards are constantly held out to one from the cradle to the grave. It was largely for this reason that we sent our boy to a Quaker school. There, the object is to minimize rewards and to awaken a sense of social responsibility, and at the same time to avoid arousing any consciousness of difference or of superiority.

As the child grows older he cannot help noticing that in many respects he is not like other children — this in spite of all that one can do. Then it is that sympathy and understanding on the part of parents and teachers must play the rôle of corrective. He must not be coddled because he is different, nor yet encouraged to overcome the difference. He must learn that all human beings face special problems. Some are too rich, others too poor. Some are too beautiful, others too ugly. Some have harelips, others broken hips. Some are lazy, others too active, even nervous. Each person must carry his burden through life and move on. Some burdens can never be discarded, and they must be so carried that they do not become an impediment. Above all, one must not make the burden the principal concern in life, so that nothing matters but to carry it.

This explanation must come to the child at an early age, and it must come from his parents before an unsympathetic nurse or some ridiculous relative spoils the picture. It is the most difficult of all conceptions to convey to a young mind. If you explain too much or too learnedly, you arouse the very fears which you seek to repress. If you are too casual, you convey nothing. How to do it? The task calls for a knowledge of the child's psychological reactions.

With our boy, I find it easy to point out that a friend of his is very good-looking but has no money. 'That is too bad,' I say. 'Maybe he won't be able to go to a good school. Well, you don't always have everything. For instance, there is the little girl in the next block who has two fathers, one in New York and the other in Baltimore. She likes her father in Baltimore better because he was her first father. But he went away, and her mother got her another. Well, you can't always arrange these things. Still, you're pretty lucky. You can go to a good school, and you have both your father and mother. But you will not always have everything you want, and maybe there will be some trouble for *you* some day. You have to be a pretty good fellow to stand up under trouble. Good fellows shake off troubles. It's only nincompoops like So-and-so who go around crying that nobody likes them, and they don't even like themselves.'

VII

If there is a genuine religious difference between the partners of a mixed marriage, their children are pretty certain to grow up in an unhappy environment. A Jewish father and a Catholic mother — the Abie's Irish Rose complex — are likely to be most unsatisfactory parents unless one of them completely gives up his past religious affiliations. In our case, we have decided to tell the boy that he is a Jew, but to make no fuss about it. Of course it would have been simple enough for us to go over to some more popular religious group in the hope of decreasing his difficulties by one count. But would it really have done so? Would it not rather have increased them? Jews who 'pass' have not solved this problem by mere dissembling.

I shall never forget the story of a Jew who, during the war, changed his name to one that was so very Scotch that no one could have carried it off without the face to go with it. This Jew did not have such a face. He wanted a letter of introduction from a Christian friend to a Christian judge somewhere in the West. His friend gave him a cordial letter, but added this postscript: 'My friend is a Jew who changed his name during the war.' When the Jew protested, it was explained to him that, had the postscript not been added, the judge might easily have taken him for an impostor.

The easiest way is to avoid the suspicion of imposture, to stand up as you are and not involve yourself in too many plausible explanations. If, later in life, the child of a mixed religious marriage wants to choose for himself, that is another matter, but the lot of an Episcopal Cohen is too trying to wish on any child.

VIII

I have tried to deal with intermarriage unemotionally, even rationally. There have been tragic failures; there have been outstanding successes. A young lady once asked my advice. She wanted a page out of my experience. I could only tell her what I have written here. Then I added: —

'If you were to marry the boy who sat next to you at college, you might be happy, and then again you might be the one who, out of every six or seven, is annually divorced. If you marry this man [an East Asian] because of novelty, it will wear off and your life will be empty. If you love him and he loves you, then allow yourself a sure interval before you have a child. If, after that interval, you are still convinced that you love each other, go ahead and rear a family.'

But would that advice not also apply to marriages which do not involve racial, national, cultural, or religious differences?

THE CASE FOR THE HEATHEN

BY P. K. MOK

I

THE peoples to whom missionaries are sent are the forgotten men of the current controversy over foreign missions. Since I am one of these forgotten men, it may be that my right to speak will be challenged. Someone may remind me that missions constitute a great, organized charity, and that even a heathen should know that good manners do not permit one to criticize the charity one receives. To this I can only reply: 'Then keep your Christ at home. There is also such a thing as good manners in giving.'

It is because the success or failure of the missionary enterprise means vastly more to us to whom the missionaries are sent than to any other group, the missionaries themselves included, that I want to express my views.

I admit that it is extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible, for any of us to think reflectively and objectively about those things that are very dear to us — our children, our country, our faith. When we see or imagine any of these threatened or hear them criticized, we are apt to warm up our hearts and reassert our loyalty and love. Seldom indeed, under these circumstances, can we cool our minds enough to weigh the real issues involved. To stand apart, to withdraw our apron string from the beloved object, is to expose it to danger. So we cling to it, shelter it, protect it. We love it too much to allow a word to be said against it.

This, I think, is the most pertinent remark that can be made about the singular lack of disinterestedness on the part of missionaries and the good folk who support them. For years the missionary enterprise has been the subject of controversy, and now it has been lifted into newspaper headlines by the famous Laymen's Report; through it all, the missionaries have stood firm in their opposition to change and reform. No argument can move them.

The missionary has built up a thing, cherished it, prayed for it, often poured his lifeblood into it. It is natural that he should resent criticism, for his conscience is clear. Yes, it is clear to the point of arrogance. But his Chinese well-wishers have at no time questioned his conscience. What they do question is the infallibility of the attitudes he persistently maintains toward matters of religious interpretation, and the wisdom of the methods he employs to force his interpretation on the Chinese. In other words, the thinking Chinese have nothing but praise for the missionary's heart, with none to spare for his head.

I am not generous enough to give the typical missionary much credit for anything but his faith, which, paradoxically enough, has proved to be a great impediment to his cause.

Faith unshakable and enduring is certainly a wonderful thing to have. It can move mountains, but it can also close one's mind so that nothing else good can take root beside it. Such is the faith of the missionary. It fears not the executioner's knife, but it abhors a broadened mind as a kind of deformity.

The missionary has never been able to understand that one civilized religion cannot be the enemy of another civilized religion. It has never occurred to him to think how enormously unfair God would have been if He had left millions and millions of His children, whom the world has chosen to call civilized, without any light on their pilgrimage to Him. To them also, we may be sure, He has sent His interpreters, in the persons of prophets and teachers who have spoken the language of the people. The missionary will not admit this; Jesus, he says, is the sole interpreter, and His accents as echoed by the missionary are unmistakably American.

This unquestioning faith has given the missionary the zeal of one bent on conquest. 'Raise the banner of Christ on top of the Confucian temple! Set up the Virgin on the Altar of Heaven! Everything must give way before the onward march of the good soldiers of Christ! Victory! Hallelujah!' This attitude explains why the missionary has failed, and he will continue to fail as long as he uses the banner of his religion as a flag to mark conquered territory.

We Chinese, on the other hand, would be glad to see Christ's banner raised upon our ancient altars as a symbol of the progress man has made toward the understanding of truth. The missionary could easily have won the hearts of the Chinese people if he had been content to gain for Christ the seat of honor among us, but he has willfully passed up the opportunity. There is a temple in China where Buddha sits between Confucius and Lao-Tse. When asked why Buddha has the place in the centre, the attendant replies: 'He is our guest. We should give him the seat of honor.' We have been asking the missionary ever since he came: 'How about giving to our distinguished guest the seat of honor in this illustrious assembly of the teachers of mankind? It will be good for us to sit at their feet and listen to them.' The missionary has always answered: 'That is sacrilegious! You will have to clear out that gang before my Master will go in! Jesus will sit alone and supreme!' The result is that the missionary has kept his Master waiting at the entrance; finally, tired of waiting, He has slipped in quietly by the back door and taken His seat in the hearts of many Chinese along with Confucius, Buddha, and the others.

Although there have been examples in the West of men who were religious without having any definite religion in the narrow sense of the word, the Western mind seems quite incapable of understanding how a good and religious man can be a Confucian, a Buddhist, a Taoist, a Christian, all at the same time. The Christians of Europe and America say that it is not right, that it cannot be done, but thousands of Chinese Christians are doing it. The Occidental cannot understand it because he was born with the Bible in his mouth and the cross on his chest: he was a Christian before his parents were born. It is not so with us. We are born acrobats. We learn to walk on the rope of life by steadying our steps, now with this religion, now with that philosophy, until we are able to attain balance on the quivering, vibrant line.

To put it another way, the fountain of our religious life comes from many

sources, while that of the West comes mainly from one. And you Westerners, arguing that its water should flow this way and not that, have shed rivers of precious blood over it until — to its discredit in our eyes — it runs almost red, while with us the stream has been allowed to flow naturally from its many sources. In the Orient a man has only to be alive to receive its mixed but not impure water, and he cannot escape its permeation. Show me a Chinese Christian of whom you are proud, and I will prove to you that he is not a Christian by your definition. He is made of different things, moulded by different influences. Christianity merely gives him the finishing touch, puts on him its label, and sends him off into the market for service. He is no more a Christian in the Western sense than a Chinese student returned from America is an American.

Again, show me a Chinese Christian who is a pure missionary product, and I will demonstrate to you that he is a poor fellow. He has no blood of his own, but only that which the foreign missionary has injected into him, and it is weak and thin at best. There are thousands of such Christians, — if Christians, indeed, they are, — maladjusted, rootless men and women who have ceased to be Chinese in everything but their skins. Culturally, they are people who have been robbed of their civilization. The missionary has tried to make them over after his own image, and he has failed miserably. How could it be otherwise when the thing he attempted was impossible?

II

The missionary heard the 'call,' armed and girded himself with faith in his God, and went forth to the field with little or no knowledge, often with gross misunderstanding, of the people to whom he was going. Arriving in a strange land, he set to work with the same aching enthusiasm that distinguished his pioneer forefathers when they cut down trees and made America a great nation. He had no more respect for the natives than his fathers had for the Indians. His Anglo-Saxon instinct for domination, which he called efficiency, was manifest in everything he attempted. Knowing nothing of the Chinese mind, he had but one idea — to make the Chinese think as he did.

In whatever the missionary undertook, he proceeded on one assumption, which he regarded as a self-evident truth: 'What is good for me must be good for you.' Not only did he apply it in religious matters, but in other fields as well. Take education, for example. Almost without exception, the missionaries deliberately copied American models so that Chinese schools became nothing but preparatory academies for American colleges. The charm of many Chinese girls has been destroyed by *The Faerie Queene* and *The Lady of the Lake;* many Chinese boys have been driven crazy by Burke's *Speech on Conciliation with America.* They have been taught American history, American geography. And, because Americans abuse wine, it was plain logic that teetotalism, temperance societies, and prohibition must be introduced in China. What if drunkenness is practically unknown among the Chinese? No matter! The Lord made us different from the missionaries for no other purpose than to have the missionaries make us like them. It is only by a miracle that the Republican and Democratic parties have not been introduced among us.

Because there are interdenominational wars in America, the Chinese must have them too. To the amusement of our heathen eyes and the bewilderment of our heads, the mis-

sionaries have reënacted the drama of dirt-throwing and throat-clawing that has been going on for centuries upon the religious stage of the West. Nay, they are still fighting where the most conservative churchmen have long since ceased to fight. This fratricidal strife within the Church is more meaningless to the Chinese than are the Chinese civil wars to Westerners.

The missionaries cannot understand that denominations have no significance to us. If we choose to become Christians, we are Christians — not Methodist Christians, Presbyterian Christians, Baptist Christians. Somehow the fine distinction escapes us. If there is any difference between the sects, we dismiss it as unimportant. It seems to us that Christians should have better things to do than to wave baskets of dung before each other's noses. We weep to see that the body of Jesus carries more bullets than that of a slain Chicago gangster — bullets inflicted by denominationalists.

Consider the question of a Christian's fitness to keep the Lord's Supper. I do not know what the current practice is in America, but in China the flesh and blood of Christ are never passed to us until the missionary has seasoned them with some denominational sour milk. It is a source of perpetual bewilderment to us that a Christian minister can announce with emphatic and damnable sincerity: 'Those who believe as we do will please remain. All others are requested to leave.' This never fails to keep educated men away from the church, and it gives converts reason to doubt the missionaries' loudly preached doctrine of love and the brotherhood of man.

Consider, also, the meaningless difficulties put in the way of one's joining a church. When my mother wanted to become a Christian, I advised her, because of her old age, to be sprinkled instead of immersed, and left the matter at that. Then holy gentlemen came and went, each telling her that his was the only church for a Christian. Finally one of them won her to his fold by declaring that God would be angry and that the salvation of her soul would be imperiled if she only got her forehead wet instead of her whole body. And, he added, 'God will be more pleased if you are not afraid of the cold water.' The ceremony took place in the middle of a severe winter, and, as a result, my poor mother got a few mouthfuls of the sin-infested water and her nose became soft.

Do not think this an exceptional case. I could cite similar instances almost without number. The only thing exceptional about it is that I ever let such silly things be said in my house. It is certainly no compliment to the teachings of Jesus that the missionaries continue to fight over the hairsplitting differences between one Christian creed and another. No wonder that the Chinese are becoming thoroughly sick of it.

III

The missionary knows only that he has his religion to preach; he does not know that he is preaching it to the Chinese. He is a salesman who does not consider his customers. He does not understand that the real problem before him and us is not whether the Chinese can be made to become Christians, but whether Christianity can be made to become Chinese. If it can become Chinese, if it can be made to meet the needs of the people and to fit their genius, if it can be interpreted in terms of their life and their psychology, China will become a Christian nation. But the missionaries say that 'Christianity transcends nationality.' Very well, that is my point. We Chinese are

not bound to take the missionary's interpretations as the only correct ones; they cannot be correct for us, since his interpretations are colored by centuries of Western political, social, and religious views. We shall first, then, have to make Christ a Chinaman, even though the missionary does not have much respect for one.

The Native Church Movement and the Chinese Student Christian Movement are reactions against a too Westernized Christ. Their purpose is to make Christianity as Chinese as possible, for enlightened native Christians know that if Christianity is to become an effective force in the land it must undergo a process of naturalization so that the people can assimilate it and understand it. They are determined, therefore, to remove from it the label put on by the missionaries, 'Imported from the U. S. A.,' at the same time retaining its essence, which is universal.

Nor is this all. The Church should be a social as well as a religious institution, but the Church in China has been too mild to enlist the sympathies of youth. Youth demands action, and the times also demand it. The cries of the people for rice, for justice, for mercy, drown out the ready-made prayers and strange church music. While the missionaries and their good sheep pray their bloodless prayers and sing foreign songs, youth shouts to the people, 'Come, let us fight our battle through!' Therefore the workers and the peasants follow him to certain victory, for whoever wins the peasants will win the nation. The Communists know this, as does also the government. Indeed, the war between the Chinese Communists and the government may be called an armed courtship to woo the heart of the peasantry.

Youth knows this; the missionaries do not. They do not understand why the suffering and fate-flogged people cannot accept the magic formula of Faith and Salvation. Preach as they will, they no longer make converts, for their words do not touch the present needs of the people. Meanwhile the young Chinese whom the Church needs to give it new life and strength, to reinterpret the message of Christianity to the people, are turned away from the door; they are not wanted. The greatest failure of the missionaries has always lain in their inability to hold and make adequate use of Chinese of real calibre. They associate with and recruit only inferior men.

Thus it happens that the real influence of Christianity in China is today exerted, not by the missionary-controlled Church, but by the young men who, touched by the great humanity of Christ, have left the stuffy atmosphere of the compounds and gone forth into the open, where the people are waiting. These young Chinese are the genuine missionaries, even though they do not speak with the accredited voice of Western Christianity. Theirs is the true spirit of Christ finding concrete expression. They open native schools. For the workers and farmers they build model villages — little Utopias which the vision of Christ has enabled them to dream of. Often the government has granted vast tracts of land and given money to further these enterprises.

So it is that religion is becoming the handmaiden of economic and social reforms. The fountain of Christ, once far removed from the people, has been brought near at hand by native youth, and, the channels once dug in the right places, the waters of Christianity will henceforth flow to the people as naturally as a river flows. To continue this work the Chinese Christian looks for help even to the missionaries and their supporters in America. What will the Home Boards say? Will they

foster this movement, or will they prefer to go on spending money to build more of those expensive, gigantic shells which are made to seem sacred when we call them churches?

IV

Whatever the answer, of one thing we can be sure: the twilight of foreign missions is at hand. But there are two twilights — one before the dawn, and the other before dark. Which is this to be?

I am not interested in what this twilight may mean for the missionaries; I am only interested in what it may mean for the Chinese. And I am convinced that the future of Christianity in China will depend on the success or failure of the native Christian movements. The question is: Will the missionaries continue to oppose them, as they have done in the past, or will they have a change of heart and lend them their aid and their blessing? If they are willing to walk hand in hand with the Chinese, they can help to usher in the morning of a new day for Christianity in China; if they refuse, it may be that the twilight of foreign missions heralds the coming of darkness.

All the present evidence indicates that the missionaries are bent on remaining what they have always been. They are still busy flogging the dead horse of a mythological religion. No intelligent Chinese can be made to believe that the intricate system of Heaven and Hell, the Virgin Birth, the story of Jonah and the whale, the miracle of the twelve baskets of left-over fish and bread, are vital to true religion. They are beautiful myths, and are to be taken as such. They have their place, but to insist upon them as essential truths is as foolish as would be the building of gigantic pillars to support a many-colored feather which the wind has blown away.

The doctrine of original sin is repulsive to a Chinese. It is neither poetic nor moralistic. It is a disease of the Western mind, a residue of primitive thinking, an irreligious conception of man. The fundamental Chinese conception of man — no matter whether it is philosophical, political, social, ethical, or religious — is that he is by nature good; he has no original sin. To think of him in the terms of this doctrine is to malign him. No one — the ethical-minded Chinese least of all — will deny the existence of the sense of guilt, but that is hardly original sin: it is the voice of a healthy mind reminding man of his unfulfilled obligations. Give a missionary ten years in which to do nothing but explain original sin to a Chinese, and in the end all he will have accomplished will be the fostering of a belief that, once upon a time, a greedy woman ate a bad apple, and that her man was indiscreet enough to take a bite.

I have no wish to disillusion anybody, the missionaries least of all, for disillusion is cruel. Nor have I a passion to change the faith of others, for that is futile and does not concern me. Neither have I a desire to argue theology. Suffice it to say that theology is not religion — at least, not with us. My sole wish is that those who come to us with good things to offer may hereafter know their wares and their customers better than they have in the past. The battle that religion is fighting has shifted to new and more spacious grounds. I am continually astonished that Christians should cling so desperately to the ruined fields.

We Chinese have been good customers for ideas, even when they have been preached from behind barbed-wire entrenchments. But the day when China could be made the dumping

ground for the discarded thought of the West is gone forever. We are now plundering the houses of the rulers of men, and taking our loot out into the broad daylight to examine it. You Westerners will have to excuse us, then, if we put your religion upon the evaluating scale and search it under the microscope of the modern Chinese temper. Amid many other far-reaching revolutions, we are going through a religious reformation, and we can no longer see any point in flogging the dead horses which the missionaries brought over to us. Instead, we shall henceforth devote ourselves to the raising of good horses so that we can ride out of this engulfing stress and storm.

Meanwhile, it will do us all good to think in terms of a better civilization, and to learn as much as we can from one another. To do so may make even a missionary a Christian, and a Christian a cultured man.

MINERS MUST EAT

BY HELEN HALL

I

We were sitting on the porch of a coal miner's shack in one of the West Virginia valleys. The amazing glory of the fall was around us. Gentle voices were telling me an ugly tale, and even though I had come to listen, I wished they would stop. I had grown accustomed to hearing such things in city neighborhoods, but now it seemed an affront to beauty. I hated to turn back and look at the miserable gray baby that one woman was rocking.

But they went on: 'An' then last spring th' Red Cross quit givin' out groceries an' th' Quakers had tu go home. There wuz n't any milk fur th' children. Most of th' men wuz n't workin' — just a day here an' a day there.'

'What did you do?' I interrupted. 'Just how did you manage?'

There was a pause, and then, 'It 'pears like it 'ud be easy tu say, honey, but our ways 'ud be hard fur you tu understand. You see it was gravy soup lots o' th' time — just gravy soup.'

'What is gravy soup?'

'You puts flour in a pan an' browns it, an' then you stirs water inta it.'

'Is that what you gave your baby?'

I must have sounded accusing, for the mother said apologetically, 'Oh, no, honey, not when I cud help it. A neighbor up th' way has a cow, an' she wuz mighty good tu me. She sent up half a pint o' milk when she had it over. Sometimes it wuz ev'ry other day, an' sometimes none fur a week. But it helped a powerful sight.' And then, 'I'm a-givin' him bean soup now, from beans we growed this summer.'

The rest of the women joined in: 'Th' ones that had gardens did n't do so bad, an' I put up seven cans of apples from some that wuz give me.' 'Sometimes an odd job was picked up, an' some got trust from th' comp'ny

stores.' Each one added something in an effort to make me understand how things went. 'They wuz sorry-lookin' children in this county, but they mended like little pigs when th' Quakers brought th' milk an' sandwiches inta th' schools.' 'They wuz n't so cross when they got that pint o' milk a day.' 'There's nothin' like food tu perk a child up.'

II

In his inaugural address in March, President Roosevelt stressed the need for unified unemployment relief as one of the major problems before Congress. He was facing not only new and urgent calls for help, but also arrears of malnutrition and depleted self-reliance due to past neglect and inaction over wide areas. It is gaps in time and space such as these miners' wives testified to — pits and desperate hollows in what might be called the unemployment relief map of the country — that will put to the test the new federal authority which, in May, was charged by the new administration and the new Congress with the long-drawn task of making our sluggish national responsibility meet our needs.

When the depression came down on us, and for two years thereafter, we in the United States relied for the most part on collecting emergency funds from private sources, city by city, and we resisted moves at Washington to work out a national scheme of public relief for the unemployed. But back in 1931 the Federal Children's Bureau was asked by President Hoover's Emergency Committee for Employment to canvass conditions in the bituminous coal fields. The canvass disclosed great privation, and demonstrated, as Grace Abbott put it, how 'we have been trying to meet modern social and industrial conditions with a system of poor relief which in many states has been little modified since Colonial times.' As a result of the report, the American Friends Service Committee and the American Red Cross were called in, and President Hoover placed $225,000 at the disposal of the Quakers, from funds left over in the hands of the American Relief Administration. So, interestingly enough, in a period when all efforts to get unemployment relief appropriations through Congress were balked at Washington, succor reached these West Virginia children from funds which, in part, had earlier been appropriated by Congress for the relief of post-war distress in Europe. This money the Friends supplemented by private appeals.

In September 1931, they started work, and by the end of the winter had reached forty-one counties in six states, with a programme of school lunches for children who were 10 per cent underweight, and milk for pre-school children and expectant mothers. It was December before feeding could be arranged for more than 3000 children in the coal fields. By the following April the number had risen to 33,227. But in the early summer of 1932 the work had to be practically discontinued because of lack of money. We have no means of knowing how many children belong to the 200,000 miners who were estimated to be out of work in the bituminous coal fields, and, therefore, what proportion of these children were reached when the school feeding was at its height. At best it could have been but a tragic fraction. In the forty-one counties alone, if 33,227 children needed food in April, that many needed it and did not get it the other eleven months of the year; and they were all still needing it when the help was withdrawn last summer. Babies in this region waited for their milk from May until November.

When, late last fall, on funds turned over to them from loans made to West Virginia by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Friends were asked to take up again their work of school feeding in some of the counties, their examinations showed 20 per cent more undernourishment than prevailed the year before.

'So far,' ran one report, 'it seems that 99 per cent of the children are listed as having more or less serious defects' — and malnutrition began the list.

Necessarily much of the work of organization had to be done over again, and much time elapsed before even the previous year's quota of children could start their lunches. Such lack of continuity is as wasteful in money and effort as it is futile in building up health.

Anyone familiar with the work of the Friends realizes the self-sacrifice and efficiency with which they have gone at their task; but I question whether the rest of us can feel much satisfaction if we consider how long the need originally existed before it stirred our national consciousness, how far short the help has fallen of reaching all those who needed it, how irregular this help has been, and how much besides food has been required. The Friends have stimulated canning kitchens, mountain crafts, and part-time farming; but such work has been handicapped at every point, because their primary task has been to help stave off hunger by feeding school children in those spells when Washington decided that they should be fed.

III

Last October when I visited these coal valleys of West Virginia, the flaming brilliance of the mountain sides intensified the sordidness of the mining camps. The very foliage made the shacks scattered in the hollows seem more than ever colorless and ramshackle. Wherever we stopped, however, the reception was friendly, for a vein of neighborliness runs deep in the lives of the people. It was this neighborliness which kept life going among them before outside help came, and has had to tide them over the recurring breaks in that help since.

I had my first glimpse of it when we drew up at the door of a shack where flowers bloomed in tomato cans. My friends went on, and Mrs. Bent sank into a big rocking-chair and talked. Her husband, who had started life working on a railroad in North Carolina, came to the mines as a young man. The year before, work was so slack, she said, that he did n't dare to 'stay out' when he felt ill. Each day's work might be the last he would get for a long time. One night when he came home he told his wife that he had loaded five big cars that day, but after each shovelful it had seemed to him he could n't continue. She put him to bed with all the home remedies she could muster. Then she lay down herself. The last thing she knew he was leaning over, tucking the bedclothes around her. When she awoke he was dead.

'Th' County had to bury him,' she told me, for when mining fell off they had dropped the insurance they had carried for five years. 'Then I had to get out of th' comp'ny house, but th' assessor for our county — he let us in here without any rent.' There was Mrs. Bent herself, her daughter, and two grandchildren. 'He's a Republican,' she added reflectively, 'but he's a good man, an' th' whole county sez so.' Next she went to the County Court in the little town nine miles away and asked for help. They told her they had no money, and referred her to the Red Cross. The husband

died in October; but it was not until December that she finally received aid from any source other than her neighbors. Then she was given her first bag of groceries by the Red Cross. These bags she had to carry nine miles over the mountains. Mrs. Bent is small and shriveled, and she had had to depend on the kindliness of friends and strangers along the way to help her get her sixty pounds of groceries home to the children.

'I went fur my bag ev'ry two weeks till June,' she told me. 'Then they told me they wuz goin' tu break up an' I'd better see what th' County cud do. Th' County sent me ten dollars each month for three months; then they stopped, an' they kept tellin' me tu go tu th' Red Cross; but th' Red Cross wuz only givin' flour then. Th' Red Cross had give us some seed fur our garden, an' a bushel of potatoes tu plant. It did us fur th' summer, but it did n't raise enough fur this winter. Th' bugs et up all th' beans here. They wuz comin' with stuff tu save th' beans, but they never did. I sold all my corn tu buy Orrin's shoes fur school. Right now,' she brightened up, 'we think we're lucky, my daughter an' me. We're earnin' a dollar an' a half a week washin' an' ironin' over at th' comp'ny boardin' house. You'd know how lucky that is if you ever waited fur someone tu bring you food.

'After my husband died,' she explained, 'before th' Red Cross or th' County helped us, if we wuz plumb out th' neighbors used tu bring us somethin'. They'd go around an' collect fur us, but they did n't have enough theirselves, an' we cud n't bear tu take it.'

In another mining camp, Mrs. Wilcox gave me an idea of how such helping neighbors themselves fared, and of what it means to keep a household going even when a miner shares in the slack work of the district. 'You have tu be flyin' tu keep yourself eatin' nowadays,' she said. 'We don't never buy no clothes an' we're nigh onto naked.' They had only saved enough for a two-dollar pair of shoes out of her husband's earnings the last two months, she explained. The rest had gone for groceries.

With pits opening and closing, miners in many neighborhoods were subject to periodic unemployment long before the depression. For bituminous coal beds are spread widely in a dozen states, and even in normal times there have been more mines than could operate at a profit. West Virginia, along with Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama, make up the new and largely non-union field, where production went forward in the 1920's at the expense of the older organized fields in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. By the end of the decade, West Virginia had reached almost the tonnage of Pennsylvania, but this stream of natural wealth slipped through the tax systems of the counties where it originated. As we have seen, they had no resources to tide the people over the depression; and West Virginia, like our other industrial states, had set up no system of unemployment reserves or insurance. Efforts to unionize the area were defeated when the strike of 1926 failed, and the commissary system tends to strip the mining communities of even that measure of mutual self-reliance which goes with the neighborhood store.

IV

All this threadbare and tangled web of life was brought very close to me during an afternoon I spent in Sparrow Creek visiting families who live in the little shacks along the brook. Ellie Emerson took particular charge of me

that afternoon, and introduced me to her neighbors.

Ellie had reddish-blond hair, blue eyes, and an air of style. Her dress was old, but it had a cut to it, as did her fresh little apron, with its embroidered flowers. When I came in she was putting up white curtains and clean spreads on the two beds. These made the place look gay in spite of newspapers pasted on the board walls and ceiling of the shack.

Her husband unrolled himself from an old quilt on the floor beside the stove. He had dropped there when he came back from work early in the morning — too tired to wash, and not wanting to soil the beds with the grime of the mines. He appeared wild enough after his sleep, with the coal dust deepening the shadows in his face and neck. Just twenty-seven, he looked much older and very frail.

John Emerson's work had been fairly regular until about three years ago. The winter of 1932 it averaged no more than one day a week, and last summer, to tide them over, they had moved to a near-by town where his wife's family had a piece of land he could work. In the 'good days' he had earned $5.50 a day; now that he was back he was averaging $2.00. Then he drew 33 cents for loading a ton of coal, and 40 cents for 'company time'; now the rates were 15 cents and 17½ cents for the same work. At these rates 'a real good loader,' he explained, 'could earn as high as $2.75 a day,' but only 'if the work was there.' Moreover, this meant working from ten to sixteen hours a day. 'The men have been punished so by the hard times,' he said, 'they don't care much if the hours is long and the pay little.' He himself had been working steadily for a month past, and I was shown his pay envelopes together with ones that stood for earlier stretches of employment. The fortnight before my visit he had worked in water halfway to his knees. Since he was paid a little extra, he had been glad to do it.

Just at this point, Mr. Emerson's father-in-law came in to tell him that there was to be no work that night. Since he would n't be going out again, he went off to get washed and dressed, and then, as his wife and I talked, settled himself to read the paper. The children, when they came in, found him reading. They both considered him seriously. Then Billie, the three-year-old baby, went out and came trundling back with his father's miner's lamp and tried to put it on him. The six-year-old boy, looking very concerned, offered to help him get off. The father laughed. 'The kids is worried when I don't go to work,' he said. 'You see, they ain't so little but they understand. They gets enough to eat when their daddy's working, and it appears like everything's different.'

Ellie Emerson was shyly insistent that I have dinner with them. With her husband earning, she could afford to be hospitable. So she set three places in the kitchen, and we had pork chops, bread, and homemade sauerkraut as we talked of life in the camp. John spoke of politics, and of how the bosses in the mines had come in before the primaries and told the men to register Republican or they would lose their jobs.

'It 'pears like all a man's got in this country is his vote. Then they take that away from him, for you can't go to take no chance of losing your job when you've got a family. Slavery ain't over yit, is it?' he concluded sombrely. 'When the company owns your house and you got to buy at the company store, like you do at some, and then the company tells you how to vote, there ain't much room left for personal preferences.'

V

Six weeks before my visit to West Virginia, I had gone the length and breadth of the Rhondda Valley in South Wales. There, too, I had seen evidence of the collapse of mining. Like the United States, England has had her coal commissions, and, like ours, their reports for the reconstruction and reorganization of the industry have gone unheeded. Meanwhile, a quarter of a million people have migrated from the Welsh fields, — one in ten, — and more would have gone had work been plentiful elsewhere. Among the 200,000 miners who remain, the percentage of unemployment runs appallingly high. In one town that I visited in the Rhondda Valley, it was 70 per cent; in many it is more than 40 per cent.

Earlier, in London and other centres, I had studied the operations of the British Unemployment Insurance Acts,[1] which, in contrast to our hand-to-mouth plans for emergency relief, have been developing over a period of twenty years. I had broken through the familiar myths as to the 'dole,' and seen how the system has reënforced livelihood and purchasing power in a desperate period of transition. However, I could not but wonder whether it really reached to out-of-the-way places, whether there were not areas beyond the rim of British public concern, where, as with us, only spasmodic help got through.

What I found in the Rhondda Valley was that unemployed people were still part of their own local villages, with their nonconformist chapels, their choral societies, and their small shops, and that they were also part of the greater community which is the nation. They had not dropped out of sight, nor been left to depend solely on their neighbors.

Twice a week every miner on benefit reported to his local office of the National Labor Exchange; every week he drew a minimum benefit which gave him something to count on. It was small in our American eyes, and, for a family of three children, would be equivalent in purchasing power in the United States to something less than two dollars a day. But it was not doled out in sacks of flour or in school meals; it was paid in cash for the miners' wives to spend with their native wit.

You will get an inkling of the security such an insurance system can bring to a mining area if, remembering Sparrow Creek, you will join me on another afternoon of visiting. We started out from Mars-yr-Haf, a settlement in Glamorganshire, founded by William Noble of the Society of Friends. I had been introduced to the mothers' club as they gathered that afternoon, and they were eager to have me see their homes. Mrs. Wilsey had been appointed my official guide. Tall and spare, she was more appropriately built for the job than her round little friend, Mrs. Donohue, who puffed along, very short of breath, but most determined that I should visit her. As we went, they told me what it had meant to the valley to have some mines close down altogether while others ran slack, and of the part which the unemployment benefit played in their lives.

When we reached Mrs. Donohue's door, I could see why she wanted me to come. Her house was her pride, and justly so. As we passed the window which looked on to the street, I could see her lovingly eyeing her plants, and when I spoke of them her hand went up involuntarily to pat the window. Behind the flowers hung a bright

[1] See 'English Dole and American Charity,' *Atlantic*, May 1933. — EDITOR

yellow curtain of lace, crisp and perfect.

'I've a lady from America! Get oop!' she announced breathlessly, as we came into the living room. A young man jumped up from the couch, rubbing his eyes. The 'Get oop!' had evidently been meant for him, and he was introduced as the 'daughter's young man.' A delicate, round-shouldered girl rose to greet us. Then the person whom Mrs. Donohue evidently wanted me to meet came inquiringly through the door leading to the kitchen. The man had a ruddy, humorous face, topped off with upstanding bushy white hair.

'Come and see the lady from America,' said his wife once more.

'Sure now,' he said, 'I'd be dirtying your hands if I shake wid ye, for I've been messing about in our bit of a garden. It's something to keep a man busy.'

Mr. Donohue, it seemed, had been out of work for five years, so that his case illustrated how far the insurance system reached in time as well as in distance. He was on Transitional Benefit — the group to which approximately one third of the unemployed in Great Britain belong. Since the proportion is far higher for mining districts, my visit to the Rhondda offered a favorable opportunity to observe its workings as an alternative to our various schemes of public unemployment relief.

It should be explained that to be eligible for Standard Unemployment Benefit, which runs for half a year at most, a man must have stamps to show that he has himself made thirty contributions to the insurance fund from his pay within the previous two years. His payments are matched by similar contributions from the employer and the government. Two thirds of the unemployed in England are in this main standard insurance group. When a man has exhausted his rights under it, but still has eight stamps to show for work in the past two years (or thirty stamps at any time in his work history), he goes on to Transitional Benefit. Thereafter he is subject to a Means Test, which is carried out for the insurance system by the local Public Assistance authorities, and which scales down the amount if there is any other source of income in the family. If there is no other income, such as a pension or the wages of children, the amount paid is the same as under the Standard Benefit.

It should be borne in mind that men and women receiving either class of benefit must always be able and willing to accept suitable work; otherwise relief may be denied by the insurance officer, subject to appeal to a committee. Mr. Donohue was put to such a work test. He met it at the Labor Exchange with the rejoinder, 'The sooner you let me put bread back on me pantry shelf, the better, for I am able and willing to work and only want the chance.' At the time, the Rhondda Valley was flooded, and, taking him at his word, they mustered him into the flood work. 'They thought to kill me desire off by putting me in water up to me middle,' he confided to me, 'but I stayed the seventeen weeks until the work was finished.'

'They started the Means Test in the valley last November,' he went on. 'Since then the Public Assistance man visits us once a month just to see if things are the same. That's our phonograph over there, and if it was n't broke I would be giving you some music.' Here he gave a knowing chuckle. 'I don't, of course, show that to the Means Test man. He might be begrudging us having it and reduce it from our pay, but I says

if you don't have enough grub you can have music.'

At this his wife interrupted, 'Don't be saying "grub" to the lady; it's "food" to her.'

'Don't be stopping me flow of talk,' he retorted, 'for I know by her face she be understanding me.'

Whereupon he resumed: 'Them that has work in the Rhondda has radios, and they teaches the ones out of work how to make them. You can see the wires spreading out over the valley.' We went to the window to look. Then I was taken about to admire the neat shininess of their house. When I remarked on their ability to manage so well on the 23*s.* 3*d.* allowed them, Mr. Donohue answered me, 'We are a proud race, and we keep our poverty in our hearts.'

But his wife interrupted practically: 'You could n't go into debt, because you could n't pay it back. We know what we have to spend. There's the rent and the food and the extras, so we've to plan accordingly. We've paid the rent on the house for twenty-three years, and we would n't want to be losing it, for we've worked on the improving of it the while. It's keep on we have to, not go back.'

As we went up and down the hilly streets, my guide stopped to talk with the people we met and bring out bits of their lives. In telling her own story, she gave me an intimate clue as to what thrift means when you live on the dole. As a little girl, when she helped with the scrubbing, her mother had always been at her to use more 'elbow grease' and save the soap. She had been rebellious, and thought to herself, 'Is n't our mother mingy?' When she herself was first married, work in the mines had been steady, and she saw to it that they had enough soap to save her strength. But times had changed since then. Now she understood her mother. On the dole one could n't 'waste a farthin'.'

As if to illustrate her point, a boy on a vinegar cart passed us. He was singing in a high young voice, with a soft Welsh accent, the song which American college boys have sung so long: —

> 'And when I die, don't bury me at all.
> Just pickle me bones in alcohol.'

The housewives came to their doors with pitchers and had just a penny's worth of vinegar poured out for them by the young singer.

We paid calls at others of the solid little houses of gray stone, and each had its story. At the Jones home, the husband was out, and the wife explained that he was 'always going to keep off thinking. You got to do things to have peace.' He 'topped boots in the neighborhood,' and right then was picking up coal from the old mine tips. Others had told me how the unemployed miners gathered fuel in this way; Mrs. Lloyd, for one, said that the men are sometimes killed. 'The mountain side gives way on them and I see the police going up with their lanterns in the night looking for the bodies. Then we give concerts in our hall for the widows. You see, they goes at their own risk.'

At the George home, I was interested to learn that the husband had attended a government Training Centre. The first of these centres was established in 1925, and another in 1926, for men on the Insurance Register who had had no chance to learn a trade or had no regular employment. The scheme proved so successful that it was extended to the depressed mining areas, with the idea of reëducating young miners to enter other lines. The course is normally six months. By 1931 there were eleven such centres and more than 35,000 men have received training since their inception.

VI

Anyone who has seen unemployment seep into a neighborhood and settle up and down each street knows what a demoralizing effect it has on the community. Nothing is more devastating than to strip people of the chance to make their own go at life. The sense of defeat, of 'what's the use,' that smothers a household is one of the most excruciating things to come upon in a depression. That was why the spirit I found among the Rhondda miners and their families, of a sort I had seen snuffed out so often at home, seemed precious to me. The long-unemployed families subsisting so precariously in America often can do nothing but wait. These people seemed to live while waiting.

That the Rhondda miners themselves had paid into the Insurance fund when they could, and that they stood ready to take a job when the Labor Exchange said the word, saved their self-respect, and gave their self-confidence a toehold. Meanwhile, with something to count on, they were freer to do things on their own for themselves — and the Quakers and others in their communities could bear a hand in that. Rugged individualism seemed to be surviving better on the dole than with us, where we have expected it to be distilled from general insecurity.

At Mars-yr-Haf the neighborhood work centres around self-governing clubs for unemployed men; around weaving, chicken farming, garden allotments, and many other activities. Most of the clubs operate carpentry and shoe-repairing shops in which they make and mend for their own homes and those of their neighbors.

Last year the Society of Friends aided 62,500 men in securing garden allotments. Since my visit, the National Government has not only resumed its grants for this purpose, but has set out to promote community efforts to provide occupation and recreation for the unemployed. The coöperation of voluntary bodies has been enlisted through the National Council of Social Service. Clearly it was because the British Unemployment Insurance System reached to the far-off villages in the Welsh hills, and provided for the primary needs of the miners' families, that the British Quakers could operate above a mere subsistence level, and that retraining centres and community activities could be projected on a national scale.

VII

It can hardly add to our self-esteem to realize that here in the United States, except for favored areas, we have reached merely the hunger point in caring for the unemployed. Relief standards in many localities have taken no account of rent, light, fuel, or clothes. 'You can freeze a man to death as surely as you can starve him to death,' said a relief worker from West Virginia at a Washington hearing last winter. Yet not even a subsistence level has been maintained in much of our relief work during the last four years. In spite of tremendous effort, the generosity of individuals, and the exertions of exceptional officials and legislators, we have merely drawn up plans for three months, for six, for nine — plans presenting devastating gaps not only in time but in geographical space. It is becoming more and more apparent that we cannot face the years ahead with a scheme of protection still based on the Elizabethan Poor Laws. We have clung to them while England has forged ahead with her modern three-ply system of unemployment insurance, transitional benefits, and

local public assistance, complemented by her system of labor exchanges.

If, in Mr. Roosevelt's phrase, we are at last about to have 'unified unemployment relief' in the United States, it means that we can no longer sacrifice the helpless to the principle of local responsibility. There may be good in that principle, but the depression has proved that, unless it is thoroughly buttressed by state and national responsibility, it does not work. The experience of states which have set up effective relief administrations goes to show that federal aid, properly dispensed, can in like manner stimulate resourcefulness and organization all down the line, and at the same time save millions of our people from unthinkable neglect. The skeleton of such an integrated system is provided by the Wagner-Lewis bill, which, with the backing of the President, became law on May 12, carrying an appropriation of half a billion dollars, and substituting grants for loans.

The thing which invests this act with greatest significance is that it establishes the principle of national responsibility toward unemployment. If the Federal Government is to exercise its responsibility rightly, there must also be set up in the states modern public welfare departments which will be prepared to deal with unemployment as a permanent problem and which will reach down into the counties. In the last analysis, the effectiveness of relief will depend on what is done or left undone by local units. The states, moreover, should make provision for compulsory unemployment insurance, thereby turning over to industry some share of the burden incurred by its own risks.

If unemployment, then, under the conditions of modern production, is a responsibility of the whole country, and not just of the community in which it may be localized, we cannot much longer ignore the necessity for national moves to prevent it. Two further measures passed in June open the way. The long-fought-for federal-state employment service act should afford a country-wide base for employment planning; the recovery act a framework for concerted action, industry by industry. The little Emerson boy who brought his father his miner's lamp knew what was wrong in the bituminous regions. Even with the return of normal production, it is estimated that one hundred thousand miners will be unable to find jobs. This merely illustrates and dramatizes our need for a planned economy which can supply opportunities for work.

The people of the Rhondda Valley and of the West Virginia coal fields, as I found them, have two things in common — their worklessness and their helplessness. For their helplessness, England has found a decent answer and we have yet to give one. For their worklessness, both England and America have still to discover solutions.

MR. BROWNING IN WIMPOLE STREET

Flush: A Biography. II

BY VIRGINIA WOOLF

I

DURING Flush's first winter in Wimpole Street the long hours went by in the back bedroom with nothing to mark them but the sound of steps passing on the stairs; and the distant sound of the front door shutting, and the sound of a broom tapping, and the sound of the postman knocking. In the room coals clicked; the lights and shadows shifted themselves over the brows of the five pale busts, over the bookcase and its red merino.

But sometimes the step on the stair did not pass the door; it stopped outside. The handle was seen to spin round; the door actually opened; somebody came in. Then how strangely the furniture changed its look! What extraordinary eddies of sound and smell were at once set in circulation! How they washed round the legs of tables and impinged on the sharp edges of the wardrobe! Probably it was Wilson, with a tray of food or a glass of medicine; or it might be one of Miss Barrett's two sisters, Arabel, or Henrietta; or it might be one of Miss Barrett's seven brothers, Charles, Samuel, George, Henry, Alfred, Septimus, or Octavius.

But once or twice a week Flush was aware that something more important was about to happen. The bed would be carefully disguised as a sofa. The armchair would be drawn up beside it; Miss Barrett herself would be wrapped becomingly in Indian shawls; the toilet things would be scrupulously hidden under the busts of Chaucer and Homer; Flush himself would be combed and brushed. At about two or three in the afternoon there was a peculiar, distinct, and different tap at the door. Miss Barrett flushed, smiled, and stretched out her hand. Then in would come — perhaps dear Miss Mitford, rosy and shiny and chattering, with a bunch of geraniums. Or it might be Mr. Kenyon, a stout, well-groomed, elderly gentleman, radiating benevolence, provided with a book. Or it might be Mrs. Jameson, a lady who was the very opposite of Mr. Kenyon to look at — a lady with 'a very light complexion — pale, lucid, eyes — thin colorless lips — a nose and chin projective without breadth.' Each had his or her own manner, smell, tone, and accent. Miss Mitford burbled and chattered, was flyaway yet substantial; Mr. Kenyon was urbane and cultured and mumbled slightly because he had lost two front teeth; Mrs. Jameson had lost none of her teeth, and moved as sharply and precisely as she spoke.

Lying couched at Miss Barrett's feet, Flush let the voices ripple over him, hour by hour. On and on they went. Miss Barrett laughed, expostulated, exclaimed, sighed too, and laughed

again. At last, greatly to Flush's relief, little silences came — even in Miss Mitford's conversation. Could it be seven already? She had been there since midday! She must really run to catch her train. Mr. Kenyon shut his book — he had been reading aloud — and stood with his back to the fire. Mrs. Jameson with a sharp angular movement pressed each finger of her glove sharp down. And Flush was patted by this one and had his ear pulled by another. The routine of leave-taking was intolerably prolonged; but at last Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Kenyon, and even Miss Mitford had risen, had said good-bye, had remembered something, had lost something, had found it, had reached the door, had opened it, and were — Heaven be praised — gone at last.

Miss Barrett sank back very white, very tired, on her pillows. Flush crept closer to her. Mercifully they were alone again. But the visitor had stayed so long that it was almost dinner time. Smells began to rise from the basement. Wilson was at the door with Miss Barrett's dinner on a tray. It was set down on the table beside her and the covers lifted. But what with the dressing and the talking, what with the heat of the room and the agitation of the farewells, Miss Barrett was too tired to eat. She gave a little sigh when she saw the plump mutton chop, or the wing of partridge or chicken, that had been sent up for her dinner. So long as Wilson was in the room she fiddled about with her knife and fork. But directly the door was shut and they were alone, she made a sign. She held up her fork. A whole chicken's wing was impaled upon it. Flush advanced. Miss Barrett nodded. Very gently, very cleverly, without spilling a crumb, Flush removed the wing; swallowed it down and left no trace behind. Half a rice pudding clotted with thick cream went the same way. Nothing could have been neater, more effective, than Flush's coöperation.

He was lying couched as usual at Miss Barrett's feet, apparently asleep, Miss Barrett was lying rested and restored, apparently having made an excellent dinner, when once more a step that was heavier, more deliberate, and firmer than any other stopped on the stair; solemnly a knock sounded that was no tap of inquiry but a demand for admittance; the door opened and in came the blackest, the most beetling, the most formidable of elderly men — Mr. Barrett himself. His eye at once sought the tray. Had the meal been eaten? Had his commands been obeyed? Yes, the plates were empty. Signifying his approval of his daughter's obedience, Mr. Barrett lowered himself heavily into the chair by her side.

As that dark body approached him, shivers of terror and horror ran down Flush's spine. So a savage couched in flowers shudders when the thunder growls and he hears the voice of God. Then Wilson whistled; and Flush, slinking guiltily, as if Mr. Barrett could read his thoughts and those thoughts were evil, crept out of the room and rushed downstairs. A force had entered the bedroom which he dreaded; a force that he was powerless to withstand. Once he burst in unexpectedly. Mr. Barrett was on his knees praying by his daughter's side.

II

Such an education as this, in the back bedroom at Wimpole Street, would have told upon an ordinary dog. And Flush was not an ordinary dog. He was high-spirited, yet reflective; canine, but highly sensitive to human emotions also. Upon such a dog the atmosphere of the bedroom told with peculiar force. We cannot blame him if his sensibility was cultivated rather to the detriment

of his sterner qualities. Naturally, lying with his head pillowed on a Greek lexicon, he came to dislike barking and biting; to prefer the silence of the cat to the robustness of the dog; and human sympathy to either.

Miss Barrett, too, did her best to refine and educate his powers still further. Once she took a harp from the window and asked him, as she laid it by his side, whether he thought that the harp, which made music, was itself alive. He looked and listened; pondered, it seemed, for a moment in doubt, and then decided that it was not.

Then she would make him stand with her in front of the looking-glass and ask him why he barked and trembled. Was not the little brown dog opposite himself? But what is 'oneself'? Is it the thing people see? Or is it the thing one is? So Flush pondered that question too, and, unable to solve the problem of reality, pressed closer to Miss Barrett and kissed her 'expressively.' *That* was real, at any rate.

Fresh from such problems, with such emotional dilemmas agitating his nervous system, he went downstairs, and we cannot be surprised if there was something — a touch of the supercilious, of the superior — in his bearing that roused the rage of Catiline, the savage Cuba bloodhound, so that he set upon him and bit him and sent him howling upstairs to Miss Barrett for sympathy. Flush 'is no hero,' she concluded; but why was he no hero? Was it not partly on her account? She was too just not to realize that it was for her that he had sacrificed his courage, as it was for her that he had sacrificed the sun and the air.

This nervous sensibility had its drawbacks, no doubt — she was full of apologies when he flew at Mr. Kenyon and bit him for stumbling over the bell pull; it was annoying when he moaned piteously all night because he was not allowed to sleep on her bed — when he refused to eat unless she fed him; but she took the blame and bore the inconvenience because, after all, Flush loved her. He had refused the air and the sun for her sake. 'He is worth loving, is he not?' she asked of Mr. Horne. And whatever answer Mr. Horne might give, Miss Barrett was positive of her own. She loved Flush, and Flush was worthy of her love.

It seemed as if nothing were to break that tie — as if the years were merely to compact and cement it; and as if those years were to be all the years of their natural lives. Eighteen forty-two turned into eighteen forty-three; eighteen forty-three into eighteen forty-four; eighteen forty-four into eighteen forty-five. Flush was no longer a puppy; he was a dog of four or five; he was a dog in the full prime of life — and still Miss Barrett lay on her sofa in Wimpole Street and still Flush lay on the sofa at her feet. Miss Barrett's life was one of unbroken monotony. Sometimes she kept the house for weeks at a time, and when she left it, it was only for an hour or two, to drive to a shop in a carriage, or to be wheeled in a Bath chair to Regent's Park.

The Barretts never left London. Mr. Barrett, the seven brothers, the two sisters, the butler, Wilson and the maids, Catiline, Folly, Miss Barrett, and Flush all went on living at 50 Wimpole Street, eating in the dining room, sleeping in the bedrooms, smoking in the study, cooking in the kitchen, carrying hot-water cans and emptying the slops from January to December. The chair covers became slightly soiled; the carpets slightly worn; coal dust, mud, soot, fog, vapors of cigar smoke and wine and meat, accumulated in crevices, in cracks, in fabrics, on the tops of picture frames, in the scrolls of carvings. And the ivy that hung over Miss

Barrett's bedroom window flourished; its green curtain became thicker and thicker, and in summer the nasturtiums and the scarlet runners rioted together in the window box.

III

But one night early in January 1845, the postman knocked. Letters fell into the box as usual. Wilson went downstairs to fetch the letters as usual. Everything was as usual — every night the postman knocked, every night Wilson fetched the letters, every night there was a letter for Miss Barrett. But to-night the letter was not the same letter; it was a different letter.

Flush saw that, even before the envelope was broken. He knew from the way that Miss Barrett took it; turned it; looked at the vigorous, jagged writing of her name. He knew it from the indescribable tremor in her fingers, from the impetuosity with which they tore the flap open, from the absorption with which she read. He watched her read. And as she read he heard, as when we are half asleep we hear through the clamor of the street some bell ringing and know that it is addressed to us, alarmingly yet faintly, as if someone far away were trying to rouse us with the warning of fire, or burglary, or some menace against our peace and we start in alarm before we wake — so Flush, as Miss Barrett read the little blotted sheet, heard a bell rousing him from his sleep; warning him of some danger menacing his safety and bidding him sleep no more. Miss Barrett read the letter quickly; she read the letter slowly; she returned it carefully to its envelope. She too slept no more.

Again, a few nights later, there was the same letter on Wilson's tray. Again it was read quickly, read slowly, read over and over again. Then it was put away carefully, not in the drawer with Miss Mitford's letters, but by itself. Now Flush paid the full price of the long years of accumulated sensibility that he had spent couched on cushions at Miss Barrett's feet. He could read signs that nobody else could even see. He could tell by the touch of Miss Barrett's fingers that she was waiting for one thing only — for the postman's knock, for the letter on the tray. Perhaps she was stroking him with a light, regular movement; suddenly her fingers would constrict; the knock sounded; he would be held in a vise while Wilson came upstairs. She took the letter; he was loosed and forgotten.

Yet, he argued, what was there to be afraid of, so long as there was no change in Miss Barrett's life? And there was no change. No new visitors came. Mr. Kenyon came as usual; Miss Mitford came as usual. The brothers and sisters came; and in the evening Mr. Barrett came. They noticed nothing; they suspected nothing. So he would quiet himself and try to believe, when a few nights passed without the envelope, that the enemy had gone. A man in a cloak, he imagined, a cowled and hooded figure, had passed, like a burglar, rattling the door, and, finding it guarded, had slunk away defeated. The danger, Flush tried to make himself believe, was over. The man had gone. And then the letter came again.

As the envelopes came more and more regularly, night after night, Flush began to notice signs of change in Miss Barrett herself. For the first time in Flush's experience she was irritable and restless. She could not read, and she could not write. She stood at the window and looked out. She questioned Wilson anxiously about the weather — was the wind still in the east? Was there any sign of spring in the Park yet? Oh no, Wilson replied; the wind was a cruel east wind still. And Miss Bar-

rett, Flush felt, was at once relieved and annoyed. She coughed. She complained of feeling ill — but not so ill as she usually felt when the wind was in the east.

And then, when she was alone, she read over again last night's letter. It was the longest she had yet had. There were many pages, closely covered, darkly blotted, scattered with strange little abrupt hieroglyphics. So much Flush could see, from his station at her feet. But he could make no sense of the words that Miss Barrett was murmuring to herself. Only he could trace her agitation when she came to the end of the page and read aloud (though unintelligibly), 'Do you think I shall see you in two months, three months?'

Then she took up her pen and passed it rapidly and nervously over sheet after sheet. But what did they mean — the little words that Miss Barrett wrote? 'April is coming. There will be both a May and a June if we live to see such things, and perhaps, after all, we may . . . I will indeed see you when the warm weather has revived me a little. . . . But I shall be afraid of you at first — though I am not, in writing thus. You are Paracelsus, and I am a recluse, with nerves that have been broken on the rack, and now hang loosely, quivering at a step and breath.'

Flush could not read what she was writing an inch or two above his head. But he knew just as well as if he could read every word how strangely his mistress was agitated as she wrote; what contrary desires shook her — that April might come, that April might not come; that she might see this unknown man at once, that she might never see him at all.

Flush, too, quivered as she did at a step, at a breath. And remorselessly the days went on. The wind blew out the blind. The sun whitened the busts. A bird sang in the mews. Men went crying fresh flowers to sell down Wimpole Street. All these sounds meant, he knew, that April was coming; and May and June — nothing could stop the approach of that dreadful spring.

For what was coming with the spring? Some terror — some horror — something that Miss Barrett dreaded, and that Flush dreaded, too. He started now at the sound of a step. But it was only Henrietta. Then there was a knock. It was only Mr. Kenyon.

IV

So April passed; and the first twenty days of May. And then, on the twenty-first of May, Flush knew that the day itself had come. For on Tuesday, the twenty-first of May, Miss Barrett looked searchingly in the glass; arrayed herself exquisitely in her Indian shawls; bade Wilson draw the armchair close, but not too close; touched this, that, and the other; and then sat upright among her pillows. Flush couched himself taut at her feet. They waited, alone together.

At last, Marylebone Church clock struck two; they waited. Then Marylebone Church clock struck a single stroke; it was half past two; and as the single stroke died away, a rap sounded boldly on the front door. Miss Barrett turned pale; she lay very still; Flush lay still too. Upstairs came the dreaded, the inexorable footfall; upstairs, Flush knew, came the cowled and sinister figure of midnight — the hooded man. Now his hand was on the door. The handle spun. There he stood.

'Mr. Browning,' said Wilson.

Flush, watching Miss Barrett, saw the color rush into her face; saw her eyes brighten and her lips open.

'Mr. Browning!' she exclaimed.

Twisting his yellow gloves in his hands, blinking his eyes, well-groomed,

masterly, abrupt, Mr. Browning strode across the room. He seized Miss Barrett's hand, and sank into the chair by the sofa at her side. Instantly they began to talk.

What was horrible to Flush, as they talked, was his loneliness. Once he had felt that he and Miss Barrett were together, in a firelit cave. Now the cave was no longer firelit; it was dark and damp; Miss Barrett was outside. He looked round him. Everything had changed. The bookcase, the five busts — they were no longer friendly deities presiding approvingly; they were alien, severe. He shifted his position at Miss Barrett's feet. She took no notice. He whined. They did not hear him. At last he lay still in tense and silent agony.

The talk went on; but it did not flow and ripple as talk usually flowed and rippled. It leapt and jerked. It stopped and leapt again. Flush had never heard that sound in Miss Barrett's voice before — that vigor, that excitement. Her cheeks were bright as he had never seen them bright; her great eyes blazed as he had never seen them blaze.

The clock struck four; and still they talked. Then it struck half past four. At that Mr. Browning jumped up. A horrid decision, a dreadful boldness marked every movement. In another moment he had wrung Miss Barrett's hand in his; he had taken his hat and gloves; he had said good-bye. They heard him running down the stairs. Smartly the door banged behind him. He was gone.

But Miss Barrett did not sink back in her pillows as she sank back when Mr. Kenyon or Miss Mitford left her. Now she still sat upright; her eyes still burnt; her cheeks still glowed; she seemed still to feel that Mr. Browning was with her. Flush touched her. She recalled him with a start. She patted him lightly, joyfully, on the head. And, smiling, she gave him the oddest look — as if she wished that he could talk — as if she expected him too to feel what she felt. And then she laughed, pityingly; as if it were absurd — Flush, poor Flush, could feel nothing of what she felt. He could know nothing of what she knew. Never had such wastes of dismal distance separated them. He lay there ignored; he might not have been there, he felt. She no longer remembered his existence.

And that night she ate her chicken to the bone. Not a scrap even of potato or of skin was thrown to Flush. When Mr. Barrett came as usual, Flush marveled at his obtuseness. He sat himself down in the very chair that the man had sat in. His head pressed the same cushions, and yet he noticed nothing. 'Don't you know,' Flush marveled, 'who's been sitting in that chair? Can't you smell him?' For to Flush the whole room still reeked of Mr. Browning's presence. The air dashed past the bookcase, eddied and circled round the heads of the five pale busts. But the heavy man sat by his daughter in entire self-absorption. He noticed nothing. He suspected nothing. Aghast at his obtuseness, Flush slipped past him out of the room.

V

But in spite of their astonishing blindness, even Miss Barrett's family began to notice, as the weeks passed, a change in Miss Barrett. She left her room and went down to sit in the drawing-room. Then she did what she had not done for many a long day — she actually walked on her own feet as far as the gate at Devonshire Place with her sister.

Her friends, her family, were amazed at her improvement. But only Flush knew where her strength came from —

it came from the dark man in the armchair. He came again and again and again. First it was once a week; then it was twice a week. He came always in the afternoon and left in the afternoon. Miss Barrett always saw him alone. And on the days when he did not come, his letters came. And when he himself was gone, his flowers were there. And in the mornings when she was alone, Miss Barrett wrote to him. That dark, taut, abrupt, vigorous man, with his black hair and his red cheeks and his yellow gloves, was everywhere. Naturally Miss Barrett was better; of course she could walk.

Flush himself felt that it was impossible to lie still. Old longings revived; a new restlessness possessed him. Even his sleep was full of dreams. He dreamt as he had not dreamt since the old days at Three Mile Cross — of hares starting from the long grass; of pheasants rocketing up with long tails streaming; of partridges rising with a whirr from the stubble. He dreamt that he was hunting, that he was chasing some spotted spaniel, who fled, who escaped him. He was in Spain; he was in Wales; he was in Berkshire; he was flying before park keepers' truncheons in Regent's Park. Then he opened his eyes. There were no hares, and no partridges; no whips cracking and no black men crying 'Span! Span!' There was only Mr. Browning in the armchair talking to Miss Barrett on the sofa.

Sleep became impossible while that man was there. Flush lay with his eyes wide-open, listening. Though he could make no sense of the little words that hurtled over his head from two-thirty to four-thirty sometimes three times a week, he could detect with terrible accuracy that the tone of the words was changing. Miss Barrett's voice had been forced and unnaturally lively at first. Now it had gained a warmth and an ease that he had never heard in it before. And every time the man came some new sound came into their voices. Now they made a grotesque chattering; now they skimmed over him like birds flying widely; now they cooed and clucked, as if they were two birds settled in a nest; and then Miss Barrett's voice, rising again, went soaring and circling in the air; and then Mr. Browning's voice barked out its sharp, harsh clapper of laughter; and then there was only a murmur, a quiet humming sound, as the two voices joined together.

But as the summer turned to autumn Flush noted, with horrid apprehension, another note. There was a new urgency, a new pressure and energy, in the man's voice, at which Miss Barrett, Flush felt, took fright. Her voice fluttered; hesitated; seemed to falter and fade and plead and gasp, as if she were begging for a rest, for a pause, as if she were afraid. Then the man was silent.

Of him they took but little notice. He might have been a log of wood lying there at Miss Barrett's feet for all the attention Mr. Browning paid him. Sometimes he scrubbed his head in a brisk, spasmodic way, energetically, without sentiment, as he left. Whatever that scrub might mean, Flush felt nothing but an intense dislike for Mr. Browning. The very sight of him, so well-tailored, so tight, so muscular, screwing his yellow gloves in his hand, set his teeth on edge. Oh! to let them meet sharply, completely, in the stuff of his trousers! And yet he dared not. Taking it all in all, that winter — 1845–1846 — was the most distressing that Flush had ever known.

VI

The winter passed; and spring came round again. Flush could see no end to the affair; and yet just as a river,

though it reflects still trees and grazing cows and homing rooks, moves inevitably to a waterfall, so those days, Flush knew, were moving to catastrophe. Rumors of change hovered in the air. Sometimes he thought that some vast exodus impended. There was that indefinable stir in the house which precedes — could it be possible? — a journey. Boxes were actually dusted, were, incredible as it might seem, opened. Then they were shut again. No, it was not the family that was going to move. The brothers and sisters still went in and out as usual. Mr. Barrett paid his nightly visit, after the man had gone, at his accustomed hour.

What was it, then, that was going to happen? For, as the summer of 1846 wore on, Flush was positive that a change was coming. He could hear it again in the altered sound of the eternal voices. Miss Barrett's voice that had been pleading and afraid lost its faltering note. It rang out with a determination and a boldness that Flush had never heard in it before. If only Mr. Barrett could hear the tone in which she welcomed this usurper, the laugh with which she greeted him, the exclamation with which he took her hand in his! But nobody was in the room with them except Flush. To him the change was of the most galling nature. It was not merely that Miss Barrett was changing toward Mr. Browning; she was changing in every relation — in her feeling toward Flush himself. She treated his advances more brusquely; she cut short his endearments laughingly; she made him feel that there was something petty, silly, affected, in his old affectionate ways. His vanity was exacerbated. His jealousy was inflamed.

At last, when July came, he determined to make one violent attempt to regain her favor, to oust the newcomer. How to accomplish this double purpose he did not know, and could not plan. But suddenly, on July the eighth, his feelings overcame him. He flung himself on Mr. Browning and bit him savagely. At last his teeth met in the immaculate cloth of Mr. Browning's trousers! But the limb inside was hard as iron. Mr. Kenyon's leg had been butter in comparison. Mr. Browning brushed him off with a flick of his hand and went on talking. Neither he nor Miss Barrett seemed to think the attack worthy of attention. Completely foiled, worsted, without a shaft left in his sheath, Flush sank back on his cushions panting with rage and disappointment.

But he had misjudged Miss Barrett's insight. When Mr. Browning was gone, she called Flush to her and inflicted upon him the worst punishment he had ever known. First she slapped his ears — that was nothing — oddly enough, the slap was rather to his liking; he would have welcomed another. But then she said in her sober, certain tones that she would never love him again. That shaft went to his heart. All these years they had lived together, shared everything together, and now, for one moment's failure, she would never love him again.

Then, as if to make her dismissal complete, she took the flowers that Mr. Browning had brought her and began to put them in water in a vase. It was an act, Flush thought, of calculated and deliberate malice, an act designed to make him feel his own insignificance completely. 'This rose is from him,' she seemed to say, 'and this carnation. Let the red shine by the yellow; and the yellow by the red. And let the green leaf lie there. . . .' And, setting one flower with another, she stood back to gaze at them as if he were before her — the man in the yellow gloves — a mass of brilliant flowers.

But even so, even as she pressed the leaves and flowers together, she could

not altogether ignore the fixity with which Flush gazed at her. She could not deny that 'expression of quite despair on his face.' She could not but relent. 'At last I said, "If you are good, Flush, you may come and say that you are sorry" . . . on which he dashed across the room and, trembling all over, kissed first one of my hands and then another, and put up his paws to be shaken, and looked into my face with such beseeching eyes that you would certainly have forgiven him just as I did.'

That was her account of the matter to Mr. Browning; and he, of course, replied, 'Oh, poor Flush, do you think I do not love and respect him for his jealous supervision — his slowness to know another, having once known you?'

It was easy enough for Mr. Browning to be magnanimous, but that easy magnanimity was perhaps the sharpest thorn that pressed into Flush's side.

VII

Another incident a few days later showed how widely they were separated, who had been so close, how little Flush could now count on Miss Barrett's sympathy. After Mr. Browning had gone one afternoon Miss Barrett decided to drive to Regent's Park with her sister. As they got out at the Park gate the door of the cab shut on Flush's paw. He 'cried piteously' and held it up to Miss Barrett for sympathy. In other days sympathy in abundance would have been lavished upon him for less. But now a detached, a mocking, a critical expression came into her eyes. She laughed at him. She thought he was shamming. 'No sooner had he touched the grass than he began to run without a thought of it,' she wrote. And she commented sarcastically, 'Flush always makes the most of his misfortunes — he is of the Byronic school — *il se pose en victime*.'

But here Miss Barrett, absorbed in her own emotions, misjudged him completely. If his paw had been broken, still he would have bounded. That dash was his answer to her mockery; I have done with you — that was the meaning he flashed at her as he ran. The flowers smelt bitter to him; the grass burnt his paws; the dust filled his nostrils with disillusion. But he raced — he scampered. 'Dogs must be led on chains' — there was the usual placard; there were the park keepers with their top hats and their truncheons to enforce it. But 'must' no longer had any meaning for him. The chain of love was broken. He would run where he liked; chase partridges; chase spaniels; splash into the middle of dahlia beds; break brilliant, blowing red and yellow roses. Let the park keepers throw their truncheons if they chose. Let them dash his brains out. Let him fall dead, disemboweled, at Miss Barrett's feet. He cared nothing.

But naturally nothing of the kind happened. Nobody pursued him; nobody noticed him. The solitary park keeper was talking to a nursemaid. At last he returned to Miss Barrett and she absent-mindedly slipped the chain over his neck, and led him home.

VIII

After two such humiliations the spirit of an ordinary dog, the spirit even of an ordinary human being, might well have been broken. But Flush, for all his softness and silkiness, had eyes that blazed; had passions that leapt, not merely in bright flame, but sunk and smouldered. He resolved to meet his enemy face to face and alone. No third person should interrupt this final conflict. It should be fought out by the principals themselves.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, the twenty-first of July, therefore, he slipped downstairs and waited in the hall. He had not long to wait. Soon he heard the tramp of the familiar footstep in the street; he heard the familiar rap on the door. Mr. Browning was admitted. Vaguely aware of the impending attack and determined to meet it in the most conciliatory of spirits, Mr. Browning had come provided with a parcel of cakes. There was Flush waiting in the hall. Mr. Browning made, evidently, some well-meant attempt to caress him; perhaps he even went so far as to offer him a cake. The gesture was enough. Flush sprang upon his enemy with unparalleled violence. His teeth once more met in Mr. Browning's trousers.

But unfortunately in the excitement of the moment he forgot what was most essential — silence. He barked; he flung himself on Mr. Browning, barking loudly. The sound was sufficient to alarm the household. Wilson rushed downstairs. Wilson beat him soundly. Wilson overpowered him completely. Wilson led him in ignominy away. Ignominy it was — to have attacked Mr. Browning, to have been beaten by Wilson. Mr. Browning had not lifted a finger. Taking his cakes with him, Mr. Browning proceeded unhurt, unmoved, in perfect composure, upstairs, alone to the bedroom. Flush was led away.

After two and a half hours of miserable confinement in the kitchen with parrots and beetles, and ferns and saucepans, Flush was summoned to Miss Barrett's presence. She was lying on the sofa with her sister Arabella beside her. Conscious of the rightness of his cause, Flush went straight to her. But she refused to look at him. He turned to Arabella. She merely said, 'Naughty Flush, go away.'

Wilson was there — the formidable, the implacable Wilson. It was to her that Miss Barrett turned for information. She had beaten him, Wilson said, 'because it was right.' And, she added, she had only beaten him with her hand. It was upon her evidence that Flush was convicted. The attack, Miss Barrett assumed, had been unprovoked; she credited Mr. Browning with all virtue, with all generosity; Flush had been beaten off by a servant, without a whip, because 'it was right.' There was no more to be said. Miss Barrett decided against him. 'So he lay down on the floor at my feet,' she wrote, 'looking from under his eyebrows at me.' But, though Flush might look, Miss Barrett refused even to meet his eyes. There she lay on the sofa; there Flush lay on the floor.

And as he lay there, exiled, on the carpet, he went through one of those whirlpools of tumultuous emotion in which the soul is either dashed upon the rocks and splintered, or, finding some tuft of foothold, slowly and painfully pulls itself up, regains dry land, and at last emerges on the top of a ruined universe to survey a world created afresh on a different plan. Which was it to be — destruction or reconstruction? That was the question.

The outlines only of his dilemma can be traced here; for his debate was silent. Twice Flush had done his utmost to kill his enemy; twice he had failed. And why had he failed, he asked himself. Because he loved Miss Barrett. Looking up at her from under his eyebrows as she lay, severe and silent, on the sofa, he knew that he must love her forever. But things are not simple but complex. If he bit Mr. Browning he bit her too. Hatred is not hatred; hatred is also love. Here Flush shook his ears in an agony of perplexity. He turned uneasily on the floor. Mr. Browning was Miss Barrett

— Miss Barrett was Mr. Browning; love is hatred and hatred is love. He stretched himself, whined, and raised his head from the floor. The clock struck eight. For three hours and more he had been lying there, tossed from the horn of one dilemma to another.

Even Miss Barrett, severe, cold, implacable, as she was, laid down her pen. 'Wicked Flush!' she had been writing, to Mr. Browning. ' . . . If people, like Flush, choose to behave like dogs savagely, they must take the consequences indeed, as dogs usually do! And *you*, so good and gentle to him! Any one but *you* would have said "hasty words" at least.' Really it would be a good plan, she thought, to buy a muzzle.

And then she looked up and saw Flush. Something unusual in his look must have struck her. She paused. She laid down her pen. Once he had roused her with a kiss, and she had thought that he was Pan. He had eaten chicken and rice pudding soaked in cream. He had given up the sunshine for her sake. She called him to her and said she forgave him.

IX

But to be forgiven, as if for a passing whim, to be taken back again on to the sofa as if he had learnt nothing in his anguish on the floor, as if he were the same dog when in fact he differed totally, was impossible. For the moment, exhausted as he was, Flush submitted. A few days later, however, a remarkable scene took place between him and Miss Barrett which showed the depths of his emotions. Mr. Browning had been and gone; Flush was alone with Miss Barrett. Normally he would have leapt on to the sofa at her feet. But now, instead of jumping up as usual and claiming her caress, Flush went to what was now called 'Mr. Browning's armchair.' Usually the chair was abhorrent to him; it still held the shape of his enemy. But now, such was the battle he had won, such was the charity that suffused him, that he not only looked at the chair, but, as he looked, 'suddenly fell into a rapture.'

Miss Barrett, watching him intently, observed this extraordinary portent. Next she saw him turn his eyes towards a table. On that table still lay the packet of Mr. Browning's cakes. He 'reminded me that the cakes you left were on the table.' They were now old cakes, stale cakes, cakes bereft of any carnal seduction. Flush's meaning was plain. He had refused to eat the cakes when they were fresh, because they were offered by an enemy. He would eat them now that they were stale, because they were offered by an enemy turned to friend, because they were symbols of hatred turned to love. Yes, he signified, he would eat them now.

So Miss Barrett rose and took the cakes in her hand. And as she gave them to him she admonished him. 'So I explained to him that *you* had brought them for him, and that he ought to be properly ashamed therefore for his past wickedness, and make up his mind to love you and not bite you for the future — and he was allowed to profit from your goodness to him.' As he swallowed down the faded flakes of that distasteful pastry — it was mouldy, it was flyblown, it was sour — Flush solemnly repeated, in his own language, the words she had used — he swore to love Mr. Browning and not bite him for the future.

He was instantly rewarded — not by stale cakes, not by chicken's wings, not by the caresses that were now his, nor by the permission to lie once more on the sofa at Miss Barrett's feet.

He was rewarded, spiritually; yet the effects were curiously physical. Like an iron bar corroding and festering and killing all natural life beneath it, hatred had lain all these months across his soul. Now, by the cutting of sharp knives and painful surgery, the iron had been excised. Now the blood ran once more; the nerves shot and tingled; flesh formed; nature rejoiced, as in spring. Flush heard the birds sing again; he felt the leaves growing on the trees; as he lay on the sofa at Miss Barrett's feet, glory and delight coursed through his veins. He was with them, not against them, now; their hopes, their wishes, their desires, were his.

Flush could have barked in sympathy with Mr. Browning now. The short sharp words raised the hackles on his neck. 'I need a week of Tuesdays,' Mr. Browning cried, 'then a month — a year — a life!' I, Flush echoed him, need a month — a year — a life! I need all the things you both need. We are all three conspirators in the most glorious of causes. We are joined in sympathy. We are joined in hatred. We are joined in defiance of black and beetling tyranny. We are joined in love.

In short, all Flush's hopes now were set upon some dimly apprehended but none the less certainly emerging triumph, upon some glorious victory that was to be theirs in common, when suddenly, without a word of warning, in the midst of civilization, security, and friendship, — he was in a shop in Vere Street with Miss Barrett and her sister; it was the morning of Tuesday, the first of September, — Flush was tumbled head over heels into darkness. The doors of a dungeon shut upon him. He was stolen.

(To be continued)

THE BANJO STRING

BY LOUIS REED

'YESSUH,' said Captain Bob Pennybacker, 'at the time this little skirmish was fought, it rated more newspaper space than Gettysburg. Believe it or not, right here was the end of the most darin' invasion ever attempted in North America.'

Captain Bob and I had known each other scarcely five minutes. From different directions we had come to Portland, Ohio, to look at the new monument commemorating the Battle of Buffington's Island, and had begun to talk, as strangers will at such times, about the battle. The captain was a very aged man, — past ninety, — but he was a spry, hearty old fellow, and had made a long automobile trip to get there. When he mentioned that he believed himself to be the only surviving member of Morgan's Raiders, and perhaps the only man still living who had taken part in the Battle of Buffington's Island, I gave him my undivided journalistic attention.

'This is news,' thought I to myself. 'Why, it's nearly seventy years since this battle was fought — the whole allotted span of life. What a yarn this would be for Harry Gill and the *News!*'

'Yessuh,' the captain went on, 'the place looks about like it did then, except for the lock and the dam. It ain't changed much that I can see. It was early mornin', you know. We was asleep over there by the schoolhouse. Judah come up that road, and Hobson this. There was a whoop and a volley. We knowed then that hell had busted for sure, and started to run. And just then, when I needed it the most, I found that the banjo string was gone.'

'That,' I remarked, 'sounds like a story.'

'Does it?' the captain replied. 'Well, I won't be surprised if it is. I ain't got nothin' to do till the boy gets back. You ain't neither? All right; listen.'

I

In the spring of '63 (said Captain Bob), the armies in Tennessee set there on the Duck River for months and months just lookin' at each other. It got so the front-line pickets would stop on their rounds and talk to each other. You'd likely hear a Confederate holler across the river and say, 'Well, Yank, how's the rats over there? Are they nice and fat like they ought to be?' And the Yank maybe would reply, 'They ain't done so well lately, Reb, but from all I can hear, business is apt to pick up in a year or two.' Then they'd both laugh, and go on about their business. It begun to look like the war would end in a general hand-shakin'.

I was only twenty-one then, but I had the bars of a captain on my shoulder straps — a captain in a brigade that before we set down to play tiddledy-winks on the Duck River was noted for bein' the hardest-ridin', most hell-

for-leather cavalry outfit in the world. And that ain't rhetoric, mistuh. The men you hear about these days are Lee and Grant, and Johnston and Sherman, and suchlike, but in 1863 the one Southern general that sent chills up and down the spines of every blasted Yankee from here to Portland, Maine, was nobody but Morgan. Ask the old-timers. When Lee invaded Pennsylvania that was a matter of military strategy, but when Morgan crossed the Ohio it was God save our souls and the Devil take the hindmost. Yessuh.

Morgan was in his thirty-eighth year then. I can see him yet, spick-and-span in his new gray uniform, with his long hair hangin' over his shoulders and a little feather stuck in his cavalry hat. Most people think of Morgan as he was on his raids, when dirt and dust and sweat was part of the day's work, but behind the lines he was your finest example of the dashin' stage soldier. He even used perfume on his hair, and the women he had — well, the less said of Morgan's women, the better.

Morgan was a man that could make fun of you to your face and make you like it. I remember when he promoted me to captain — a striplin' of twenty I was then — he said: 'Pennybacker, from now on you're captain of Troop C. Don't fall off a horse and break your neck this summer, Captain. If things keep on this way, I may have to make you a general.'

That was Morgan for you! Rough, and sharp-tongued as an old woman. Yet his men knowed his bark was worse than his bite. They'd follow him to hell and back again, and I guess some of 'em did.

All those months while we set there twiddlin' our thumbs on the Duck River, Morgan was tryin' to put over a project with the commandin' general. That was Bragg. It was noised around that Lee was gettin' ready to invade Pennsylvania. Everybody knowed that. The Yanks knowed it; every farmer, housewife, and private soldier in the South knowed it. What Morgan wanted was an army of his own.

'Give me ten thousand horses and men,' he told Bragg, 'and I'll cut a swath from here to Harrisburg, right through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio.'

To understand what that meant you got to know your geography. From the Duck River to Louisville on the Ohio was three hundred miles. From Louisville to Harrisburg over the windin' roads was at least twelve hundred more. All Morgan asked was to advance fifteen hundred miles through the enemy's territory. He was goin' to do it, you understand, in spite of the Union Army in Tennessee and Kentucky, the organized militia of four states, his own ignorance of the country, and all the gunboats in the Ohio Valley!

Bragg said he was crazy, and I don't know but what he was. Bragg would n't give him the horses or the men he asked for. Instead, Bragg said, 'General, here's your old brigade of two thousand men. We don't want Judah's cavalry around here when the big push starts, so run up to Louisville, like a good boy, and get him out of the way. And remember, General, whatever you do, don't stick your head out of Kentucky.'

So that was that.

II

Morgan kept his mouth shut for the time bein', though his actions showed the rest of us plain enough what he thought of Bragg. After that order come through to strike north for Louisville, I know for a fact that he never slept night or day for a week. He sent

out orders so fast that forty brigades could n't keep up with 'em. We had to polish all the equipment, and shoe the horses, and clean the guns; and when that was finished, we had to do it all over again. When he was n't prowlin' around at night, tryin' to catch somebody off guard, he'd amuse himself firin' off pistols in his tent. Yessuh. You could hear him all night long firin' his pistols, and when you went there you never knowed but what he'd stick a bullet in you. At other times he would n't say a word to nobody, just sit silent for hours outside his tent, starin' off at the sky line. Then, finally, when every horse was properly shod, and every piece of equipment shinin' like an Indian, and every soldier on the place rarin' to go, it was the first of July and Morgan said this is the night we dash north to Louisville.

I often think afterward, though it don't mean much at the time, how queer it was that the very day we're to leave I got a letter from my mammy over in the hills of North Carolina. It was just a short letter, wrote in pencil on a piece of packin' paper, and it read, 'Bob, your Grandpappy has broke the A string on his banjo. He can't find none at the stores here. You know how Grandpappy likes to play the banjo, so the first chance you get, send him a string. Be sure it's an A string, for that's the one that's broke.'

Now you may think a little thing like that don't amount to much in the face of a campaign, but that's when little things often mean the most. I was a poor boy when I joined the army as a private. I'd been away two years without seein' my folks. That banjo string made me homesick. It brought back memories of the hill farm where I spent my boyhood, of the cabin with the honeysuckle in the yard, of such things as new hay and fresh eggs and creamy milk, and, most of all, of Grandpappy sittin' in front of the fire with his banjo. All my life I'd listened to that banjo. It had a place in my life I can't hardly explain, for music, you know, is like God and religion, and life and death. It's the thing that makes the day's work a little less hard, the year's sufferin' a little less painful, God Himself a little less remote.

Here, have a cigar.

That afternoon I went up and down the line of tents one way, and sent my orderly, Tom Barnes, the other, huntin' for that string. We tried every commissary and canteen in the district, and every banjo player we could hear of, but we could n't find an A string that was loose nowheres. So, towards night, the last thing before we struck out on the long trail to Louisville, I set down and wrote my mammy that I could n't send the string then, but I would as soon as I got one.

III

You been a soldier yourself? In the last war? I thought so. Well, styles of fightin' change. I don't know how it is with you, but I always think they took the fun out of soldierin' when they broke up the cavalry. I remember that last night on the Duck River like it was yesterday. I can see the long ranks drawn up in formation — the horses sniffin' excitement and prancin' in the lines, the men stiff and tense in their saddles. And out in front was Morgan, ridin' up and down, up and down, with the feather in his hat showin' against the sky.

Then, all of a sudden, the ranks broke and wheeled. We was off with no other sound at first than the patter of the horseshoes on the dirt road. The word come down the line to 'cross the river at Ford Nineteen, and

then ride like hell for Kentucky' — and that's what we done.

The Duck River is in rollin' country, and the Yankees had outposts on all the hills. We could hear 'em as we splashed through the river, shoutin' the warnin' from hill to hill that Rebs was breakin' through; and a little later we heard the splash of Judah's cavalry beneath us. The next mornin' in Kentucky, there he was at Marrowbone ready to greet us.

That brush with Judah's men at Marrowbone, I may say, went off exactly like Morgan figured it would. The poor Yankee horsemen, you see, had been up all night, and had to rest. So Morgan called in all his commissioned officers, and said, 'You see them Yankee bluecoats in the road yonder? Well, I call you in here for a purpose. I want to see what county they'll be in two hours from now.'

As it turned out, they was in the next county. We followed 'em till we got tired and quit. Then we stripped such prisoners as we had of their shirts and shoes, shootin' a few for good measure, took the horses we needed in place of them that was killed, and called the roll for the next dash to the Green River.

After this little skirmish at Marrowbone we was still close to the Duck River and the army in Tennessee, so Morgan halted to send back dispatches. That's when I found the banjo string. I don't know what to say about that except it was unexpected and unusual, and yet the most natural thing in the world. Yessuh, in spite of everything, it was perfectly natural. It come about this way.

The place where we stopped to rest and write the dispatches was a little valley with a patch of woods on one side of the road. Tom Barnes — that's my orderly — and me lay down at the foot of a tree to catch a few winks, for we'd been in the saddle all night and day. But I never got to sleep. There'd been fightin' along that road a little while before. I could hear somebody cryin' back there in the woods. He'd cry awhile, then he'd groan, and then he'd pray.

There was n't nothin' specially remarkable in that, — not in 1863, — but somethin' in his voice sounded familiar. It was n't so much what he said as the way he said it. I got to listenin', and pretty soon it come to me what it was. I said to myself, 'That ain't a white man. That's a nigger, and if I'm any judge of voices, he's got North Carolina wrote all over him.'

Now we was n't fightin' any niggers that I know of, but just the same, when I went back there and found him, he was black as the ace of spades. I said to him, 'What's the matter, nigger?' — and he said, 'I'se knifed, massa, an' de Lawd's a-comin' for me.'

One look showed he was right about that. He had a bayonet stickin' right through his middle. I asked how it happened, but he never answered. He must've knowed it was all over, for he quit prayin', and groanin', and cryin', and just looked at me with pain in his eyes, like a dumb animal. He grabbed my hand and hung on to it, like people will when they're dyin', and I sat there maybe fifteen minutes — maybe half an hour — without sayin' a word till he died.

Now, suh, it's funny about that nigger. There I was in enemy country, with white men dyin' all around me, and liable to be killed any minute myself. And a dead nigger was just another dead nigger — specially a nigger I never seen before, and did n't even know how he got there. But somehow or other he was on my mind. I remember I thought to myself, 'Maybe he belongs to somebody that don't know

what's happened to him. Maybe he'll lie out here in these woods and rot before anybody finds him. Maybe I ought to take him down to the road, so he'll have an even chance of bein' buried.'

I mention these things to show you how natural it was. He had on blue cotton overalls and a jacket, and I thought maybe he'd have somethin' on him to show who he was. I went through his pockets, and found three copper cents and some sixpenny nails. No papers, nothin' at all to identify him. Then I noticed I'd missed the watch pocket of his overalls. That's a crooked pocket. I stuck in my forefinger like a hook — and pulled out a brand-new A string for a banjo.

I thought afterward there was somethin' more than coincidence back of that, but not then. All I thought then was how lucky it was for Grandpappy. It could n't have worked out better if I'd planned it all from the beginnin'. So I dragged the nigger by his feet down to the roadway, put the banjo string in an envelope addressed to my mammy, and handed it to Morgan's dispatch rider, to mail in Tennessee. Five minutes later the rider was headed south, while the rest of us was ridin' hell-bent for the Green River.

IV

Somehow when I think of the Green River and Kentucky, the most of what I think of is Morgan. There was so few of us, you see, that pretty near all the time on the road and in the rest camps he was in sight and hearin'. I remember that after the long rest on the Duck River Morgan was bubblin' over with energy and the joy of livin'. He had a mockin' light in his eyes and pride in his smile. You would see him at the head of his column, with his cavalry cloak flyin' in the wind and his big gray hat cocked on the side of his head, and somehow you felt that here was a man worth followin' and fightin' for.

He made you feel that you did n't need the things that other armies carried with 'em. You did n't need doctors and hospitals and nurses because Morgan's men rode their horses as long as they could, and when they could n't they rolled off and died. You did n't need rations, or horse feed, or reënforcements, or even siege guns, for four little cannon carried on horseback was all our artillery for the capture of Louisville.

Impossible, you say? Listen, mistuh, you forget Morgan. In them days the very name of Morgan was worth half an army. It was a name spoken of along with Hell, and the Devil and his angels, for Morgan was like the Scourge of God, the one that they said where his horse trod the grass never grew. Yes, suh. If Morgan had wanted to, Louisville would've come down.

We fought five battles in eight days, and at Tebb's Bridge alone we lost ninety men killed. We outrun Judah's three cavalry brigades for three hundred miles. We thrashed the militia right and left, burned ammunition and supply trains, impressed enlistments and shot them that would n't, took what we wanted wherever we found it, and in general put the fear of God and the Southern republic into the people of Kentucky.

It took iron men to stand it. Day after day and night after night we spent fourteen, sixteen, eighteen hours in the saddle. We slept, when we did sleep, with our heads pillowed on our horses' sides, and woke with our knives clutched in one hand and our muskets in the other.

It was late at night when we got close to Louisville. We slept in some woods. The next mornin' we could see

what was happenin' in the city. The militia and the Home Guards was mountin' the fortifications, but the river in back was filled with ferryboats transportin' the citizens to the other side. It was plain they was plumb scared to death. There was gunboats steamin' up the river and down, and every now and then they'd fire a broadside just to show us they was warlike.

Morgan laughed at that till he almost fell off his horse. He said, 'Do you know how many men can take that place? Ten men and a boy. I guess I'll send a company over to try it.'

We thought that was a bluff, and it was, but we did n't know then why he was bluffin'. He did n't send ten men and a boy, though. He sent a hundred and thirty, and they had orders just to scare the garrison. Then, with the rest of us, he tore down the river to Brandenburg, where two steamboats manned by Confederate soldiers was tied up at the dock.

We seen Morgan fling himself off his horse, and walk along the bank. He was all smiles as he studied the Indiana shore through his field glasses. Then he come back to one of his colonels and said, 'There ain't nothin' but a handful of militia over there, Duke. Start 'em over.'

Somebody said, 'What're you goin' to do, General? Take Cincinnati?' And Morgan said, 'Hell, no. I ain't goin' to take Cincinnati. I'm goin' to take Harrisburg.'

Yessuh, that's what he said. With one little brigade he was goin' to march twelve hundred miles through the enemy's country to Harrisburg. You say you know he was crazy? You're right, but if you remember your geography, this little monument is nine hundred miles from the Duck River in Tennessee. He belonged to that crazy breed of Pizarro, and Cortez, and William Walker, and maybe Alexander and Napoleon. He had dreams of conquest, and when he started to ferry his troops to Indiana he looked it.

V

Now, suh, right then was when I seen the dispatch rider. I mean the one I give the banjo string to at Marrowbone. He ought n't to be in Brandenburg at all, so far as I could see, so I walked up to him and said, 'Well, brothah, how about the banjo string? Did you mail it?'

He said, 'No, I did n't have no luck. I never got there. The Yanks almost picked me up outside of Marrowbone, but I caught up with the Brigade at Tebb's Bridge. Here's your letter.'

I put the letter in my left breast pocket. We was busy just then because some Indiana militia on the other side had set up a cannon and was beginnin' to fire both the cannon and muskets across the river. To deal with their cannon Morgan was layin' out his four pieces of artillery. I started to move in Morgan's direction just as Tom Barnes, my orderly, come up beside me. And just then I felt somethin' snap in the front of my blouse and a sharp little stab of pain in my left side.

I said, 'Tom, I guess I picked up a Minié ball.' Tom reached inside my shirt to locate the blood, but he did n't find none. Nothin' there but a red spot that was goin' to be blue over the heart. He felt of the breast pocket, and pulled out the banjo string. The string had been shot in two.

'Too bad,' I said. 'Grandpappy's lost a banjo string.'

I started to toss it away, but Tom caught my arm. 'Don't do that,' he said. 'That string's still long enough for a banjo. Just one end was shot off.

Anyhow, it's your luck string. It saved your life. Keep it.'

So I kept it. I put it back in my breast pocket and left it there till we got here to Buffington's Island. I got so I believed it was a luck piece too, and I do yet. All the way across Indiana and Ohio, when misfortune followed misfortune, I kept that banjo string next to my heart, and as long as I kept it there, there was hope.

That was an excitin' day at Brandenburg. Morgan silenced the Indiana cannon the first round. Then he sent over two steamboat loads of men without their horses, and what they done to the remainin' militiamen was a plenty. To serve as a warnin' in the future, they strung some of 'em on grapevines, and draped them from convenient trees near the highway. Afterwards we all had a set-to with a Federal gunboat, but late that afternoon our little army — swelled to about twenty-five hundred men by Kentucky enlistments — was in Indiana.

Well, suh, I don't know what kind of a country Indiana is now, but in '63 it was fine. Maybe you know how it was in the South then — the fields lyin' idle, the stores empty, the spirit of the people beginnin' to break. But Indiana was different. Why, you'd never know they was havin' a war in Indiana. The fields was ploughed and tended, the barns loaded with hay and grain, the whole country filled with peace and plenty. We got things to eat in Indiana that we had n't tasted for months, like fried chicken and blackberry pie, and the stores was full of things you could n't buy in the South for love or money.

Morgan got rich in Indiana. That's a thing most people don't know about. The very day we crossed the river he said to me, 'I got news that the banks along the river are sendin' deposits to Chicago by messenger. It seems like they was n't expectin' us, and the trains are tied up. Now here's a guide to take you up above Salem to-night — you and your men. Stop everybody that comes along, and look at their saddlebags. But don't take nothin' but money. Understand?'

I said, 'Yessuh,' and went to work. I remember I kept thinkin' of my luck piece that night, and, whether it helped or not, we made a real haul. We got over $90,000 in gold, currency, and greenbacks. I never knowed there was so much money in the world. I turned it all over to Morgan, and he said, 'Pennybacker, I'll remember you. One of these days I'll make you a general.'

That's the way he was in them days — tall, straight, proud, and dignified. It seemed like he growed up a little in Indiana. There was still the same eager look in his eyes and the same mockin' smile on his lips, but he seemed older, like a man with heavy responsibilities. From the day we crossed the Ohio he was Kingfish of the countryside and master of Indiana.

Yessuh, them first days in Indiana was fine. We had fine things to eat, and all kinds of goods out of the stores we looted, and it seemed like the Indiana women was right glad to have us, for they baked cakes and pies, and put 'em out where we could find 'em. There was n't even no bushwhackers around, for all the men had gone north to join the militia.

VI

Maybe we'd a stayed in Indiana for some time gettin' fat and lazy if it was n't for that newspaper Morgan picked up in Corydon. It don't hardly seem possible now, but this was a week after Gettysburg, and none of us knowed it. We'd been cut off that long from the rest of the army. That

newspaper showed Morgan that these rumors about Lee in Pennsylvania was right. It made him mad as a wet hen.

'Do you know what that jackass Lee has gone and done?' he said. 'The old fool is givin' up the campaign. That's what he's doin'. He's fallin' back to Virginia.'

Now, suh, that was sure bad news for us. If Lee got back to Virginia before we got to Pennsylvania, we'd have to fight through the whole Yankee army of the Potomac to reach him. We was still over a thousand miles from Harrisburg, and the people of Indiana was n't joinin' up with us like we thought they would. As a matter of fact, we learned from that same paper that the Governor of Indiana was sendin' sixty thousand more men against us.

You'll say that the sensible thing then was to pull up stakes and get back to Kentucky while the gettin' was good. There ain't no doubt about that, but if you notice it, this campaign was n't based much on sober judgment. It was one of them unsensible things that almost succeed anyhow, and when they do they are miracles.

Takin' to cover was n't the kind of fightin' Morgan was used to. He said, 'Men, we got to get to Pennsylvania and pull that old blockhead out of a hole. He ought to see then what an army can do when it gets the lead out of its tail.'

So, instead of hustlin' back to Brandenburg and makin' tracks for the Duck River in Tennessee, we hoisted the war flag and marched eastward.

You was n't in the cavalry, of course. You don't know what it means to sit on a horse twenty-two hours out of twenty-four. What it takes to face a hundred thousand militiamen, three brigades of Federal cavalry, — Judah again, — and so many bushwhackers that God Himself could n't stop to count them. Them was the days when we done what we did n't think human bein's could, for we slept on our horses six nights in succession. Compared to Ohio, Kentucky was baby play. We used up our last ounce of energy, and wore ourselves down to skin and bones. But it was Ohio that finally broke us.

Give me a match.

One thing about Ohio that we could n't believe was the number of able-bodied men that joined the militia. The South had already called up its reserves, and, till we run into these new armies, we supposed it was the same way in the North. But the Governor of Ohio raised fifty-five thousand new volunteers in one day. They gathered at Hamilton while we was still in Indiana, and sent Morgan word not to cross the state line.

You know what Morgan done about that? The first thing he done was to burn all the bridges behind him so he could n't retreat, and he moved on Hamilton. He gathered up all the horses in the district, shot the live stock, burned the crops, and then, when the militia was ready to crush him, he run off and left 'em. He struck south to Cincinnati so fast that people actually drowned themselves in the river tryin' to swim to Kentucky. He passed through the outskirts of Cincinnati, looted some stores, blew up some more bridges, and dashed north and east on the highway to Columbus. From then on it was less a campaign than a foot race. Morgan was on his way to Pennsylvania.

We was at Piketon, Ohio, when the news come that Lee had retreated out of Pennsylvania. That was a real piece of hard luck. We'd come so far then it was too late to turn back, and, with Lee out of Pennsylvania, it was useless to go on. I wish you could've heard Morgan swear at Lee. He said,

among other things, that Lee as a general would make a good horse doctor, and that he really had less sense than that other half-wit, Jefferson Davis.

He took out his maps. 'What we have to do,' he said, 'is get out of Ohio in a hurry. There's too many soldiers here, and too many bushwhackers. If Lee'd done what he ought to, it would n't be so bad, but now we got to fight all the bloomin' Yankees in the North. Here's a ford across the Ohio at Buffington's Island. West Virginia's mountain country. If we cross there, we can keep to the hills and catch up with Lee in the Valley of Virginia.'

It was still five hundred miles across the Allegheny Mountains to the Valley of Virginia, but when you come right down to it, there was n't much else he could do. He'd disobeyed Bragg's orders, and could n't go back to Tennessee nohow; and it was n't no use goin' on to Pennsylvania; and with the cavalry and militia pressin' him from behind, he could n't sit down and wait. So he put away his maps and set the course to Buffington's Island.

VII

It was after we left Piketon that I come to have faith in the A string, and, believe me, faith in somethin' was necessary. It started to rain. Not occasional summer showers, mind you, but a steady drizzlin' downpour that lasted for days and bogged the roads with mud. Besides the weather, we had to contend with a plague of the orn'riest bushwhackers we ever run into. They was worse than forty armies. Always poppin' away at us from the underbrush, every day cuttin' us down little by little. Firin' back at 'em wasted our ammunition, so that when we got here to Buffington's Island, in addition to everything else, we was short of cartridges.

But all the way across Ohio I wore that banjo string over my heart, and I never got a scratch. No, suh, not even a close call. I seen men shot down all around me. I seen 'em fall off their horses from exhaustion and get themselves crushed by the hoofs of other horses behind 'em, but I done my twenty-two hours a day in safety, and got here feelin' as well as a man could expect to under the circumstances.

We stopped to rest, as I say, over by that schoolhouse. The river was flooded and it was late, but we figured Judah and the cavalry was a hundred miles back. We did n't know about him helpin' himself upriver with the gunboats. I remember Tom Barnes and me lay down side by side. I took off my shoes — the first time in ten days — and Tom took off his shoes. We placed 'em on the ground beside us. I was already half asleep, I guess, for I remember takin' the banjo string out of my pocket, lookin' at it, and then droppin' it in one of the shoes.

The next thing I knowed it was daylight. We'd slept there in the mud all night. I was cold and cramped, but for a while I did n't move at all. I just lay there on my back lookin' off to the east where the fog was raisin'. I seen some of the other soldiers beginnin' to stir, and rolled over to wake Tom. That's when it happened.

There was n't a guard on duty nowheres. They was all sound asleep. Judah's men had come up to the shelter of that knoll there durin' the night. Hobson, with a detachment we did n't know about before, come to about here. While I lay there lookin' at the sky they was crouched ready to charge. When they come it was yellin' and shootin', and there we was stretched out on our backs, and part of us not even dressed.

You see what the monument says — seven hundred Confederate prisoners. That tells part of the story. The rest of it is about them that got away. There was about a thousand of us, I guess, that put on our clothes as we ran, and took to flight in our shirt-tails. I remember stickin' my feet in my shoes, and jumpin' on the horse without tightenin' the saddle girth. The saddle slipped, and I come down on my head. I thought, 'Where's the A string?' It was n't in my shoes. Not havin' time to hunt for it then, I yanked up the girth and started up the valley without it. The first thing I knowed, there we was, — what was left of us, — ridin' hell-bent for Long Bottom with Morgan himself leadin' the pack.

VIII

We stopped at Long Bottom, because the Yankees was busy herdin' the prisoners here. The river there was brown and muddy, and runnin' saw logs at the flood crest. Morgan took one look at it and said, 'Men, flood or no flood, we got to swim it,' and he proceeded then and there to do it. He divided the survivors into four companies, and led the first company into the water himself. I was in that company too, and I remember the feather on Morgan's hat was a little drooped as he rode his horse into the river.

My horse got scared, and throwed me out of the saddle. When I finally got him quieted, I seen a picture of the river ahead that 's stayed with me all these years. It was a picture of swirlin' brown waters carryin' brush and saw logs, of white foam and bubbles and eddies, and whirlpools. And straight out ahead of me was a line of black dots on the surface of the water — always two dots together — that was the heads of horses and men.

You've seen the Ohio at flood time when the river rages and swells and a man on its surface looks as puny and helpless as a skipper bug. What I wonder most about now is how any of us ever got through. I remember watchin' the dots ahead as they neared the swell of the brush and the saw logs. I seen two big logs push a man off his horse, and I had a glimpse of the man's white face turned up to heaven before he sunk out of sight. Then I was there in the midst of it myself, fightin' for life in a whirlpool of white foam and crashin' timbers weighin' hundreds of tons.

I thought to myself, 'I lost the A string, and I'll never make it,' but I kept tryin' just the same. That's when I first realized the value of brains in a battle against the forces of nature. The big logs was destructive, but they was blind, and the river that carried 'em was blind too. I could meet 'em in a certain way, and push 'em off me with my hand. They was dangerous only when they come in pairs, or in threes or fours, and I found I could miss those by divin'. I made the horse dive too, but that drowned him. I felt the bridle pullin' me down, and let him go. When I come up there was another horse without a rider splashin' at my side, and I took charge of him.

I suppose it was n't really so long, but it seemed like I was there for hours. I remember all of a sudden I come out of the brush and the logs to a place where the water was calmer. There was still a line of dots ahead of me, but fewer than before. In the distance I could see a green shore line that I knowed was West Virginia. And just then a face come out of the water at my side, a face that was death-white under the mud streaks. I looked at it and stretched out my hand. It was the face of my orderly, Tom Barnes.

I grabbed him by the hair, and hung

on to the pommel of my saddle with the other hand. I thought he was n't dead yet; if I got him to shore I might revive him. I kept his head out of the water while the horse pulled us on to the bank. The first man I saw when we got there was Morgan, but his hat with the feather was gone.

Tom was dead. I found that out first thing, and left him. Morgan was walkin' up and down the shore. As I come up to him, I noticed that he looked old and tired. His shoulders was drooped, and the old mockin' smile was gone. There was a cannon shot just then down the river. Morgan stopped to listen. I saw his jaw shoot out with some of his old fire and determination.

He turned to me and said, 'Pennybacker, those are gunboats. The others can't make it. You're the rankin' officer here, so take these men and disappear in the hills.'

I said, 'What're you goin' to do, General? Ain't you comin' with us?'

He said, 'No. My men on the other side need me most. I'm goin' back.'

Then he held out a hand that was white from exposure in the water, said, 'Good luck,' and turned to the river to swim back again to Ohio. We had to cheer him, suh. Whatever else you say of Morgan, he was a soldier and a man. Nothin' but death could stop him. We heard later he got across, too — swum the Ohio twice at flood time, and the second time he swum it alone. He went on toward Pennsylvania two hundred miles more till they finally got him, and put him in the penitentiary at Columbus. You know the rest of that. They never built the penitentiary that'd hold Morgan. He escaped back to Tennessee, raised a new brigade, and was finally shot and killed at Greenville in 1864.

IX

We was safer in West Virginia than in Ohio, for the pursuit followed Morgan's main band. I buried poor Tom there on the bank of the river with my own hands. Before I dropped him in his grave I said a little service, and I took off his shoes, because shoes was a thing we did n't bury with no man. It was what I found in one of them shoes that made me cry, suh. Pressed down in the toe of his left shoe — the shoe that was next to mine at Portland the night before — was the A string.

Yessuh. I never got over that. All the way up that valley with the Yankees shootin' up the turf behind us, and across that ragin' river, old Tom carried the A string.

We got away, suh. Averell's men chased us all the way across West Virginia, but we outran 'em. We reached the Kanawha, struck south through the mountains, and then we broke up and went home.

It was a proud day for me, suh, when I rode up the old trail to my mammy's cabin. I was a boy when I went away, but when I come back I was a man. I could see the hills idle and wasted with the blight of the war, but the sun shone just as bright as it did before, and the birds sung just as sweet. When I got to the last bend in the road, there was the cabin with the honeysuckle around it, and old Grandpappy himself at the gate.

I had the A string in my hand. Grandpappy unrolled it without sayin' a word, flicked it with his finger nail, and went back in the house. When my mammy come out to me there was music in the air, for Grandpappy was playin' the old tunes that seemed somehow to wipe out the bitterness.

SCIENCE HAS NOT GONE MYSTICAL

BY HENSHAW WARD

I

If an inquiring microbe should ask me to explain what I know about the sun, he would understand part of my description. He could realize the distance almost as well as I can, because he is only a million times shorter than I am and could easily imagine his own length multiplied by that number. He could understand the heat of the sun about as well as I can, for his sensitiveness to heat is much the same as mine. I should find him an intelligent listener.

But when I began to tell him how the sun *looks*, he would give a disdainful wriggle and tell me to quit being mystical. In his mind there is nothing that corresponds to *looks*. For he has no sense of sight, no apparatus like an eye which can receive light rays and convert them into a feeling that he is acquainted with a distant object. Light rays do produce an effect on his consciousness, but only a vague, diffused feeling of discomfort. They do not create pictures in him. If I try to explain what they do to me — try to show by analogies what a picture of the sun is like — he will think that I have gone beyond common sense and am babbling metaphysics. It is not merely his ignorance that makes him unable to learn from me, but his unconsciousness of being ignorant.

So, in a similar way, if I could put a human inquiry about space to a seraph, and if he obligingly began to explain, I should soon find his talk intolerable. For he would have to say something like this: 'Space is the force which brings time closer to my mind. It makes a separation between time and matter, so that I can avoid matter and fly only in time. Don't you see?' This would not sound like common sense. I should be impatient of it, not so much because of my ignorance as because of my unconsciousness that I am utterly ignorant of what space can do for a seraph. I have never been conscious that space is a force. It does n't make any more contact with my mind than light does with a microbe's mind. Space, for me, is just emptiness; it is only a name for the fact that pieces of matter are not all together. I am powerless to imagine that space *is something* — a great force, a phase of matter that acts on the mind of a seraph and reveals to him a portion of the universe to which my senses can make no response. I can no more perceive my ignorance of space than an oyster can realize that he does not know what rainbows look like.

It is the human unawareness of time and space that recent science is struggling with. It has found a clue to them which was furnished by an experiment with light, and it is trying to follow the clue, gropingly and falteringly, by the use of mathematics. Science is not at all sure of what it is doing or where it is going, but it is keeping hold of the clue and tracing its unimaginable course to

— somewhere, perhaps. We can see these mathematicians working in the bright sunshine, fumbling about where eyesight is of no avail. They have no sixth sense that tells them anything about time and space — any more than a microbe has a sense of sight. They can see, everywhere, out through unnumbered galaxies that are millions of light years away, but they are not able to feel the time and space that are directly perceived by a seraph. They are groping for some slight, indirect knowledge, reaching here and there in the light that can reveal nothing. Hence their occupation seems mystical, not to say ludicrous; for they are putting out mathematical feelers *beyond their senses.*

II

If we wish to understand what the physicists have been feeling for, during the past twenty years, we must first be assured that this most recent form of science is not different in purpose or nature from what it has always been. It is exactly the same sort of mental operation that Huxley described eighty years ago, in his address at St. Martin's Hall 'On the Educational Value of the Natural History Sciences': —

> Science is nothing but trained and organized common sense, differing from the latter only as a veteran may differ from a raw recruit. . . . The vast results obtained by science are won by no mystical faculties, by no mental processes, other than those which are practised by every one of us, in the humblest and meanest affairs of life. . . . The man of science simply uses with scrupulous exactness the methods which we all, habitually and at every moment, use carelessly.

It was easier for Huxley to convince his audience of this truth in 1854 than it would be now. For during the past twenty years the scientists have discharged such a barrage of fanciful possibilities that they have not seemed to talk common sense. They have bewildered us with the free will of electrons, with a finite but unbounded universe, with expanding space, with space that would be destroyed by too much matter, with time that is only a phase of space, with matter that is only a form of energy, with the chance that a flame might turn water to ice, with the probability that a million monkeys leaping about on a million typewriters would reproduce the books in the British Museum. If Huxley were brought back to life in 1933 and, without any preparation, suddenly confronted with all those notions, he might well suspect that science had deserted its five senses and gone on a picnic with its fancies. He might naturally fear that common sense has become old-fashioned and that science is now a kaleidoscope of incredibilities.

But as soon as his first bewilderment was over he would recover his composure, ask for a cup of coffee, and request some professor at the Imperial College of Science to give him an account of how the weird things originated. He would not assume that science had gone crazy in the twentieth century, but would prepare himself to understand what its strange new language meant. The strangeness would not perturb him, for he would know that nothing recent and complicated could be essentially more mysterious than the oldest and simplest experience that primitive man had of the universe in which he found himself.

When an eye makes contact with a bull that is grazing on a hill a mile away, it gives us experience of a mystery so profound that anything proposed by relativity is simple in comparison. No philosopher or psychologist or physicist has the least understanding of what that contact is like: of what the distance is, or the motion

is, or of what the correspondence is between the thing on the hill and the impression somewhere within a human skull. But we live *unconscious of this deepest ignorance.* We assume that of course the passage of a bull to a brain is a commonplace that may be taken for granted. Not till we hear of 'a bull in the brain' do we recognize anything that needs explaining.

Huxley was aware that the simplest and oldest mystery is the deepest one; and he would not expect the most fantastic discovery of twentieth-century science to be harder to comprehend. He might say to the professor: 'Let's put your free-will electrons and your typewriting monkeys to one side for the present. Begin at the beginning. Tell me what originated these quaint playthings of the intellect. For all their grotesqueness, I presume they are just phases of the same old common sense that I used to lecture about.'

And the professor might begin with a matter-of-fact narrative like the following.

III

The first inkling that a human being ever got of space — an element of the universe which our senses cannot perceive — was detected by an American professor of physics at the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland, in 1887. His name was Albert Abraham Michelson. He was as hard-headed and non-mystical an experimenter as ever wore a dirty apron in a laboratory. He had completed an investigation with a set of mirrors and a big stone that was floated in a vat of mercury. There had been no philosophy about his work. His apparatus and his reasoning were so simple in principle that any freshman in the Case School could understand them. Every freshman, like every professor of physics in the world at that time, would have bet a hundred to one that the result of the experiment would be positive. But it was negative. The negative result was just as astonishing to Michelson as it was to everybody else. It was as puzzling as if he had found that a man can row upstream as fast as he can row downstream.

That way of describing the situation is a literal statement of what had happened. Until Michelson's experiment was completed, the human mind had always known that when two speeds are added together they produce the sum of the speeds. If, for example, I am on an escalator which is taking me upstairs at the rate of four feet a second, and if I am in a hurry and add my walking speed of five feet a second to the speed of the escalator, I move upstairs at the rate of nine feet every second. A stop watch will prove that I actually do add the two speeds. Any boy can measure the addition of the speed of his rowing to the speed of a river current, and find that he moves ahead at the sum of the two speeds. If a man stands on the deck of a steamer and throws a baseball forward, the ball moves with the speed of the throw plus the speed of the steamer. Everybody knows that it does. Nobody can conceive that the sum of two motions is anything but the sum of them. Yet Michelson had found — if his measurements were correct — that something in his basement laboratory, impelled by two motions at once in the same direction, *had the speed of only one motion.*

The something was light. Michelson had measured the speeds of rays of light in many directions. His reasoning was this: If a light ray, traveling with its own proper speed, moves in the direction of the earth's motion through space, it will have the sum of the speeds; if it moves in a direction opposite to the earth's course, it will — like a man rowing upstream — have its

speed diminished by the amount of the earth's speed. What could be simpler or more certain? For measuring the speed of the light rays he had an instrument so sensitive that it would have detected differences far smaller than the earth's motion around the sun would give. Thus he felt no doubt that by a series of measurements he could tell the direction of the earth's movement through space. The speed would be highest when the light traveled in the same direction as the earth; it would be slowest when the light traveled in the direction opposite to the earth's. The reasoning was flawless; the delicacy and reliability of the apparatus were beyond question. Yet the light did not respond as anything else on earth would have had to respond. Its speed remained the same at all angles, and would not reveal the direction of the earth's movement.

Later experiments of a far more elaborate kind only proved that the first one had been correct. No observer has ever been able to show any variation in the speed of light. Here is a fact of a different sort from anything else ever investigated by the human mind. It seemed at first a rather slight fact — remarkable, of course, and probably significant, but with nothing revolutionary about it.

As soon as it was established, the mathematicians began to reckon with it. 'If,' they said in effect, with all their symbols, 'this is the fact about light, how must our explanations of other facts be adjusted to it?' For science has never found two facts in conflict; the mind cannot conceive that two facts could be in conflict. Science is a process of discovering how facts fit together. When science learned how light behaves, it inquired, 'What must be the nature of the space and time in which such behavior is possible?' The result of fitting the new fact to the old ones was some breath-taking conclusions about space and time. The mathematics led far beyond our senses. But at one point after another the astronomers were able, most ingeniously, to check up the speculations by actual measurements of what their eyes could see. The Theory of Relativity was born, and grew, and increasingly persuaded the physicists, helped them forward, never failed them — until now it is the master conception of recent science.

It was not, in its origin, and has never become, philosophical. It made its triumphant way against the most skeptical opposition, because it was everywhere shown to correspond to common sense. It has given a hint of what lies beyond the senses, a little glimpse into the nature of time and space. Huxley would find it fitting perfectly into his definition of science. It has in it no tincture of the mystical.

IV

Another part of recent science has the appearance of being sheer mysticism — the field where men explore the insides of atoms. The space within an atom is so inconceivably minute that it is beyond the senses, beyond even the utmost stretch of imagination. Atoms are so small that a million of them placed side by side in a row would reach no farther than the thickness of the sheet of paper on which these words are printed. Yet rigorously careful scientists have contrived ways of putting out their mathematical tentacles into the infinite smallness of an atom, have measured the forces that sweep about there with inconceivable velocities, and have reported details of this sub-microscopic universe. After twenty years of painstaking exploration, they have unanimously agreed that they have been in contact with

definite, measurable realities. They have given the world various hair-raising descriptions of the components of atoms.

The pioneer work was done by Max Planck at the beginning of this century. His genius was so deep that Einstein considers him the wisest and most fertile of modern physicists. His great achievement has been the Quantum Theory. In 1927 the brilliant Heisenberg extended this theory to a description of conditions inside an atom. Before we hear it we had best recall what 'the inside of an atom' is like.

An atom, despite its inconceivable smallness, is a stable, lawful unit of matter. No one has ever intimated that it has any mystical qualities. Just what is inside of it nobody knows. In 1926 the general conception was that an atom is composed of definite particles of electricity whose size is extremely small compared with the diameter of the atom; by 1927 the fashion had changed, and the internals of the atom were conceived as a system of waves. But the older fashion is still respectable and will not be misleading. The particles are called electrons. They are estimated to be a hundred thousand times smaller than the atom. So the atom is mostly composed of empty space, in which electrons whirl with a rapidity that is too dizzying to name here. It would distract us from our proper business. What we have to fix our minds on is the fact that the study of electrons is a system of mathematics which deals with uncomprehended motions of electric particles that are extremely small compared with the infinitesimal dimensions of the atom.

How the Heisenbergs and Schrödingers secure their data for the exploration of electrons has never been explained to ordinary human beings, but we may feel assured that there is no nonsense about their work. The reason for assurance is that every scientist is eager to expose, pitilessly, the errors of any other scientist. So long as they agree that they are actually dealing in a common-sense way with actual formulas that can be verified, we can trust them. They are in complete agreement — at least for the present — about the actuality of electrons.

In 1927, Heisenberg announced, as a scientific principle, what every physicist accepts as indisputable, what is said on high authority 'to rank in importance with the principle of relativity' — namely: Both the position and the velocity of an electron cannot be determined; the more accurately its position is determined, the less accurately its velocity can be determined, and vice versa.

V

The ingenious and delightful Eddington at once seized upon this principle, and from it deduced a mystical conclusion: Since the motions are 'indeterminate,' they are not caused as motions are caused in large bodies; therefore an electron may act spontaneously; and therefore 'physics is no longer pledged to a scheme of deterministic law.' Human will may be free from mechanism.

If this conclusion had been proposed to Huxley as soon as he returned to life, he would probably not have survived the shock, but would have had to quit breathing our twentieth-century scientific air. For the very foundation of science in Huxley's day was this law of cause and effect. In the very year when Michelson made his experiment, Huxley wrote: 'All physical science starts from certain postulates. One of these is the law that nothing happens without a cause.' Yet only forty years later it had become good form to declare that

everything inside the atom happens without a cause.

If this statement had been confined to atoms, the world would never have felt much excitement about it. 'Who cares whether the parts of an atom are lawless?' we should have said. 'The poor particles have n't any real liberty, at that; for they are closely confined within a diameter of one sixty-three-millionth of an inch. Let the little things have their freedom.' There would have been no human interest in the anarchy that was limited to such infinitesimal dimensions. But Eddington had discovered within the bounds of the atom a hope for human freedom. He issued — as a scientist reasoning scientifically — an emancipation proclamation for the human will. The philosophers read with glad amazement that their souls were not automatons acting solely by mechanical laws, but were uncontrolled, spontaneous, *free!* 'Glory be to science!' said the philosophers. 'Blessings be upon Eddington!' cried the theologians. A flood of sermons and essays conveyed to an eager populace the glad tidings that now the human will was free. Halleluiahs were the order of the day.

No frantic vagary of the mind of man has ever been more entertaining than this one, or has exhibited more clearly what emotional animals we are — what incurably superstitious animals. For six clamorous years we have been shouting the slogan of our new-found freedom: 'Great is the Indeterminacy of Heisenberg!' The suddenness with which this theory arose, and the violent change it wrought in the modes of thinking, may be gauged by this one fact: The article on 'Free Will' in the latest edition of the *Britannica* was prepared too early to make use of the atomic gospel; it therefore sounds flat and antiquated, because it lacks all the zest with which this most ancient puzzle is now brought to a picturesque solution.

Eddington's logic has been echoed with plaudits by all manner of intellectual people. It has been accepted by a few unwary scientists. But it has become stale and disreputable logic in 1933. Bridgman had patiently exploded it in the very year when Eddington preached it. In 1930, J. E. Turner showed that Eddington had merely been confused by two meanings in one word: 'indeterminate' may mean 'not caused,' or it may mean 'we cannot determine.' In 1931, Bertrand Russell agreed that Eddington had merely been deceived by the first meaning, when he should have seen that the second was the true one. 'The principle of indeterminacy,' said Russell, 'does nothing whatever to show that the course of nature is not determined.' C. G. Darwin, in *The New Conceptions of Matter*, delivered a similar verdict: 'It has been suggested that the new outlook will remove the well-known philosophical conflict between the doctrines of free will and determinism, and it has been welcomed by many for that reason. I would personally offer a most strenuous opposition to any such idea.' In 1932, Herbert Dingle published a book which scornfully enlarged upon Eddington's error; the great Planck declared, 'I have not been able to find the slightest reason which would force us to give up the assumption of a law-governed universe'; and Einstein was quoted in the same book as saying, 'The idea of a free will in nature is preposterous.' Before the year was out a philosopher, R. W. Sellars, in his most severely reasoned *The Philosophy of Physical Realism*, spoke thus of Eddington's epistemology: 'I have the impression that physics is already getting its balance in these matters. The uncertainty is in our knowledge and not

in the event. . . . There is no need of grasping at electronic spontaneity as at a straw.' Early in 1933 appeared H. Levy's *Where Is Science Going?* — a book which was written to show 'the vicious features' of Eddington's argument from 'a fictitious world of isolated electrons.' And three months later, in *The New Background of Science*, Jeans concluded his masterly discussion with these words: 'When we represent objects beyond our senses in space-time, their *apparent absence of determinism* may be merely the price we pay for trying to force a real world of nature into too cramped a framework.'

So it appears that a few scientists, philosophizing beyond their knowledge, have veered toward mysticism. There is no evidence that real science has ever swerved an inch out of its road of accepting only what can be unanimously verified — and retaining it only so long as it continues to be verified.

VI

'The road of science' — what does that mean? It means that a bundle of electrons, calling itself 'man,' finds itself in a universe of energy and space and time, and tries to make acquaintance with its surroundings. It can receive impressions from one kind of energy, light; and so it says to itself, 'I see the universe.' But it has no understanding of what light is, or what seeing is. And as for space and time, man can receive only the most vague and indirect impressions from them. He tries to feel out these forces with his spectroscope and his mathematics — touches them, and calculates his touchings very ingeniously. But his senses cannot take hold of them directly. He has made some progress, so that now he can measure his length against his surroundings. In one direction he is so many quadrillion times the size of an intricate bundle of force that he has named an electron. In the opposite direction he measures a great aggregate of force that he names a star, and he finds that the star is the same number of quadrillion times larger than himself. This is something. He has reason to be proud of himself.

But he has gone only a fraction — he cannot make any guess at how small a fraction — of the whole way of knowledge that science is striving to cover. On either hand stretches an infinity; one he names 'small,' and the other he names 'large.' But he has no way of telling whether the large dimension is any greater than the small one; for both alike reach endlessly on and on beyond his power to follow the clues of the symbols that represent them. The more he advances, the greater seems to be the distance that unrolls before him. At present he has no intimation of any boundary to his search. He bumps into an obstruction that shows he must choose another direction, or he suddenly swoops forward a great way through clear space. But the impediment may reveal something; the far flight may land him in perplexity. He cannot find out what he is exploring or whether his road has any end. He can only push ahead, impelled by the curiosity that is instinctive in him.

Always, as he squirms along through the unknown, he imagines what may lie ahead, makes pictures for himself. Sometimes these pictures have been the luckiest aids he can contrive for himself — as when some genius fancied the earth going round the sun, or when Newton sketched a design of gravitation. It is this imagination of man, forever running in advance of the senses, which has shown him how to prospect for knowledge, which is now luring the astronomers onward beyond their calculations to places where more headway may be possible.

If these mental pictures are recognized as mere possibilities, they are harbingers that prepare a way through the mysteries. But more often they have been regarded as true just because they are so lifelike. 'I see a picture,' said Lamarck, 'of a giraffe striving to reach higher and higher for food. By continued exercise the animal increases its power to elongate its neck, and this power is inherited by its children. I see all animals improving themselves in various ways by their efforts to fulfill their desires, and I see these improvements inherited by offspring. Look at the great picture that my mind shows you: organisms continually altering themselves for the better and passing on their acquirements to their descendants. This *is* the way animals developed into higher forms.' The mind of Lamarck had seen a vivid picture and then declared that it represented reality. The minds of all men naturally do the same. They see an image take shape; they suppose that the image *is* a reality.

Science acts differently. It scrutinizes a mental picture with interest, and remarks: 'This *may* be like reality. Let's test it.' It tested Lamarck's vision by asking, 'Where is some example of the kind of evolution that you describe?' For a century it sought the example. None was ever found. So evolution was discarded. When Darwin offered another picture, science was far more skeptical, even hostile. But the new form of evolution was gradually found to correspond more and more with all the realities that zoölogists and botanists could discover. It stands until someone can discredit it — not a day longer.

'Evolution' is a word. It names a discarded notion; it also names an accepted theory. Within this one term there are two opposite meanings. We simians prefer to argue about the word and not trouble ourselves to sort out the meanings. Thus, we infallibly tend toward mysticism. It is the business of science to elude the tyranny of words, to examine what lies behind the words — to escape from mysticism.

VII

Many of our mental pictures are enshrined in words that contain opposite meanings. One of these is 'faith.' 'I have a faith in the law of cause and effect,' said Huxley. And a religious man says, 'I have faith in a personal God.' Whereupon some logician declares, 'Religion rests on the same foundation as science; both rest on faith.' It seldom occurs to us to ask for definitions of the word. If we defined Huxley's faith, and then defined religious faith, we should see that they have nothing in common. For one is universally verified; the other is agreed upon by only a small fraction of the race.

'I have an experience of God,' says Eddington. Straightway the word 'experience' forms a picture in millions of minds, and they seem to see a reality of science in contact with God. Then another astronomer announces, 'I have an experience of Betelgeuse'; and, as soon as all other astronomers have examined his evidence and corroborated it, the world accepts as real a picture of a great mass of tenuous vapor 260,000,000 miles in diameter. Each man has used the same word, 'experience'; our simian brain therefore assumes that the experience of God is the same thing as the experience of a red star; and we conclude that science is just as mystical as a mystical religion. A pair of definitions of the two utterly different uses of the term would reveal that the two experiences have nothing in common.

Thirty years ago, a prominent Yale

physicist said to a colleague, 'There is nothing of which we have so much knowledge as we have of the ether.' Fifteen years later, the physicists discarded the ether and threw it into the lumber room of bygone hypotheses. This would be a pretty story for a college debater to use if he was arguing that science relies on faith as much as religion does. But there is no parallel between a belief in ether and a religious belief. The two kinds of mental operations are confused only because the same word is used for both. The mind of the physicist who thought he knew so much about ether worked thus: 'All the evidence we have indicates that there is a substance pervading all space; all competent students agree about the evidence; not one of them can conceive that the ether does not exist; I shall therefore accept it as a probability until there is some new reason for doubting it; I am ready any day to consider any objection that comes from a reliable source.' But a man who believes in Hell uses his mind quite differently. He says: 'Only a fraction of the religious experts, and only a much smaller fraction of university professors, believe in Hell, but their disbelief means nothing to me; I feel assured that the majority is wrong.'

The difference in those two attitudes is the difference between science and any other way of using the mind. No scientist ever 'believed in' gravitation as a force of attraction. Every physicist has known that gravitation is a mental picture; he has thought that it probably corresponds with reality; but he has been ready at any hour to throw the picture away as soon as it became doubtful. Most physicists quickly threw it away as soon as they understood Einstein's theory of 1915.

A respectable scientist does not 'believe in' the theory of probability which teaches that once in so many quintillion times a hot fire will cause a kettle of water to freeze, or that once in so many sextillion times a band of monkeys on a battery of typewriters would produce Washington's Farewell Address. He agrees that these mathematical conceptions may correspond to some form of reality, but he sees a stronger probability that the mathematicians have confused two different meanings of the word 'probability.'[1]

Of course, there is a sense in which science 'believes.' It does not deny that there is some objective reality in the universe, or that our brain receives impressions from this reality, or that all motions of molecules are produced by some cause, or that heat always passes from a warmer body to a cooler one. Nor does science deny that the mind may be different from matter, or that a personal God directs the universe. But neither does science affirm these statements. For denying and affirming are warlike actions, suitable only for creatures who are unconscious of their ignorance, who are devoted to private dreams and empty logic. Science is the activity of persons who realize what ineffable mystery is, who are curious to explore it.

[1] See Bridgman's address in *Science* for April 22, 1932. — AUTHOR

THRUSH IN ASH

(To E. H.)

Bare above the hedge, already
Thick with leaf, the leafless ash
Stands, resisting still the heady
Spring's excited sudden flash;
Like a deep reluctant lover
Whose still heart is slow to love,
But the more it takes to move her,
When she loves, the more she'll . . . Hush!
Colored like his branchy cover,
Ash-eye speckled sits a thrush.
Lack of shelter little daunts him:
If the branches lack their green,
All the better may the mountains
Through the leafless boughs be seen.
You may count up five, or count tens
In between his fangled notes,
While the evening smooths the mountains
And on silence music floats:
Sweetly sudden knots in silence
Like the way a violet shows,
Interrupting green with sweetness
Presently its purple glows,
Like a drop of nectar taken
From the cup that Hebe spilt;
Dew fallen down from Ida, shaken
When great Hera kicked the quilt.
Lightly from the boughs ungreening
Floats the light and lyric cheer,
Just a voice that takes a meaning
From the place and those that hear.
And the silence feeds his whistling
As the evening lights the stars,
Or my ear my fancy, listening
To his interrupted bars.

O my fancy, stop your straining
After subtile simile;
Listen to the curled flakes raining
From the song-bird in his tree;
Cease to taint with mortal dreaming
Such a liquid lovely song,
Now the even air is creaming,
And the hills are smooth and long.
Like the mountains which the Magi
Seek beyond the starlit road
When the Tuscan mixes magic
On the painted oaken board,
And you see smooth light pervade all
Trees transfigured, leaves unstirred,
And the mountains to a cradle
Dwindle, cradling the Word.
Here the ash tree with a trellis
Of its young boughs yet unblurred
Screens the golden dusty valleys
Stilled to hear the singing bird.
Music: silence: silence aching,
Till the few notes twisted clear,
Lovely thoughtless music making,
Lancinate the inmost ear;
Exquisitely thin and sweeter
Than the high sharp sickle moon;
Perfect, being incompleter
Than a promise past and blown;
Sounds that cease before enticing
Thoughts and fetters of the word;
Here is Sound for Song sufficing,
Leafless ash and singing bird.

OLIVER GOGARTY

ERNEST HEMINGWAY AND THE POST-WAR DECADE

Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. IV

BY GERTRUDE STEIN

I

It is a confused memory those first years after the war, and very difficult to think back and remember what happened before or after something else. Picasso once said, I have already told, when Gertrude Stein and he were discussing dates, 'You forget that when we were young an awful lot happened in a year.' During the years just after the war, as I look, in order to refresh my memory, over the bibliography of Gertrude Stein's work, I am astonished when I realize how many things happened in a year. Perhaps we were not so young then, but there were a great many young in the world and perhaps that comes to the same thing.

The old crowd had disappeared. Matisse was now permanently in Nice, and in any case although Gertrude Stein and he were perfectly good friends when they met, they practically never met. This was the time when Gertrude Stein and Picasso were not seeing each other. They always talked with the tenderest friendship about each other to anyone who had known them both, but they did not see each other. It was a period, this and a very considerable time afterward, that Gertrude Stein celebrated under the title, 'Of Having for a Long Time Not Continued to Be Friends.'

Juan Gris was ill and discouraged. He had been very ill and was never really well again. Privation and discouragement had had their effect.

Mildred Aldrich had had her tremendous success with *The Hilltop on the Marne*. In Mildred's way she had spent royally all she had earned royally, and was now still spending and enjoying it although getting a little uneasy. We used to go out and see her about once a month; in fact all the rest of her life we always managed to get out to see her regularly. Even in the days of her very greatest glory she loved a visit from Gertrude Stein better than a visit from anybody else.

It was largely to please Mildred that Gertrude Stein tried to get the *Atlantic Monthly* to print something of hers. Mildred always felt and said that it would be a blue ribbon if the *Atlantic Monthly* consented, which of course it never did.

Another thing used to annoy Mildred dreadfully. Gertrude Stein's name was never in *Who's Who in America*. As a matter of fact it was in English authors' bibliographies before it ever entered an American one. This troubled Mildred very much. 'I hate to look at *Who's Who in America*,' she said to me, 'when I see all those insignificant people and

Gertrude's name not in.' And then she would say, 'I know it's all right, but I wish Gertrude were not so outlawed.' Poor Mildred. And now just this year, for reasons best known to themselves, *Who's Who* has added Gertrude Stein's name to their list. The *Atlantic Monthly*, needless to say, has not.

The *Atlantic Monthly* story is rather funny.

As I said, Gertrude Stein sent the *Atlantic Monthly* some manuscripts, not with any hope of their accepting them, but if by any miracle they should, she would be pleased and Mildred delighted. An answer came back, a long and rather argumentative answer from the editorial office. Gertrude Stein, thinking that some Boston woman in the editorial office had written, answered the arguments lengthily to Miss Ellen Sedgwick. She received an almost immediate answer meeting all her arguments, and at the same time admitting that the matter was not without interest but that of course *Atlantic Monthly* readers could not be affronted by having these manuscripts presented in the review. The letter ended by saying that the writer was not Ellen.

Gertrude Stein of course was delighted with its being not Ellen.

II

We began to meet new people all the time. Sylvia Beech sent word that Sherwood Anderson had come to Paris and wanted to see Gertrude Stein and might he come. Gertrude Stein sent back word that she would be very pleased, and he came with his wife.

Gertrude Stein was in those days a little bitter, because of all her unpublished manuscripts, and no hope of publication or serious recognition. Sherwood Anderson came and quite simply and directly, as is his way, told her what he thought of her work and what it had meant to him in his development. He told it to her then and, what was even rarer, he told it in print immediately after. Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson have always been the best of friends but I do not believe even he realizes how much his visit meant to her. It was he who thereupon wrote the introduction to *Geography and Plays*.

Kate Buss brought lots of people to the house. She brought Djuna Barnes and Mina Loy, and they had wanted to bring James Joyce but they did n't. We were glad to see Mina, whom we had known in Florence as Mina Haweis. Mina brought Glenway Wescott on his first trip to Europe. Glenway impressed us greatly by his English accent. Hemingway explained. He said, 'When you matriculate at the University of Chicago you write down just what accent you will have, and they give it to you when you graduate. You can have a sixteenth-century or modern, whatever you like.'

We met Ezra Pound at Grace Lounsbury's house. He came home to dinner with us and he stayed and he talked about Japanese prints among other things. Gertrude Stein liked him but did not find him amusing. She said he was a village explainer, excellent if you were a village, but if you were not, not. Ezra also talked about T. S. Eliot. It was the first time anyone had talked about T. S. at the house. Pretty soon everybody talked about T. S. Kitty Buss talked about him and much later Hemingway talked about him as the Major. Considerably later, when Eliot was founding the *Criterion*, Lady Rothermere talked about him, and one day she brought him to see us.

Eliot and Gertrude Stein had a solemn conversation, mostly about split infinitives and other grammatical solecisms and why Gertrude Stein used

them. Finally Lady Rothermere and Eliot rose to go and Eliot said that if he printed anything of Gertrude Stein's in the *Criterion* it would have to be her very latest thing.

They left and Gertrude Stein began to write a portrait of T. S. Eliot and called it 'The Fifteenth of November,' that being this day, and so there could be no doubt but that it was her latest thing. It was all about wool is wool and silk is silk, or wool is woolen and silk is silken. She sent it to T. S. Eliot and he accepted it.

III

During these early restless years after the war Gertrude Stein worked a great deal. Not as in the old days, night after night, but anywhere, in between visits, in the automobile while she was waiting in the street while I did errands, while posing. She was particularly fond in these days of working in the automobile while it stood in the crowded streets.

She was much influenced by the sound of the streets and the movement of the automobiles. She also liked to set a sentence for herself as a sort of tuning fork and metronome and then write to that time and tune. 'Mildred's Thoughts,' published in *The American Caravan*, was one of the experiments she thought most successful.

It was during the winter which we spent at Saint Rémy that Gertrude Stein meditated upon the use of grammar, poetical forms, and what might be termed landscape plays.

It was at this time that she wrote 'Elucidation,' printed in *transition* in 1927. It was her first effort to state her problems of expression and her attempts to answer them. It was her first effort to realize clearly just what her writing meant and why it was as it was. It was in Saint Rémy and during this winter that she wrote the poetry that has so greatly influenced the younger generation.

She worked in those days with slow care and concentration and was very preoccupied.

This long winter in Saint Rémy broke the restlessness of the war and the after-war. A great many things were to happen, there were to be friendships and there were to be enmities and there were to be a great many other things, but there was not to be any restlessness.

IV

Gertrude Stein always says that she only has two real distractions, pictures and automobiles. Perhaps she might now add dogs.

Not long after the war her attention was attracted by the work of André Masson. Masson was at that time influenced by Juan Gris, in whom Gertrude Stein's interest was permanent and vital. She was interested in André Masson as a painter, particularly as a painter of white, and she was interested in his compositions, in the wandering line in his compositions. But soon Masson fell under the influence of the Surréalistes.

The Surréalistes are the vulgarization of Picabia as Delaunay and his followers and the Futurists were the vulgarization of Picasso. Picabia had conceived and is struggling with the problem that a line should have the vibration of a musical sound, and that this vibration should be the result of conceiving the human form and the human face in so tenuous a fashion that it would induce such vibration in the line forming it. It is his way of achieving the disembodied. It was this idea that, conceived mathematically, influenced Marcel Duchamp and produced his The Nude Descending the Staircase.

All his life Picabia has struggled to dominate and achieve this conception.

Gertrude Stein thinks that perhaps he is now approaching the solution of his problem. The Surréalistes, taking the manner for the matter as is the way of the vulgarizers, accept the line as having become vibrant and as therefore able in itself to inspire them to higher flights. He who is going to be the creator of the vibrant line knows that it is not yet created, and if it were it would not exist by itself, it would be dependent upon the emotion of the object which compels the vibration. So much for the creator and his followers.

Gertrude Stein, in her work, has always been possessed by the intellectual passion for exactitude in the description of inner and outer reality. She has produced a simplification by this concentration, and as a result the destruction of associational emotion in poetry and prose. She knows that beauty, music, decoration, the result of emotion, should never be the cause; even events should not be the cause of emotion nor should they be the material of poetry and prose. Nor should emotion itself be the cause of poetry or prose. They should consist of either an outer or an inner reality.

It was this conception of exactitude that made the close understanding between Gertrude Stein and Juan Gris.

Juan Gris also conceived exactitude, but in him exactitude had a mystical basis. As a mystic it was necessary for him to be exact. In Gertrude Stein the necessity was intellectual, a pure passion for exactitude. It is because of this that her work has often been compared to that of mathematicians and by a certain French critic to the work of Bach.

Picasso, by nature the most endowed, had less clarity of intellectual purpose. He was in his creative activity dominated by Spanish ritual, later by Negro ritual expressed in Negro sculpture (which has an Arab basis, the basis also of Spanish ritual), and later by Russian ritual. His creative activity being tremendously dominant, he made these great rituals over into his own image.

Juan Gris was the only person whom Picasso wished away. The relation between them was just that.

In the days when the friendship between Gertrude Stein and Picasso had become, if possible, closer than before, her intimacy with Juan Gris displeased him. Once, after a show of Juan's pictures at the Galerie Simon, he said to her with violence, 'Tell me why you stand up for his work. You know you do not like it,' and she did not answer him. Later when Juan died and Gertrude Stein was heartbroken, Picasso came to the house and spent all day there. I do not know what was said, but I do know that at one time Gertrude Stein said to him bitterly, 'You have no right to mourn,' and he said, 'You have no right to say that to me.' 'You never realized his meaning because you did not have it,' she said angrily. 'You know very well I did,' he replied.

The most moving thing Gertrude Stein has ever written is the 'Life and Death of Juan Gris.' It was printed in *transition* and later on translated into German for his retrospective show in Berlin.

Picasso never wished Braque away. Picasso said once when he and Gertrude Stein were talking together, 'Yes, Braque and James Joyce, they are the incomprehensibles whom anybody can understand.'

V

The first thing that happened when we were back in Paris was Hemingway with a letter of introduction from Sherwood Anderson.

I remember very well the impression I had of Hemingway that first after-

noon. He was an extraordinarily good-looking young man, twenty-three years old. It was not long after that that everybody was twenty-six. It became the period of being twenty-six. During the next two or three years all the young men were twenty-six years old. It was the right age apparently for that time and place. There were one or two under twenty, but they did not count as Gertrude Stein carefully explained to them. If they were young men they were twenty-six. Later on, much later on, they were twenty-one and twenty-two.

So Hemingway was twenty-three, rather foreign-looking, with passionately interested, rather than interesting eyes. He sat in front of Gertrude Stein and listened and looked.

They talked then, and more and more, a great deal together. He asked her to come and spend an evening in their apartment and look at his work. Hemingway had then and has always a very good instinct for finding apartments in strange but pleasing localities and good *femmes de ménage* and good food. This, his first apartment, was just off the place du Tertre. We spent the evening there and he and Gertrude Stein went over all the writing he had done up to that time. He had begun the novel that it was inevitable he would begin, and there were the little poems afterwards printed by McAlmon in the Contact Edition. Gertrude Stein rather liked the poems, they were direct, Kiplingesque, but the novel she found wanting. 'There is a great deal of description in this,' she said, 'and not particularly good description. Begin over again and concentrate,' she said.

Hemingway was at this time Paris correspondent for a Canadian newspaper. He was obliged there to express what he called the Canadian viewpoint.

He and Gertrude Stein used to walk together and talk together a great deal. One day she said to him, 'Look here, you say you and your wife have a little money between you. Is it enough to live on if you live quietly?' 'Yes,' he said. 'Well,' she said, 'then do it. If you keep on doing newspaper work you will never see things, you will only see words and that will not do — that is of course if you intend to be a writer.' Hemingway said he undoubtedly intended to be a writer.

He and his wife went away on a trip, and shortly after Hemingway turned up alone. He came to the house about ten o'clock in the morning and he stayed — he stayed for lunch, he stayed all afternoon, he stayed for dinner, and he stayed until about ten o'clock at night, and then all of a sudden he announced that his wife was *enceinte*, and then with great bitterness, 'And I, I am too young to be a father.' We consoled him as best we could and sent him on his way.

When they came back Hemingway said that he had made up his mind. They would go back to America and he would work hard for a year, and with what he would earn and what they had they would settle down and he would give up newspaper work and make himself a writer. They went away, and well within the prescribed year they came back with a newborn baby. Newspaper work was over.

The first thing to do when they came back was, as they thought, to get the baby baptized. They wanted Gertrude Stein and myself to be godmothers and an English war comrade of Hemingway was to be godfather. We were all born of different religions and most of us were not practising any, so it was rather difficult to know in what church the baby could be baptized. We spent a great deal of time that winter, all of us, discussing the matter. Finally it was decided that it should be baptized Episcopalian, and Episcopalian it was.

Writer and painter godparents are notoriously unreliable. That is, there is certain before long to be a cooling of friendship. I know several cases of this. Poor Paulot Picasso's godparents have wandered out of sight, and just as naturally it is a long time since any of us have seen or heard of our Hemingway godchild. However in the beginning we were active godparents, I particularly. In the meantime the godchild's father was very earnestly at work making himself a writer.

Gertrude Stein never corrects any detail of anybody's writing; she sticks strictly to general principles, the way of seeing what the writer chooses to see, and the relation between that vision and the way it gets down. When the vision is not complete the words are flat. 'It is very simple, there can be no mistake about it,' so she insists. It was at this time that Hemingway began the short things that afterwards were printed in a volume called *In Our Time*.

VI

One day Hemingway came in very excited about Ford Madox Ford and the *Transatlantic*. Ford Madox Ford had started the *Transatlantic* some months before. We had heard that he was in Paris but we had not happened to meet. Gertrude Stein had however seen copies of the *Transatlantic* and found it interesting, but had thought nothing further about it.

Hemingway came in then very excited and said that Ford wanted something of Gertrude Stein's for the next number and he, Hemingway, wanted *The Making of Americans* to be run in it as a serial and he had to have the first fifty pages at once. Gertrude Stein was of course quite overcome with her excitement at this idea, but there was no copy of the manuscript except the one that we had had bound. 'That makes no difference,' said Hemingway, 'I will copy it.' And he and I between us did copy it, and it was printed in the next number of the *Transatlantic*. So for the first time a piece of the monumental work which was the beginning, really the beginning of modern writing, was printed, and we were very happy.

Later on when things were difficult between Gertrude Stein and Hemingway, she always remembered with gratitude that after all it was Hemingway who first caused to be printed a piece of *The Making of Americans*. She always says, 'Yes, sure, I have a weakness for Hemingway. After all he was the first of the young men to knock at my door, and he did make Ford print the first piece of *The Making of Americans*.'

Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson are very funny on the subject of Hemingway. The last time that Sherwood was in Paris they often talked about him. Hemingway had been formed by the two of them, and they were both a little proud and a little ashamed of the work of their minds. Hemingway had at one moment, when he had repudiated Sherwood Anderson and all his works, written him a letter in the name of American literature, which he, Hemingway, in company with his contemporaries was about to save, telling Sherwood just what he, Hemingway, thought about Sherwood's work, and that thinking was in no sense complimentary.

As I say, Sherwood and Gertrude were endlessly amusing on the subject. What a book, they both agreed, would be the real story of Hemingway, not those he writes but the confessions of the real Ernest Hemingway. It would be for another audience than the audience Hemingway now has, but it would be very wonderful. And then they both agreed that they have a weakness for Hemingway because he is such a good

pupil. 'He is a rotten pupil,' I protested. 'You don't understand,' they both said, 'it is so flattering to have a pupil who does it without understanding it.' In other words, he takes training and anybody who takes training is a favorite pupil. They both admit it to be a weakness.

Gertrude Stein added further, 'You see he is like Derain. You remember Monsieur De Tuille said, when I did not understand why Derain was having the success he was having, that it was because he looks like a modern and he smells of the museums. And that is Hemingway, he looks like a modern and he smells of the museums. But what a story, that of the real Hem, and one he should tell himself, but alas he never will. After all, as he himself once murmured, "There is the career, the career."'

VII

But to come back to the events that were happening.

Hemingway did it all. He copied the manuscript and corrected the proof. Correcting proofs is, as I said before, like dusting — you learn the values of the thing as no reading suffices to teach it to you. In correcting these proofs Hemingway learned a great deal, and he admired all that he learned.

In the meantime McAlmon had printed the three poems and ten stories of Hemingway and William Bird had printed *In Our Time*, and Hemingway was getting to be known. He was coming to know Dos Passos and Fitzgerald and Bromfield and George Antheil and everybody else. Hemingway had become a writer.

He was also a shadow-boxer, thanks to Sherwood, and he heard about bullfighting from me. I have always loved Spanish dancing and Spanish bullfighting, and I loved to show the photograph where Gertrude Stein and I were in the front row and had our picture taken there accidentally. In these days Hemingway was teaching some young chap how to box. The boy did not know how, but by accident he knocked Hemingway out. I believe this sometimes happens. At any rate, in these days Hemingway although a sportsman was easily tired. He used to get quite worn out walking from his house to ours. But then he had been worn by the war. Even now he is, as Hélène says all men are, fragile. Recently a robust friend of his said to Gertrude Stein, 'Ernest is very fragile. Whenever he does anything sporting something breaks his arm, his leg, or his head.'

In those early days Hemingway liked all his contemporaries except Cummings. He accused Cummings of having copied everything, not from anybody but from somebody. Gertrude Stein, who had been much impressed by *The Enormous Room*, said that Cummings did not copy, he was the natural heir of the New England tradition with its aridity and its sterility, but also with its individuality. They disagreed about this.

They also disagreed about Sherwood Anderson. Gertrude Stein contended that Sherwood Anderson had a genius for using the sentence to convey a direct emotion, this was in the great American tradition, and that really, except Sherwood, there was no one in America who could write a clear and passionate sentence. Hemingway did not believe this, he did not like Sherwood's taste. 'Taste has nothing to do with sentences,' contended Gertrude Stein. She also added that Fitzgerald was the only one of the younger writers who wrote naturally in sentences.

Gertrude Stein and Fitzgerald are very peculiar in their relation to each other. Gertrude Stein had been very much impressed by *This Side of Para-*

dise. She read it when it came out and before she knew any of the young American writers. She said of it that it was this book that really created for the public the new generation. She has never changed her opinion about this. She thinks this equally true of *The Great Gatsby*. She thinks that Fitzgerald will be read when many of his well-known contemporaries are forgotten. Fitzgerald always says that he thinks Gertrude Stein says these things just to annoy him by making him think that she means them, and he adds in his favorite way, 'And her doing it is the cruelest thing I ever heard.' They always however have a very good time when they meet. And the last time they met they had a good time with themselves and Hemingway.

There was also Glenway Wescott, but Glenway Wescott at no time interested Gertrude Stein. He has a certain syrup but it does not pour.

VIII

So then Hemingway's career was begun. For a little while we saw less of him, and then he began to come again. He used to recount to Gertrude Stein the conversations that he afterwards used in *The Sun Also Rises*, and they talked endlessly about the character of Harold Loeb. At this time Hemingway was preparing his volume of short stories to submit to publishers in America, and one evening he turned up with the manuscript. He handed it to Gertrude Stein. He had added to his stories a little story of meditations, and in these he said that *The Enormous Room* was the greatest book he had ever read. It was then that Gertrude Stein said, 'Hemingway, remarks are not literature.'

After this we did not see Hemingway for quite a while, and then we went to see someone, just after *The Making of Americans* was printed, and Hemingway, who was there, came up to Gertrude Stein and began to explain why he would not be able to write a review of the book. Just then a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and Ford Madox Ford said, 'Young man, it is I who wish to speak to Gertrude Stein.' Ford then said to her, 'I wish to ask your permission to dedicate my new book to you. May I?' Gertrude Stein and I were both awfully pleased and touched.

For some years after this Gertrude Stein and Hemingway did not meet. And then we heard that he was back in Paris and telling a number of people how much he wanted to see her. 'Don't you come home with Hemingway on your arm,' I used to say when she went out for a walk. Sure enough, one day she did come back bringing him with her.

They sat and talked a long time. Finally I heard her say, 'Hemingway, after all you are ninety per cent Rotarian.' 'Can't you,' he said, 'make it eighty per cent?' 'No,' said she regretfully, 'I can't.' After all, as she always says, he did and, I may say, he does have moments of disinterestedness.

It was Ford who once said of Hemingway, 'He comes and sits at my feet and praises me. It makes me nervous.' Hemingway also said once, 'I turn my flame, which is a small one, down and down, and then suddenly there is a big explosion. If there were nothing but explosions, my work would be so exciting nobody could bear it.'

However, whatever I say, Gertrude Stein always says, 'Yes I know, but I have a weakness for Hemingway.'

IX

Just after the publication of *The Making of Americans*, which had been undertaken by Robert McAlmon, there

was a review of Gertrude Stein's book, *Geography and Plays*, in the *Athenæum* signed Edith Sitwell. The review was long and a little condescending but I liked it. Gertrude Stein had not cared for it. A year later in the London *Vogue* was an article again by Edith Sitwell saying that since writing her article in the *Athenæum* she had spent the year reading nothing but *Geography and Plays* and she wished to say how important and beautiful a book she had found it to be.

One afternoon at Elmer Harden's we met Miss Todd, the editor of the London *Vogue*. She said that Edith Sitwell was to be shortly in Paris and wanted very much to meet Gertrude Stein. She said that Edith Sitwell was very shy and hesitant about coming. Elmer Harden said he would act as escort.

I remember so well my first impression of her, an impression which indeed has never changed. Very tall, bending slightly, withdrawing and hesitatingly advancing, and beautiful with the most distinguished nose I have ever seen on any human being. At that time and in conversation between Gertrude Stein and herself afterwards, I delighted in the delicacy and completeness of her understanding of poetry. She and Gertrude Stein became friends at once. This friendship, like all friendships, has had its difficulties but I am convinced that fundamentally Gertrude Stein and Edith Sitwell are friends and enjoy being friends.

We saw a great deal of Edith Sitwell at this time and then she went back to London. In the autumn of that year, 1925, Gertrude Stein had a letter from the president of the literary society of Cambridge asking her to speak before them in the early spring. Gertrude Stein, quite completely upset at the very idea, quite promptly answered no. Immediately came a letter from Edith Sitwell saying that the no must be changed to yes; that it was of the first importance that Gertrude Stein should deliver this address, and that moreover Oxford was waiting for the yes to be given to Cambridge to ask her to do the same at Oxford.

There was very evidently nothing to do but to say yes, and so Gertrude Stein said yes.

She was very upset at the prospect. Peace, she said, had much greater terrors than war. Precipices even were nothing to this. She was very low in her mind. Luckily early in January the Ford car began to have everything the matter with it. The better garages would not pay much attention to aged Fords and Gertrude Stein used to take hers out to a shed in Montrouge where the mechanics worked at it while she sat. If she were to leave it there, there would most likely have been nothing left of it to drive away.

One cold dark afternoon she went out to sit with her Ford car and while she sat on the steps of another battered Ford watching her own being taken to pieces and put together again, she began to write. She stayed there several hours and when she came back chilled, with the Ford repaired, she had written the whole of 'Composition As Explanation.'

Once the lecture written, the next trouble was the reading of it. Everybody gave her advice. She read it to anybody who came to the house and some of them read it to her. Prichard happened to be in Paris just then and he and Emily Chadbourne between them gave advice and were an audience. Prichard showed her how to read it in the English manner, but Emily Chadbourne was all for the American manner and Gertrude Stein was too worried to have any manner. We went one afternoon to Natalie Barney's. There there was a very aged and a very

charming French professor of history. Natalie Barney asked him to tell Gertrude Stein how to lecture. 'Talk as quickly as you can and never look up,' was his advice. Prichard had said, 'Talk as slowly as possible and never look down.' At any rate I ordered a new dress and a new hat for Gertrude Stein, and early in the spring we went to London.

X

This was the spring of 1926. Edith Sitwell gave a party for us and so did her brother Osbert. Osbert was a great comfort to Gertrude Stein. He so thoroughly understood every possible way in which one could be nervous that as he sat beside her in the hotel telling her all the kinds of ways that he and she could suffer from stage fright she was quite soothed. She was always very fond of Osbert. She always said he was like an uncle of a king. He had that pleasant, kindly, irresponsible, agitated calm that an uncle of an English king always must have.

Finally we arrived in Cambridge in the afternoon, were given tea, and then dined with the president of the society and some of his friends. It was very pleasant and after dinner we went to the lecture room. It was a varied audience, men and women. Gertrude Stein was soon at her ease, the lecture went off very well, the men afterwards asked a great many questions and were very enthusiastic. The women said nothing. Gertrude Stein wondered whether they were supposed not to or just did not.

The day after we went to Oxford. There we lunched with young Acton and then went in to the lecture. Gertrude Stein was feeling more comfortable as a lecturer and this time she had a wonderful time. As she remarked afterwards, 'I felt just like a prima donna.'

The lecture room was full, many standing in the back, and the discussions, after the lecture, lasted over an hour and no one left. It was very exciting. They asked all sorts of questions; they wanted to know most often why Gertrude Stein thought she was right in doing the kind of writing she did. She answered that it was not a question of what anyone thought, but after all she had been doing as she did for about twenty years and now they wanted to hear her lecture. This did not mean of course that they were coming to think that her way was a possible way, it proved nothing, but on the other hand it did possibly indicate something. They laughed.

Then up jumped one man, it turned out afterwards that he was a dean, and he said that in the 'Saints in Seven' he had been very interested in the sentence about the ring around the moon, about the ring following the moon. He admitted that the sentence was one of the most beautifully balanced sentences he had ever heard, but still did the ring follow the moon? Gertrude Stein said, 'When you look at the moon and there is a ring around the moon and the moon moves, does not the ring follow the moon?' 'Perhaps it seems to,' he replied. 'Well, in that case,' she said, 'how do you know that it does not?' He sat down. Another man, a don, next to him jumped up and asked something else. They did this several times, the two of them, jumping up one after the other. Then the first man jumped up and said, 'You say that everything being the same, everything is always different. How can that be so?' 'Consider,' she replied, 'the two of you; you jump up one after the other, that is the same thing, and surely you admit that the two of you are always different.' '*Touché*,' he said and the meeting was over. One of the men was so moved that he confided to me as we went out that the lecture had been

his greatest experience since he had read Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason.*

Edith Sitwell, Osbert, and Sachevcrell were all present and were all delighted. They were delighted with the lecture and they were delighted with the good-humored way in which Gertrude Stein had gotten the best of the hecklers. Edith Sitwell said that Sache chuckled about it all the way home.

The next day we returned to Paris. The Sitwells wanted us to stay and be interviewed and generally go on with it, but Gertrude Stein felt that she had had enough of glory and excitement. Not, as she always explains, that she could ever have enough of glory. After all, as she always contends, no artist needs criticism, he only needs appreciation. If he needs criticism he is no artist.

Leonard Woolf some months after this published 'Composition As Explanation' in the Hogarth Essay Series. It was also printed in the *Dial.*

XI

Mildred Aldrich was awfully pleased at Gertrude Stein's English success. We went out to see her on our return and she had to have the lecture read to her again and to hear every detail of the whole experience.

Mildred Aldrich was falling upon bad days. Her annuity suddenly ceased and for a long time we did not know it. One day Dawson Johnston, the librarian of the American Library, told Gertrude Stein that Miss Aldrich had written to him to come out and get all her books as she would soon be leaving her home. We went out immediately and Mildred told us that her annuity had been stopped. It seems it was an annuity given by a woman who had fallen into her dotage and she one morning told her lawyer to cut off all the annuities that she had given for many years to a number of people.

Gertrude Stein told Mildred not to worry. The Carnegie Fund, approached by Kate Buss, sent five hundred dollars, William Cook gave Gertrude Stein a blank check to supply all deficiencies, another friend of Mildred's from Providence, Rhode Island, came forward generously, and the *Atlantic Monthly* started a fund. Very soon Mildred Aldrich was safe. She said ruefully to Gertrude Stein, 'You would not let me go elegantly to the poorhouse and I would have gone elegantly, but you have turned this into a poorhouse and I am the sole inmate.' Gertrude Stein comforted her and said that she could be just as elegant in her solitary state. 'After all,' Gertrude Stein used to say to her, 'Mildred, nobody can say that you have not had a good run for your money.' Mildred Aldrich's last years were safe.

As I remember, during that winter and the next we gave a great many parties. We gave a tea party for the Sitwells.

Carl Van Vechten sent us quantities of Negroes; besides there were the Negroes of our neighbor, Mrs. Regan, who had brought Josephine Baker to Paris. Carl sent us Paul Robeson. Paul Robeson interested Gertrude Stein. He knew American values and American life as only one in it but not of it could know them. And yet as soon as any other person came into the room he became definitely a Negro. Gertrude Stein did not like hearing him sing spirituals. 'They do not belong to you any more than anything else, so why claim them?' she said. He did not answer.

Once a Southern woman, a very charming Southern woman, was there, and she said to him, 'Where were you born?' and he answered, 'In New Jersey,' and she said, 'Not in the

South, what a pity,' and he said, 'Not for me.'

Gertrude Stein concluded that Negroes were not suffering from persecution, they were suffering from nothingness. She always contends that the African is not primitive; he has a very ancient but a very narrow culture, and there it remains. Consequently nothing does or can happen.

One day Gertrude Stein came home from a walk to the bank and bringing out a card from her pocket said, 'We are lunching to-morrow with the Bromfields.' Way back in the Hemingway days Gertrude Stein had met Louis Bromfield and his wife, and then from time to time there had been a slight acquaintance; there had even been a slight acquaintance with Bromfield's sister, and now suddenly we were lunching with the Bromfields. 'Why?' I asked. 'Because,' answered Gertrude Stein, 'he knows all about gardens.'

We lunched with the Bromfields and he does know all about gardens and all about flowers and all about soils. Gertrude Stein and he first liked each other as gardeners, then they liked each other as Americans, and then they liked each other as writers.

Gertrude Stein always says of him that he is as American as Janet Scudder, as American as a doughboy, but not as solemn. His highland Scotch blood makes him sensitive and sad and gay, and so his subtlety can express itself, it does not only exist. And beside all that there is abundance. Gertrude Stein dislikes sterility even when there is genius with it. It is one of the things that afflicts her in the post-war generation. They tend to be unproductive or produce only with great rarity. She says of Bromfield, 'It comes, he can keep on, he does keep on, he will keep on, and keeping on he will become not dull but alive.'

XII

For some time now many people, and publishers, have been asking Gertrude Stein to write her autobiography and she had always replied, 'Not possibly.'

She began to tease me and say that I should write *my* autobiography. 'Just think,' she would say, 'what a lot of money you would make.' She then began to invent titles for my autobiography — *My Life with the Great, Wives of Geniuses I Have Sat With, My Twenty-five Years with Gertrude Stein.*

Then she began to get serious and say, 'But really, seriously, you ought to write your autobiography.' Finally I promised that if during the summer I could find time I would write my autobiography.

When Ford Madox Ford was editing the *Transatlantic Review* he once said to Gertrude Stein, 'I am a pretty good writer and a pretty good editor and a pretty good business man, but I find it very difficult to be all three at once.' I am a pretty good housekeeper and a pretty good gardener and a pretty good needlewoman and a pretty good secretary and a pretty good editor and a pretty good vet for dogs, and I have to do them all at once and I found it difficult to add being a pretty good author.

About six weeks ago Gertrude Stein said, 'It does not look to me as if you were ever going to write that autobiography. You know what I am going to do? I am going to write it for you. I am going to write it as simply as Defoe did the autobiography of Robinson Crusoe.'

And she has, and this is it.

(*The End*)

THE FIRST OF THE BEECHERS

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

THE Puritan Sunday of one hundred and fifty years ago began Saturday evening and closed Sunday evening as soon as three stars could be seen. One Sunday evening young Lyman Beecher, impatient for the tedious day to end, began to play before he could see the three stars. A neighbor boy, learning what he had done, shouted accusingly, 'God'll put you in the fire and burn you forever and ever!'

'That took hold,' said Lyman. 'I understood what fire was and what forever was. What emotion I had thinking — no end! no end! It has been a sort of mainspring ever since.' This was Lyman's first experience as a sinner.

I

Born in 1775, the son of David Beecher, a blacksmith and farmer of New Haven, Lyman was a seven months' baby, so puny and unpromising that the midwife in attendance had set him aside to die while she devoted herself to the tubercular mother, who survived only two days. After doing what she could for her patient, she looked to see if the baby was still breathing; and, finding he was, she washed and dressed him, with the comment, 'It's a pity he ain't goin' to die with his ma.' A neighboring farmer remarked when he saw the infant, 'He ain't hardly wo'th raisin', be he?' By this close squeak did a man get a foothold on this earth who was to have thirteen children, and become, in the words of Theodore Parker, 'the father of more brains than any other man in America.'

Because of his mother's death, Lyman was brought up by his uncle and aunt, the Lot Bentons, on their farm at Guilford, Connecticut. Thanks to farm work, which he hated, and to hunting and fishing, which he loved, he built up a rugged body. As he grew older and demonstrated his ineptitude for farming, the uncle became concerned about the boy's future. One day, when the two were picking apples together, Uncle Lot asked Lyman if he would like to go to college. After sleeping on it, Lyman thought he would, and they set off to consult his father in New Haven. David Beecher approved. It was agreed that the Bentons should clothe the boy — Aunt Benton could make most of his clothes — and that his father would do the rest.

After two years of preparatory study with a parson uncle, he entered, in 1793, the small primitive high school which Yale then was. President Stiles of Yale was a pompous little man devoted to the French skeptics. Taking their tone from him, most of the students were skeptics instead of Calvinists, and, in their manner of life, emulated Parisian *bons vivants* rather than the austere Puritans. Many of them kept wine and liquors in their rooms. Drinking, profanity, gambling, and licentiousness were common. In

Lyman's sophomore year, Dr. Timothy Dwight became President, and began immediately to turn the tide toward Calvinistic belief and Puritan living. Lyman worshiped him from the first, and Dr. Dwight became and remained a dominant influence in his life. 'I loved him as my own soul,' he said, 'and he loved me as a son.'

In Lyman's junior year, while spending a week-end with his father and stepmother, he underwent that peculiar mystical and psychological experience known as conversion. His stepmother saw a drunkard stumbling past the house who she said was once under conviction. She expressed the hope that the poor fellow might receive all his punishment in this life and escape hell-fire. After his stepmother left the room, Lyman had an impulse to pray. 'I rose to pray and had not spoken five words before I was under as deep a conviction as ever I was in my life. The sinking of the shaft was instantaneous. I understood the law and my heart as well as I do now or shall in the Day of Judgment, I believe.'

After a year or more of alternating faith and doubt and great agony of soul, he decided to become a minister. In his senior year, his best intellectually, he studied rhetoric, logic, metaphysics, ethics, and, every Saturday, the Catechism, followed by a lecture on theology. His conversion and ministerial aspirations he did not find inconsistent with taking on the job of college butler, which involved selling wines and liquors as well as foods to his fellow students. Sagaciously he commissioned an English sporting parson to buy his wine supply. By this means he paid his debts, bought a new suit of clothes, laid by three hundred dollars, and gained the lifelong opinion that he could have succeeded in business. Thus did the future founder of the American temperance movement become a retail liquor dealer.

II

Lyman found at this time not only his religion and his calling, but his future wife. A classmate took him to General Ward's farm at Nutplains, a part of Guilford, Connecticut, to call upon the General's granddaughters. At sight, Lyman fell in love with Roxana Foote, the handsomest and most gifted of the sisters. 'I had sworn inwardly never to marry a weak woman,' said Lyman with the comfortable complacency of youth. 'I had made up my mind that a woman to be my wife must have sense, must possess strength to lean upon. She was such as I had imagined. The whole circle in which she moved was one of uncommon intelligence, vivacity and wit. . . . They [Roxana and her sisters] read *Sir Charles Grandison*, and Roxana said she never meant to marry until she found Sir Charles' like. I presume she thought she had.'

With a creditable record in everything except mathematics, Lyman graduated from Yale in the year 1797. Of his class of thirty-one, sixteen became lawyers and fifteen ministers. This was significant, although the point was undoubtedly lost on Lyman. Up to that time the clergy had been the dominant professional group in the country — particularly in New England. They had not only ruled the people spiritually, but, through their political power, to a very large extent temporally. This was particularly true of the Calvinist ministers, whose faith was in effect the state religion of Connecticut. The legal profession had been gradually rising in esteem and power from a despised status in Colonial days to one of comparable importance, and, while Lyman was still a young man, was to wrest from the clergy its political dominance. Lyman had himself seriously considered the law, but

had become disgusted with what he regarded as the pettifogging and trickery of courtroom practice.

After graduation he went for a year to the Yale Divinity School, where he studied directly and zestfully under his hero, Dr. Dwight — to the irreverent known as 'old Pope Dwight.' 'Dwight was a revival preacher and a new era of revivals was commencing,' observed Lyman. 'There had been a general suspension of revivals after the Edwardian era during the Revolution, but a new day was dawning as I came on the stage, and I was baptized into the revival spirit.'

Lyman Beecher faced a world theological and rural, in sharp distinction from ours, which is scientific and urban. To him and his contemporaries, this life was not an end in itself, but merely an antechamber to Heaven or Hell. His preceptor and model, Dr. Dwight, was a Calvinist of the so-called New Light, or Edwardian, School. Calvinists believed that all men since Adam's fall were born innately wicked and depraved. To mitigate this desperate condition, God sent His Son to die on the Cross for the sins of men. Thenceforth, all persons who came to Christ through a mystical process known as conversion were saved. They were the Elect. It was the object of every Calvinist minister to make converts, thus adding to the number of the Elect who would enjoy eternal bliss in Heaven and diminishing the always incomparably greater number of the damned who would writhe forever in the torments of Hell.

To Dr. Dwight and his disciple, Lyman Beecher, these doctrines were not mere theories — they were vital beliefs. An orthodox church, as they conceived it, was a divine organization deriving its obligations and privileges direct from the Almighty, just as the King, under the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, received his authority direct from God. The minister of such a church spoke as God's agent. And this God was not the ethical abstraction of to-day, but a personal God — the all-powerful Ruler of the Universe.

Just before leaving Yale, Lyman became anxious about the state of Roxana's soul. As an Episcopalian, she was suspect. He feared she was suffering from natural goodness because she had never been converted through supernatural intervention. 'I went over to Nutplains,' said he, 'on purpose to converse with her, and, if the disagreement was too great, to relinquish the engagement. I explained my views and laid before her the great plan of redemption. As I went on, her bosom heaved, her tears flowed, her heart melted, and mine melted too; and I never told her to her dying day what I came for.'

He then wrote her four long letters dealing exclusively with his highly technical fears for her soul and prescribing books which might help her. So successful was he in throwing her into alternate states of elation and gloom like his own that her family feared for her reason, but he failed to convince her that her love of God might spring merely from His blessings to her and hence be selfish and sinful. Finally he subjected poor Roxana to the supreme test of true Calvinism by asking her point-blank whether she was prepared to rejoice should God see fit to damn her for His own honor and glory. Roxana's reaction was as unexpected as it was unorthodox. She retorted that if to be damned meant anything, it meant to be horribly wicked; the idea that horrible wickedness on her part would contribute to the honor and glory of her Heavenly Father was unthinkable! With a bewildered look Lyman exclaimed, 'Oh,

Roxana, what a fool I've been!' His orthodoxy had received a blow, and he had taken the first step toward his trial for heresy. In revivals, thereafter, when ardent converts said they were prepared to be damned for the glory of God, he confounded them by shouting, 'Be damned, then, if you want to be!'

After his year in the Yale Divinity School he was licensed to preach, and went to Guilford to deliver his first sermon. The eager, cocksure, unsophisticated young man looked down from the lofty old pulpit upon Roxana, Uncle Lot, Aunt Benton, and most of his boyhood neighbors and acquaintances, including the man who as a boy had threatened him with hell-fire for not waiting for the three stars. 'And where is now my hope?' was his text. He distinguished between true grounds for confidence in one's salvation and counterfeit assurances such as 'spurious love of God.' Since this was exactly what he had feared for Roxana, the sermon was probably for her special benefit.

III

After a few weeks of waiting, during which he despairingly decided that there were not enough churches to go round and he would never find one, he was invited to preach as a candidate by the Presbyterian Church at East Hampton, Long Island. He sailed there on a sloop from New London, Connecticut. 'I had but little to carry,' he commented. 'I owned a horse with saddle and bridle. All my clothes and personal effects I had packed in a little white hair trunk which I brought with me on the pommel of my saddle.' During the voyage his horse fell overboard and was almost drowned.

The broad main street of East Hampton was grass-grown, with wheel ruts as the only indication that it was a road. Flocks of cackling geese wandered up and down this primitive thoroughfare. On the outskirts of the town there was a settlement of Montauk Indians, partly Christianized, but mostly debased. Lyman's first reform activity was an effort to protect these Indians against exploitation by rum sellers. On Gardiner's Island lived the seventh in descent from the original proprietor, who was known as Lord Gardiner. Lord Gardiner and the young minister became close friends, and the large, hospitable Gardiner mansion his second home. No sermon was complete for the press until Lord Gardiner had read and criticized it. On Sundays all the families from the villages of Amaghsett, Three-Mile Harbor, The Springs and Fireplace, Wainscott, and a town of free Negroes called Freetown, came to meeting in great two-horse uncovered wagons with three seats carrying nine people. 'It is probable that more than half the inhabitants of those retired villages made no other journey during their whole lives,' said Lyman.

After a probationary period, Lyman was selected as the minister of the church, but the call was not unanimous. The church, the only one in the town, had had only three pastors during its century and a half. The first had received forty-five pounds a year, his land free of taxes, his grain ground first at the mill on Monday mornings, and one quarter of the whales stranded on the beach. Lyman's pay was three hundred dollars a year (later raised to four) and his firewood. Although the minister no longer received a share of the whales, the 'weft' (the signal that a whale had been sighted) was still in use, and several times Lyman went out with the boatmen in pursuit of whales.

Despite the church, infidelity had gained a foothold in the community. There was an infidel club which, although small, was composed of men of 'talent, education, and indefatigable

zeal.' They had ceremoniously burned a Bible. 'It was the age of French infidelity,' explained Lyman. 'There was a leaven of skepticism all over the world.' The church committee had charged the member who was to find a minister, 'We want vou to get a man that can stand his ground in argument and break the heads of these infidels.' This was a call to battle after Lyman Beecher's own heart!

'If God enable me, shall speak plainly,' he wrote Roxana. 'Plainness, my friend, must be used. Everything is at stake. Immortal souls are sleeping on the brink of Hell. Time is on the wing. A few days will fix their eternal state. Shall I hide the truth, neglect the heart, labor to please the ear with smooth periods and be the siren song to lure them down to Hell? . . . Do I love God supremely? Am I willing to resign my dear Roxana? Is God my all in all?' That would seem an unfair question to ask Roxana.

Fortunately he did not have to 'resign his dear Roxana,' but married her and brought her to stay with friends while their house was being prepared. A revival started immediately after they arrived. 'Before evening service one Sabbath news came to me that two of Deacon Shirrell's sons were under conviction,' exulted Lyman. 'Oh, how I went down there! Whether walking or flying or on tiptoe I don't know. I spilled over. All the old folks waked up, and when I went home after meeting to Aunt Phebe's, the young people flowed together there . . . the good folks felt that they had a revival and now was their time . . . the work went on gloriously for six weeks and shook the whole town. Eighty were converted.'

In a letter to her sister, Roxana described her husband's activities at this time. 'Mr. Beecher has preached seven or eight times a week the whole winter. Last week, for example, he preached twice in town and two lectures, besides a funeral sermon on Gardiner's Island, and five sermons to the Indians and white people down at Montauk. He every week lectures at some one of the villages adjoining. . . . Some weeks at two or three of these places, and when not at these places, there have been meetings afternoons and evenings and sometimes in the forenoon.' The accomplished Roxana added that she had spent almost all of her time in getting meals and clearing them away, spinning, knitting, and mending her own and her husband's clothes.

IV

After three years of such activities, Lyman broke down nervously, but neither his doctor nor he suspected any connection between these exhausting occupations and his condition. After weeks of complete prostration he was able to fish and hunt and eventually to go for a horseback ride of several weeks. It was a year before he could fully take up his work. One old man refused to pay his church taxes until he did. The orthodox churches were then supported by a general legal tax as are the public schools to-day. Lyman told of one old man who, on refusing to pay his church tax, had his heifer seized and sold by the sheriff.

There was no store in the town. All purchases were made in New York through a schooner which ran once a week. 'There was not a carpet from end to end of the town,' said Lyman. 'All had sanded floors. . . . Your mother [Roxana] introduced the first carpet. Uncle Lot gave me some money and I had an itch to spend it. Went to a vendue and bought a bale of cotton. She spun it and had it woven, then laid it down, sized it and painted it in oils with a border all round it and

bunches of roses and other flowers over the centre. She sent to New York for her colors and ground and mixed them herself. The carpet was nailed down on the garret floor and she used to go up there and paint.

'After the carpet was completed and laid on the parlor floor, old Deacon Tallmadge came to see me. He stopped at the parlor door and seemed afraid to come in.

'"Walk in, Deacon, walk in," said I.

'"Why I can't," said he, "'thout steppin' on't." Then, after surveying it awhile in admiration, "D'ye think ye can have all that an' Heaven too?"'

Four children made their appearance as rapidly as nature permitted — Catharine, William, Edward, and Mary. The salary, although by now $400 a year, was inadequate to the mounting expenses, so Roxana had to open a school, with five young girls as boarders and day pupils besides. Her sister Mary helped her, and her husband in English composition. Lavoisier's newly published *Chemistry* was one of their textbooks. Chemistry was a new subject and a constant topic of conversation — chemistry and embroidery appear to have been the two subjects most stressed. Lyman hated teaching as much as he had hated farming. Roxana did the housework, including making the cloth and clothes for a family of six, with the assistance of two Negro children (bound girls); she conducted the school, and also found time for her hobbies — gardening and 'drawing likenesses on ivory.'

V

When Aaron Burr shot Alexander Hamilton in a duel, Lyman Beecher, in a blaze of indignation, decided that dueling must be stopped. He found Burr had forced the duel upon Hamilton after himself practising pistol shooting for three months. After studying the subject six months, he wrote a sermon which he preached first in his own church and then before the Synod, to the amazement of that rigidly conservative body. In that day clergymen — in the pulpit, at any rate — were supposed to devote themselves to theology.

'Dueling is a great national sin,' thundered young Lyman Beecher. 'With the exception of a small section of the Union, the whole land is defiled with blood. From the lakes of the north to the plains of Georgia is heard the voice of lamentation and woe — the cries of widows and the fatherless. This work of desolation is performed often by men in office, by the appointed guardians of life and liberty. On the floor of Congress challenges have been threatened if not given, and thus powder and ball have been introduced as auxiliaries of deliberation and argument. . . . A duelist may be a gambler, a prodigal, a fornicator, an adulterer, a drunkard, and a murderer, and not violate the laws of honor.'

When he had finished he introduced a resolution, to which he anticipated no opposition, providing for the formation of societies to stop dueling. But the members of the Synod had begun to hear from prominent parishioners 'politically affiliated with men of dueling principles.' Hence there was powerful opposition led by an eminent elderly Doctor of Divinity. Lyman Beecher was an obscure young man of thirty. 'When my turn came, I rose and knocked away their arguments and made them ludicrous,' said Beecher. 'Never made an argument so short, strong, and pointed in my life. . . . Oh, I declare! if I did n't switch 'em an' scorch 'em an' stamp on 'em. It swept all before it. . . . It was the centre of old-fogyism, but I mowed it down and carried the vote of the house.'

The sermon was published with an introduction by Dr. Mason, the outstanding preacher of New York City at the time, and over forty thousand copies were distributed. That achievement made Lyman Beecher, if not a national figure, at least something more than a country minister. 'An impression was made that never ceased,' he concluded. 'It started a series of efforts that affected the whole Northern mind at least; and in Jackson's time the matter came up in Congress, and a law was passed disfranchising a duelist.'

By 1809 he had found it impossible to support his family on $400 a year, even supplemented by the school, and served notice on his church that unless they would pay his debts, amounting to $500, and raise his salary to $500 he must leave. For a few Sundays he preached in the Brick Church in New York, and while there Roxana wrote him her views on the salary question. 'The very low estimate which people appear to have of the blessing of the Gospel ministry is strikingly exemplified when we compare what they are willing to pay for it with what they are willing to pay for their gratification in a hundred other respects, and a people who are provided with all the comforts of life, and who, as a people, pay so much annually for mere luxuries (tobacco, for instance) ought to be able to support a minister so that he shall not need to be harassed with worldly cares'

It is little wonder that this situation puzzled Roxana Beecher when one realizes that in her day Heaven and Hell were vital realities, and it was thought to be impossible to win the one or escape the other without the aid of one's minister. The fact that a clergyman cannot haggle over his pay without losing caste was presumably responsible for the low pay of ministers then as now.

At this crucial moment, Judge Reeve of the famous Litchfield Law School, the first law school to be opened in this country, sent a message to Lyman Beecher inquiring whether he would consider a call to the Litchfield Congregational Church. He assented, went there to preach as a candidate, and was formally invited to accept the ministry of the church. Thereupon he went back to East Hampton to preach to his people a farewell sermon on 'the universal and entire depravity of human nature.' The Litchfield church offered him $800 a year, with firewood, which was to be furnished through the minister's 'woodspell,' a function which all the parishioners attended once a year at the parsonage, bringing a load of wood for the minister, each guest receiving in return not only the minister's thanks but hot flip and doughnuts.

VI

Litchfield, situated high among the Berkshire Hills, with its broad streets shaded by splendid elms and its many large and beautiful Colonial houses, was no ordinary New England town. Many years later Lyman Beecher's daughter, Harriet Beecher Stowe, said of her childhood memory of it: 'My earliest recollections of Litchfield are those of its beautiful scenery which impressed and formed my mind long before I had words to give names to my emotions or could analyze my mental processes. I remember standing often in the door of our house and looking over a distant horizon where Mount Tom reared its round blue head against the sky, and the Great and Little Ponds, as they were called, gleamed out amid a steel-blue sea of distant pine groves. To the west of us rose a smooth-bosomed hill called Prospect Hill; and many a pensive, wondering hour have I sat at our play-room win-

dow, watching the glory of the wonderful sunsets that used to burn themselves out, amid voluminous wreathings or castellated turrets of clouds — vaporous pageantry proper to a mountainous region.'

When Mrs. Stowe was in Paris, half a century later, an old French count, who had been one of Judge Reeve's students, never tired of saying that 'the society of Litchfield was the most charming in the world.' A letter which Roxana wrote her sister-in-law, a year or more after the family moved to Litchfield, shows that she at least had scant time to enjoy this 'charming society': —

'Would now write you a long letter were it not for several vexing circumstances, such as the weather extremely cold, storm violent and no wood cut; Mr. Beecher gone, and Sabbath day with company — a clergyman, a stranger, Catharine sick, George [he was the third son] almost so, Rachel's finger cut off and she crying and groaning with the pain [she was one of the Negro bound girls]. . . . As for reading I average perhaps one page a week. . . . I expect to be obliged to be contented (if I can) with the stock of knowledge I already possess except what I glean from the conversation of others. . . . Mary has, I suppose, told you of the discovery that the fixed alkalies are metallic oxyds. . . . I think this is all the knowledge I have obtained in the circle of the arts and sciences of late; if you have been more fortunate pray let me reap the benefit.'

The Reverend Lyman Beecher, who had recently become a D.D., on his way to church one Sunday morning crossed a trout stream. Seeing a big trout jump, and remembering he had left a pole and tackle under the bridge, he sprang down the bank, grabbed his pole, and landed the trout. Slipping him into the tail pocket of his ministerial coat, he ran on to the church and breathlessly mounted to his high pulpit, his clerical necktie all awry and his handsome ruddy face flushed with exertion, just as the bell stopped tolling. The next Sunday morning when poor Roxana opened the closet door to brush the ministerial coat she smelled that fish before she found it.

Mrs. Stowe has described the church mice in her father's venerable meeting-house. 'In front of the pulpit was a bench on which at noon between the two long sermons some members of the congregation who came from afar sat and ate their dinners. Consequently there would be by time of the afternoon service sundry crumbs of cheese and bread on the floor. In the base of the pulpit just above the floor dwelt a number of pious church mice, and in the afternoons, when Father was thundering away in the lofty pulpit, I would see their little bright eyes shining cautiously out of their holes. If Father became quiet they would venture out and begin a meal on the crumbs; but suddenly some awful words, like reprobation or foreordination, would come roaring down from above, the mice would run for their lives and not venture out again until they thought the danger past.'

A year or so after coming to Litchfield, Lyman Beecher went to two ordinations in succession where the reverend members drank heavily. The ministerial society actually furnished the drinks — they were 'on the house.' 'The sideboard with the spillings of water and sugar and liquor looked and smelled like the bar of a very active grog-shop,' commented Beecher. While none of the ministers were really drunk, many were considerably exhilarated. He resolved never to attend another such affair.

The next year, when Lyman was

thirty-six, at a meeting of the General Association of Connecticut (an organization of the Congregational ministers of the state) a committee, appointed a year before to look into intemperance, reported that while it was increasing in an alarming manner, 'they were obliged to confess they did not perceive that anything could be done.' 'The blood started through my heart when I heard this,' exclaimed Beecher. 'I rose instanter and moved that a committee of three be appointed to report at that meeting the ways and means of arresting the tide of intemperance. The committee was named and appointed. I was chairman, and on the following day brought in a report, the most important paper I ever wrote.'

This report gave a long list of concrete recommendations, among them that parents should cease to serve 'ardent spirits' on their tables; that church members cease to regard them as essential to hospitality; and that employers stop serving them to their employees. This report was adopted and put into effect. The next year marked improvement was reported. The Massachusetts Association took similar action. The movement spread throughout New England and eventually the entire country. The American temperance movement was launched.

Some years later Lyman Beecher went to preach in a hamlet near Litchfield in connection with his incessant revival activities. As was his custom, he went to the house of a promising young man who had actively helped him. He found the young wife in tears of despair and the husband in bed — drunk. This aroused him against drunkenness just as had the Burr-Hamilton fight against dueling. Hurrying home, in a white heat of indignation, he wrote six sermons against drinking which he preached on successive Sundays. They were later published, translated into many languages, and widely circulated in this country and many others. In the concluding sermon he asked what the remedy is for intemperance, and answered, 'It is the banishment of ardent spirits from the list of lawful articles of commerce by a correct and efficient public sentiment such as has turned slavery out of half of our land and will yet expel it from the world.'

What with the periodic arrival of babies and the high prices following the War of 1812, in spite of the 100 per cent increase in salary the spectre of poverty was now haunting the Beechers again. Roxana had a little money in an uncle's business in New York, on the strength of which she built an addition to the house so that they might take as boarders some of the young women of Miss Pierce's school. This effort to make ends meet proved desperate. Her uncle's business failed. She lost everything. The addition cost twice as much as estimated. They would have been bankrupt had not the church come to their rescue.

Borne down by overwork, worry, and poverty, Roxana died of consumption in 1816. This was the supreme sorrow of Lyman Beecher's life. Mrs. Stowe commented on the relation between them, 'The communion between her and my father was a peculiar one. It was an intimacy throughout the whole range of their being. There was no human mind in whose decisions he had greater confidence. Both intellectually and morally he regarded her as the better and stronger portion of himself and I remember hearing him say that, after her death, his first sensation was a sort of terror like that of a child suddenly shut out alone in the dark.' Many years later he said to his son, Henry Ward, as he pointed to a great pile of manuscripts, 'There are the sermons I wrote the year after your mother

died and not one of them is good for anything!'

Lyman Beecher was left, not only with his burden of grief, but with debts and eight children ranging in age from sixteen-year-old Catharine to the baby of nine months, Charles. Between these extremes came William, Mary, Edward, George, Harriet, and Henry Ward. Lyman's sister Esther and his mother, devotees of quietness and immaculateness, made the heroic sacrifice of moving from their little peaceful cottage into the big noisy house. Aunt Esther, with Catharine as aide-de-camp, took command of the household. A few days after the funeral, Catharine found little Henry Ward, his curls palpitating with his efforts, digging under her window. When she asked him what he was doing he looked up and replied, 'I's diggin' down to find Mother.'

VII

Having declared war on infidelity, dueling, and drinking, Lyman Beecher next attacked Unitarianism at the citadel of its power in Boston. In 1817 he delivered the installation sermon for a new minister at the Park Street Church. This was his first notable blow at Unitarianism. He called the sermon 'The Bible a Code of Laws.' It was later published and widely read. 'From the time Unitarianism began to show itself in this country it was a fire in my bones,' he said of this attack. 'My mind had been heating, heating, heating. Now I had a chance to strike. . . . There had been no such attack on Unitarianism, explaining our doctrines so that they could stand. The sensation all over the city was great. It was a perfect victory.'

'You are right in thinking the Unitarians are gaining,' he wrote a fellow minister. 'Their power of corrupting the youth of the commonwealth by means of Cambridge [Harvard] is silently putting sentinels in all the churches, legislators in the halls and judges on the bench and scattering everywhere physicians, lawyers and merchants.' The crime of the Unitarians in Lyman Beecher's eyes was, of course, their denial that Christ was the Deity, and that only by His death on the Cross was the salvation of mankind made possible. By false hopes they were luring people away from Heaven and down to Hell.

He met at this time, and shortly married, Miss Harriet Porter, of Portland, Maine. She was a daughter of Dr. Aaron Porter, one of the most successful physicians of the time. One of her brothers had been the first Governor of Maine, another a Congressman noted for his oratory, and a third a member of the Continental Congress, of the Constitutional Convention, of the United States Senate, and twice Minister to Great Britain. She herself was noted for beauty, wit, and cultivation. This plebeian son of the New Haven blacksmith had a way with him which won the hearts of patrician women.

The arrival of the new mother was described by Mrs. Stowe: 'I was about six years old and slept in the nursery with my two younger brothers. We knew Father was gone away somewhere on a journey, and was expected home, and thus the sound of a bustle or disturbance in the house more easily awoke us. We heard Father's voice in the entry, and started up, crying out as he entered our room, "Why, here's pa!" A cheerful voice called out from behind him, "And here's ma!"

'A beautiful lady, very fair, with bright blue eyes and soft auburn hair bound round with a black velvet bandeau, came into the room, smiling, eager and happy-looking, and coming

up to our beds, kissed us and told us she loved little children and would be our mother. We wanted forthwith to get up and be dressed, but she pacified us with the promise that we should find her in the morning.'

Lyman Beecher attempted to read to his bride Jonathan Edwards's sermon, 'Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God' — the sermon that used to make women faint so that they had to be carried out of church. Before he read far, his beautiful bride got up with flushed cheeks, exclaiming, 'Dr. Beecher, I shall not listen to another word of that slander on my Heavenly Father!' and swept out of the room. This gave Lyman Beecher's orthodoxy its second blow and he took another step toward his trial for heresy.

A series of revivals now swept the state, into which he plunged headlong until he broke down again. He had to give up work and tried hunting, fishing, and trips to Niagara Falls and Maine, all in vain. Thinking he had consumption, he consulted a Dr. Jackson in Boston, whose diagnosis was 'acute dyspepsia as a result of overwork and false methods.' Encouraged by his doctor, he took to farm work as a cure. 'I bought eight acres of land east of the house, hired a man, bought a yoke of oxen, plow, horse-cart and went to work every day. . . . I did n't study a sermon that summer. There is some advantage in being an extempore speaker. Squire Langdon used to say that when he saw me out digging potatoes Saturday evening he expected a good sermon Sunday morning. Slowly but surely I got up.'

This breakdown led him to develop what he called his 'clinical theology,' which, as he said, enabled him to distinguish in his penitents between 'dyspepsia and piety.' He amazed earnest inquirers at revival meetings by asking them, instead of the expected questions about their souls, how much exercise they took and whether their bowels moved regularly.

His remarks had now come to be widely quoted. When asked why he did n't reply to an opponent who was savagely attacking him in one of his many public controversies, he rapped out, 'Once threw a book at a skunk and he had the best of it. I made up my mind never to try it again!'

When he was being violently attacked in the religious press, and some friends offered sympathy, he brushed it aside with the comment, 'Oh, I don't mind, because when I see the feathers fly I know I've hit my bird!' After an exasperating altercation with some dullards he exclaimed, 'Wish the Creator had made fewer people an' given 'em more brains.' Of an especially responsive listener in his congregation he remarked, 'He makes me think of a partridge on a dead limb, watching me when I'm trying to get a shot at him.'

VIII

By 1825 it was painfully evident that he could no longer support his wife and family — now eleven children — on his salary of $800 a year, which had not been raised since he came to Litchfield in 1810. He could neither pay his debts nor prevent the accumulation of fresh ones, and it was impossible to continue the education of his children. He requested dismissal from his church, and reviewed before his congregation the story of their losing struggle to make ends meet. 'My late investigation of my concerns had convinced me,' he concluded, 'that there is an annual deficiency in my salary of two hundred dollars wholly irremediable by any possible efforts of my own or by any authorized reliance upon Providence.'

So this now fifty-year-old eminent

member of the profession on which, as was then thought, the eternal happiness of men depended, who had labored tirelessly for his parishioners for fifteen years, was allowed, for lack of two hundred dollars, to give up his church just as he had previously been allowed to leave East Hampton for lack of one hundred dollars!

In spite of poverty, dyspepsia, duelists, drunkards, dullards, infidels, and Unitarians, Lyman Beecher's spirits were usually buoyant. He trained his boys in fishing and hunting and woodcraft as zealously as in theology. He romped with his children. He came home after evening meetings and played his fiddle 'to let down,' as he called it. If his wife was n't there to prevent, he would take off his shoes and dance a hornpipe to the delight of the children. His wife's objection was not ecclesiastical, but purely domestic — it wore out his socks.

At the moment of this second crisis in his career, just as before, a call came to a larger opportunity. Twenty-four hours after he had decided he must leave Litchfield he received a letter from the Hanover Street Church of Boston, asking if he would come to them. He accepted and set off full of zest to beard the wicked Unitarians in their den.

CHRISTS IN THE TIROL

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

I

THE real Tirol seems to come not far south of the Brenner, and to extend right north to the Starnberger See. Even at Sterzing the rather gloomy atmosphere of the Tyrolese Alps is dispersing, the approach of the South is felt. And, strangely enough, the roadside crucifixes become less and less interesting, after Sterzing. Walking from Munich down to Italy, I have looked at hundreds of Martertafeln, and now I miss them; these painted shrines on the Lake Garda are not the same.

I, who see a tragedy in every cow, began by seeing one in the Secession pictures in Munich. All these new paintings seemed so shrill and restless. Those that were meant for joy shrieked joy, and sorrow was dished as a sensation, curiously, subtly spiced. I thought of some of our English artists, who seem to suck their sadness like a mournful lollipop. That is, at any rate, a more comfortable way. And then, for miles and endless miles, one must walk past crucifixes.

I got rather scared of them in the end. At first they were mostly factory-made, so that I did not notice them, any more than I noticed the boards with warnings, except just to observe they were there. And then, coming among the others carved in wood by the peasant artists, I began to notice. They create almost an atmosphere, an atmosphere of their own on the countryside.

The first I really *saw*, and the one

that startled me into awareness, was in a marshy place at the foot of the mountains. A dead Christ hung in an old shrine. He was broad and handsome; he was a Bavarian peasant. I looked at his body and at his limbs, and recognized him almost as one of the men I had seen in the Gasthaus the evening before: a peasant farmer, working himself to the bone, but not giving in. His plain, rudimentary face stared straight in front, and the neck was stiffened. He might have said: 'Yes, I am suffering. I look at you, and you can see me. Perhaps something will happen, will help. If not, I'll stick it.' I loved him. He seemed stubborn and struggling from the root of his soul, his human soul. No Godship had been thrust upon him. He was human clay, a peasant Prometheus Christ, his poor soul bound in him, blind but stubborn, struggling against the fact of the nails.

And after him, when I see so many Christs posing on the Cross, *à la* Guido Reni, I recognize them as the mere conventional symbol, as devoid of personal meaning as is our Saint George and the Dragon, and I go by.

II

But then there are so many Christs that are men, carved by men. In one valley, right in the middle of the Tirol, there are half-a-dozen crucifixes, evidently by the same worker. They have all got the same body and the same face, though one has a fair beard. The largest of them is more then life-size. He has a strangely brutal face, which aches with weariness of pain, and he looks as if he were just dead. He has fallen forward on the cross, the weight of his full-grown, mature body tearing his hands on the nails. And on his rather ugly, passionate mouth is despair, and bitterness and death. The peasants, as they drive their pack horses along the dark valley, take off their hats in passing, half afraid. It is sombre and damp, and there hangs the falling body of the man, who has died in bitterness of spirit. There is something dreadful about the bitter despair of the crucifix. I think of the man that carved it. He was afraid. They were nearly all afraid when they carved and erected these monuments to physical pain, just as the sturdy peasants are afraid as they take off their hats in the mountain gloom.

They are afraid of physical pain. It terrifies them. They raise, in their startled helplessness of suffering, these Christs, these human attempts at deciphering the riddle of pain. In the same way, more or less, they paint the little pictures of some calamity — a man drowned in a stream, or killed by a falling tree — and nail it up near the spot where the accident occurred. There are thousands of these pictures, painted just as a child would do them.

A man is seen immersed in water up to the waist, his hands in the air. The water flows wildly, a bridge stands serenely, the man must either have his feet on the bottom or be performing some rare swimming miracle. But it says the bridge broke beneath him and he was drowned. Yet he is seen hallooing wildly, the water not up to his breast. His neighbor painted the picture, partly out of a curious love of sensational mishap, partly out of genuine dread lest a bridge should fall under himself also. His family nailed the picture to the tree at the end of the broken bridge, partly to get prayers for his soul, partly to insist on the fact that 'in the midst of life we are in death.' And we, as we look at it, — when we are not amused, — wonder if we have as great a horror and terror of death and pain as these people have; or if our horror and terror are only a little more complex; and if all art is not a kind of

accustoming ourselves to the idea of suffering and death, so that we can more and more comprehend them, even if we do not really understand.

I can do with all the Christs that have a bit of fight in them, or some stillness of soul. But I hate the Christs who just suffer, or who just whine. Some of them look up to heaven, turn their eyes skyward, and pull down the corners of their mouths. Then I say: '*You* have n't got it bad enough, my dear fellow. Your cross is n't much more than an ailment for you to whine about.' Some of them look pale and done-for, and I think: 'Poor devil, he had n't got much spunk.' And then, some are just nothing. Indeed, I used to think I never should see a Christus who was anything but neutral. In their attempts at drawing Jesus, the artists have made so many bloodless creatures, neither man nor woman, and a good deal less interesting than either. They have extracted so many mundane qualities that they have left nothing but a fishy neutrality, usually with curled hair, and offered it to us as pictures of Jesus.

III

I return to my peasant Christs, which I love. I have mentioned the stubborn, Prometheus Christ, and the bitter, despairing Christ, and the Christ like a pale, dead young man who has suffered too much, and the rather sentimental Christ — all of them men, and rather real.

Then, in a tiny glass case beside a highroad in the mountains sits another Christ that half makes me laugh and half makes me want to sit down and weep.

His little head rests on his hand, his elbow on his knee, and he meditates, half wearily. I am strongly reminded of Walther von der Vogelweide, and the German mediæval spirit. Detached, he sits and dreams and broods, in his little golden crown of thorns and his little red flannel cloak that some peasant woman has stitched. '*Couvre-toi de gloire — couvre-toi de flanelle*,' I think to myself.

But he sits and dreams and broods. I think he is the forefather of the warm-hearted German philosopher and professor.

Beyond the Brenner, there seems again a kind of falsity in the Christs. The wayside chapels become fearfully ornate and florid, the Christus neutral, or sensational. There is, in a chapel near St. Jacob, the most ghastly Christus it is possible to imagine. He is seated, after the Crucifixion, and in the most dreadful bloody mess. His eyes, which are turned slightly to look at you, are bloodshot till they are scarlet and glistening, and the very iris seems crimsoned. Where the skin is torn away at the wounds, the living red muscles are bare, and one can almost see the intestines, red with blood, bulging from the hole in the side. And the misery, and the almost low hate, the almost criminal look on the bloody disfigured face, are shocking. That is a Christ of the new, sensational sort.

IV

I have not seen anyone salute the Christus south of the Brenner, in the Austrian Tirol. There is a queer feeling about Austria, as if it were waiting to take its impression from some other nation. On the Franco-German frontier, one feels two distinct and antagonistic nationalities, mixing but not mingling. But Austria merges into Germany on one side, and merges into Italy on the other, till one looks for Austria, and wonders where it is. And Austria seems to be looking for itself. Its soldiers have no more nationality than the Chocolate Soldier, and the Austrian

official uniform is worthy of an essay to itself. It creates a dandy and a decent fellow, but no impression of office. At the back of the German official is Germany, at the back of an Austrian official — a gentle deprecation.

So, in Austria, I have seen a fallen Christus. It was on the Taufen, not so very far from Meran. I was looking at the snow, and descending through the cold morning air, when I noticed a little Christus shed, very old. It was all of aged, silvery-gray wood, covered on the top with a thicket of gray-green lichen. And on the rocks at the foot of the cross was the armless Christus who had tumbled down, and lay on his back, in a weird attitude. It was one of the old peasant Christs, carved out of wood, with the curious long wedge-shaped shins that are characteristic. The arms had broken off at the shoulders, and hung on their nails, as the *ex voto* limbs are hung in the shrines. But these dangled from their palms, upside-down, the muscles, carved in wood, looking startling. And the icy-cold wind blew them backwards and forwards. I dared not touch the fallen image, nor the arms. I wish a priest would go and make it right. And I wish he would wash off the nasty and sensational streams of blood that flow from the brow and knees and feet, hundreds of red stripes, down the body of so many Austrian Christs. They hide the man, and make a messy horror.

And I suppose most of the carvers of these wayside crucifixes were right. There was a Christ who rebelled against his suffering, and one who was bitter with a sense of futility, and one who gave in to his misery, and one who hated the persecutors, and one who dreamed wistfully, all on the same cross. And perhaps there was one who was peaceful in his sense of right, and one who was ashamed for having let the crowd make beasts of themselves, batten on his suffering, and one who thought: 'I am of you, I might be among you, yelling at myself in the same cruel way. But I am not, and that is something. . . .'

All those Christs, like a populace, hang in the mountains under their little sheds. And perhaps they are falling, one by one. And I suppose our Christs in England are such as Hamlet and Tom Jones and Jude the Obscure.

VICTORIAN POETS: A SIDE LIGHT

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

I

THE relative importance of the same thing at different times opens long vistas of inquiry. When William Jones Hoppin of Providence and New York found himself dining in London on a November evening of 1880 with James Russell Lowell and Robert Browning and listened to their discussion of Tennyson and other topics, including food and its flavors, he must have felt that he had taken part in nothing less than an occasion, and that it should be recorded. Within less than a week he wrote it all out in his journal; and here, after more than fifty years, it is — less important, if you will, than it looked to him, for Victorian poets in many eyes of the present day have been transmuted from living forces to museum pieces. Yet the record has a value even now, if only in showing that the Olympians of 1880 were capable of discoursing no more profoundly than anybody else — on subjects of no greater moment than those which have engaged the rest of mankind in all periods.

It has not yet become necessary to say just who Lowell, Browning, and Tennyson were, though plenty of critics are doing what they can to relegate them, through the avenue of the patronized, to the limbo of the forgotten. But who was Hoppin, and how did he happen to be dining with Lowell and Browning?

For the best of reasons, the chief of which was that for about ten years of his life, including the five, beginning with 1880, through which Lowell held the post of United States Minister to Great Britain, he was the first Secretary of Legation in London. Considerably older than the usual incumbent of such an office, in fact six years older than Lowell himself, one year younger than Browning, and only three years short of seventy at the time of the little dinner party, he was well qualified to hold his own at any gathering of the sort. He was an older brother of Augustus Hoppin, insufficiently remembered as an illustrator and writer. In New York he had been a founder of the Century Club and Metropolitan Museum, and a member of its original board of trustees, also president of the Union League Club. A connoisseur of pictures, a man of the world, much at home in London society, he was besides an indefatigable recorder of his experiences. Blessed, to posterity, is the keeper of diaries and scrapbooks.

The many scrapbooks of William J. Hoppin, who died in 1895, passed into the hands of his nephew, the late Joseph Clark Hoppin, well known as an archæologist. Through the kindness of his widow I was permitted to make their acquaintance while assembling for publication, accomplished late in 1932, a collection of hitherto unprinted letters of James Russell Lowell. Hoppin and Lowell became true friends in London, and many were the character-

istic missives from the more to the less famous of the two men. The volumes containing them have now been added to the manuscript collections of the Harvard College Library, to which I am indebted for the copying of the passage now to be given. It was broken by Hoppin himself into sections each with its own heading, and will be broken further only by such interpolated notes as seem needed to clarify the narrative.

II

Sunday, November 21, 1880

DINNER AT LOWELL'S WITH BROWNING

The only event of interest for the past week was a dinner at Mr. Lowell's where Mr. Browning was the only other guest. Both poets were in good form and it was a great treat. Mrs. L. was at table with Mr. B. at her left and I at her right.

Browning reminds me in his face of Tom Hicks. His hair and beard are very white and he wears both very short.

[A daguerreotype of Thomas Hicks, American painter, taken, in 1852, with Charles A. Dana and George William Curtis, does indeed bear a certain resemblance to Browning.]

COOKERY

Lowell thought that good cooking came originally from the Greeks — Browning said the ancients could not have had very just ideas on the subject as they seemed to think more of the rarity and expense of their food than of its flavor — e.g. nightingale's tongues. They made a great deal of fish. Lowell said the Italian cuisine was better than the French. Browning had only been a short distance into Spain, but had an agreeable recollection of the cooking. I maintained that the French aimed to bring out the distinctive flavors of the food — not to disguise them. Browning said some men had extraordinary delicacy of perception of flavors. He told a story of a dinner to which an expert of this sort had been invited in order to pronounce upon the merits of a cook. He was a German. Among the dishes was a *pie*, or as the expert called it — a *bye*. The guest declared that this was cooked by a different chef from the one that prepared the rest of the dinner. 'Impossible,' said the host, and summoned the cook to the dining room, who admitted that the work was so great that he was obliged to call in a *collaborateur*. 'I told you so,' said the guest. 'The *ground motive* of that "bye" was different from that of the other dishes.'

Browning thought American turkeys and apples the best in the world. He is fond of having a dish of fruit at his bedside and eating it during the night.

Lowell alluded to the excellent coffee he had at Lady Ruthven's (pronounced Rivven's) in Scotland who maintained the berry should be parched, ground, roasted and infused and drunk within the hour. Browning corroborated this, said that his coffee was always made in this way.

LADY RUTHVEN

He was a great friend of this lady, chiefly on account of his intimacy with a former Lord Lothian of whom she was a devoted admirer. She is eighty years old and upwards and yet can repeat a hundred chapters in the Bible, of which she gives one each day at family prayers.

BROWNING'S POEMS

Lowell said he had bought the first edition of *Pippa Passes* and *Bells and Pomegranates* and ordered his bookseller to procure for him everything of that author's writings. Browning said that a copy of these first editions now would bring more money than he had

ever received for it. His father was very generous and insisted that every thing he wrote should be printed, and he himself preferred to keep it in that shape. He did not want to have Mss. lying about. At the same time he did not wish to incur large expense, so Moxon proposed to print these earlier works in double columns on single sheets. This brought the cost down to ten or a dozen pounds. It is extremely difficult to find a copy now in this shape and one would bring a large price. The sales were very limited. When a final account was rendered the balance coming to the author was so trifling that B. would not mention it. He gave an interesting account of how he came to write an introduction to Moxon's edition of spurious letters of Shelley. B. thought they were trivial, whether they were genuine or not, and his introduction related to Shelley's friends and life and not to these letters. Mr. Palgrave first discovered the counterfeit by observing the identity between the language of one of them and that used by his own father in an article for a Review. There could be no industry so remunerative as skilful forgeries of this kind. Mr. L. instanced the Marie Antoinette letters.

[Edmund Gosse, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, relates this circumstance in similar terms, adding, 'The letters were shown to be forgeries, and the book was immediately withdrawn.' The forged letters of Marie Antoinette invalidated much of the writing about her before 1865.]

Mr. Browning said he had no new work in the publisher's hands.

TENNYSON

His excessive sensitiveness was mentioned. Lowell said he had happened to say of some man that he left a scent of *patchouli* behind him. Tennyson got the idea that Lowell had said that of himself and attacked him and his daughter (Mrs. Burnett) about it. [Mrs. Burnett, as Mabel Lowell in 1869, had visited Tennyson at Farringford with Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields. In an account of this visit, drawn from the diary of Mrs. Fields, which I published in the *Cornhill Magazine* for October 1927 under the title, 'A Victorian Vista,' there is no mention of Tennyson's touchiness on the patchouli aspersion. Lowell's daughter must have reported it to him herself.] Browning said that when he read a work of his to Lord Houghton, the latter objected to a single line, which Tennyson so took to heart that he postponed (I think he said for two years) the publication of the work.

When Tennyson was at Venice this year they took away from him, at the *Octroi*, a bottle of whiskey and a bottle of wine. He was so indignant that he applied to an English resident to make a complaint to the authorities on the subject and talked about it to anybody he met. The incident seemed to stand between him and the enjoyment of everything he went to see, and he constantly referred to it after his return to England.

I asked Browning if he knew the subject of the play that Tennyson had written for Irving and Miss Terry. He said that Locker had told him in confidence, but had at once crossed the room and told somebody else, so he supposed half the town knew it. He united it and an incident in old English history. Of course I did not press him. [Irving refused Tennyson's *Becket* in 1879, only to ask the opportunity to produce it, as he did, in 1891. This would seem to be the play which Browning refrained from naming. On January 3, 1881, less than two months after the talk here recorded, Irving produced Tennyson's Plutarchian tragedy, *The Cup*.]

Lowell and Browning agreed that *Maud* was Tennyson's finest work. B. said that the *Hallelujah* poem lately published was very poor. [This was 'The Human Cry,' beginning 'Hallowed be Thy name — Halleluiah!' and few would dissent from Browning's opinion of it.] It reminded him of an epitaph on a Mr. Brown which was to be written by the two residuary legatees — that being the condition of their inheritance. So they made alternate lines: —

Here lies Mr. Brown
Here lies he
Hallelujah
Hallelujee!

Lowell thought that Tennyson considered himself that *Maud* was his finest work. Both L. and B. expressed admiration of Charles Tennyson's sonnets — and of his brother's introductory poem ['At Midnight'].

POETS READING THEIR OWN WORKS

Browning said that nothing could be more strange than Tennyson's method of reading his own works. He seemed to think that the epithet of 'Singer' was to be literally interpreted, so he read in a *cantabile* — a slow monotonous chant, with no lights or shades.

Very few authors read their own works well. He, Browning, was once asked by Talfourd to listen to something not yet published. B. had taken a little more sherry than usual at dinner and fell fast asleep during the reading. When it was over and Talfourd pushed him for his opinion, he declined to give it until he should see it in print!

Procter (Barry Cornwall) used to fall asleep in this way and made Leigh Hunt angry by not expressing any opinion of a work the latter had read to him. Other friends were obliged to explain to Hunt that the reason of this omission was that Procter had not heard a word of it, which of course was not complimentary, but it was better than perfect indifference.

LORD BYRON'S PORTRAITS

Browning said he had been taking luncheon with Lord Wentworth that day and had observed now and then the likeness to his grandfather. Lord W. told him that his mother said the best portraits of Byron were two miniatures she preferred. He had had one of them enlarged by photographing, and B. declared that there was a certain resemblance between the face and Lord W.'s.

[Lord Wentworth, second Earl of Lovelace, was a son of Byron's daughter, Augusta Ada. Before succeeding to his title on the death of his older brother he had assumed the surname of Milbanke, the maiden surname of his grandmother, Lady Byron.]

DINNER SPEAKING

Browning said he could not make a dinner speech and never accepted an invitation to an entertainment where he thought he should be called upon to give one.

III

That was all. The Victorian poets had got well beyond the musical glasses and taste as topics of conversations. Yet they are not to be seen plunging below the surface into the profundities of life and art. Hoppin may have liked them the better for this. And may not we?

'SWEENEY, I BID THEE DEPART!'

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

I

STRAIGHTENING her long back, Mrs. Haller looked across the potato patch on which she was sprinkling Paris green, across the tomato plants, hung thickly with ripening fruit, across the strawberry patch which had yielded a rich harvest, down Lingle Street to Lanesville. She could see the tall stacks of the linoleum factory, the cupola above the watch factory, the spires of churches, the green crowns of trees. The acre of richly cultivated soil in which she stood was one of her gardens, Lanesville was the other. She carried the products of the acre into her kitchen and storage cellar in basket and wheelbarrow; the harvest from Lanesville was brought to her in automobiles and the trolley.

One extremity of her body was comfortable — the soft, stoneless earth, fine as though it had been sieved, pushed up between her toes; she knew no more delightful sensation. Contact with the earth was not only pleasant, it was healing; ignorant of the Kneipp cure, she practised some of its principles. She was herself a healer of another sort, in a line of descent as old as humanity. She believed that physical ailments were caused by evil persons or evil spirits, and the therapy she applied to her patients was designed accordingly.

Her head was not as comfortable as her feet. She had many times discouraged patients from coming to her on Monday morning; but now that none came she was irritated and disturbed. Annie Getzendaner, a little woman of considerable property, had always ignored her office hours and had brought her friends with her. Mrs. Haller knew exactly how she invited them. 'Ach, go Mondays along! It is n't setting so full Mondays. She has then more time.' Annie had a large circle of relatives and friends; Mrs. Haller realized only after they had ceased to patronize her how many there had been. She had other reasons for anxiety — the depression had diminished her clientele, and a woman who made a specialty of children who were 'liver-grown' or had the 'taking-off' had robbed her of many patients.

Again she looked across the garden toward the corner. At nine o'clock she heard the feline yowl of the trolley as it turned into Lingle Street; squinting, she saw it stop, and one passenger step out. It was not Annie, or any of her relatives, but a stranger — a short, plump woman.

The little woman climbed the street, looking uneasily at Mrs. Haller's large brick house. People said she had done very well for herself — they surely spoke the truth! Mrs. Haller was now bending low; she had a wonderful back, stiff as a yardstick when she stood up, pliable as a tapeline when she bent.

'Hello!' said the little woman in a shrill voice.

Mrs. Haller rose to her full height.

'Can you tell me where Mrs. Haller lives?' The voice was frightened as well as shrill.

'Yes, I can.'

'Does she live here?'

'She does.'

'Do you suppose I dare see her?'

In better times Mrs. Haller would have announced, 'You dare see her any day but Monday; Monday she must have off.' She might have added gruffly, 'Is she to have no time to do her work?' This, however, was not the time for gruffness.

'Yes, you dare see her. Walk in.'

'Without ringing or anything?'

'Walk in.'

Mrs. Haller rubbed the soles of her feet on the grass; then she stepped over the immaculate board walk and wiped them on a folded burlap bag lying at the foot of the porch steps. On a bench outside the kitchen door lay a large damp cloth; with this she wiped them again. The handsome linoleum which covered her wide kitchen gave her soles another pleasant sensation. She filled a basin with hot water, thoroughly scrubbed her hands and arms with homemade soap, pulled down her sleeves, and entered the main part of her house.

The first room was a kind of dining room — at least it contained a sideboard, a table, and eight stiff chairs; the second was a kind of sitting room; the third a kind of parlor. None was used for living purposes, but all were crowded with furniture. There were odd easy-chairs and rocking-chairs, — some with presentation cards still attached, — odd rugs upon the carpeted floors. The walls were thickly hung with lithographs and cheap prints, many of them holy pictures, one with a Hebrew inscription. There were few of the many denominations and sects in the county which had not had representatives seeking aid from Mrs. Haller. Chief in abundance were china and glassware — dishes, bowls, pitchers, and tumblers of all shapes, colors, and sizes. On neither shelf nor sideboard nor cupboards nor tables was there room for another article. A player piano, two talking machines, and two radios stood one against the other.

The visitor had not ventured as far as the parlor; she sat in the enclosed front porch, which was furnished with twenty chairs. Plump though she was, she appeared ill; her cheeks were pale and her expression was one of alarm. Approaching on noiseless feet, Mrs. Haller startled her so that she jumped.

'Come inside,' invited Mrs. Haller.

'Are you Mrs. Haller?'

'Yes, I am.' Mrs. Haller led the way through the parlor into the second room. 'Take place.'

II

A frequent visitor to doctors' offices, the stranger selected a chair in the full light of the uncurtained window. Mrs. Haller did not take advantage of this observance of professional custom; she stood obstructing the light.

'What is your name?'

The stranger's cheeks blanched still more. 'Brenner is my name — Mrs. Brenner.'

Mrs. Haller looked cross; Mrs. Brenner might understand the ways of ordinary doctors; she did not understand the technique of the exorcist.

'I asked your name.'

'Mrs. Brenner.'

'*Your* name — your given name.'

'Oh! Elizabeth is my given name.'

'Well, Elizabeth, what ails you?'

Mrs. Brenner winced as though even the description of her ailment were painful. 'I have a lame arm from the shoulder down. My elbow is sometimes sore, and my hand is stiff.'

'Is your one arm getting thinner as the other?'

'No.'

'How long did you have this already?'

'A couple of years. I've been to many doctors. They say it's neuritis; they say time will cure it.'

'Who sent you here?'

'A long time back Annie Getzendaner told me I should come here. She said I'd waste money elsewhere. I sure have wasted it.' Mrs. Brenner burst into tears. 'I have a chance to get married again, but I can't get married with a lame arm.'

'Did you see Annie lately?'

'No. Oh, can you help me?'

'Be sure I can help you!'

'My name's not Mrs. Brenner,' confessed the little woman. 'It's Mrs. Shryock.'

'So!' Mrs. Haller took the afflicted arm in her left hand, holding it gently. She spoke in an oratorical tone. 'Last week a woman came here to get cured from a lame arm. The doctors said it was rheumatism. It was not rheumatism; it was sweeney.'

'Sweeney?' Mrs. Shryock's voice quivered.

'Sweeney. When you have sweeney, your parts get thinner as the parts they should match, like one arm or one leg gets thinner as the other. In the end it withers away. That's what you have in your arm. An enemy is after you, and if you had not come it would wither away.'

'Oh, no!'

'But you are yet in time.' Mrs. Haller passed her clean, warm hand from Mrs. Shryock's shoulder to the tips of her fingers. Behind her thumb she made the sign of the cross, and in the name of God the Father bade the sweeney depart. Twice she repeated this adjuration, until she had called upon the three Persons in the Trinity. 'Now you can go. Come at twelve and at three, then come two more days, next Monday and the Monday after.'

'Don't you use oil or liniment?' Mrs. Shryock's voice reminded Mrs. Haller of a fine drill.

'No, I don't.'

'Did you learn this from your mother or father?'

'No, I did n't.'

'Where did you learn it?'

'I learned it from a book.' Mrs. Haller stood with arms akimbo. 'Twelve o'clock and three o'clock.'

III

When Mrs. Shryock returned, Mrs. Haller had had her dinner. Her family consisted of two sons who worked at the stockyards and carried their lunch with them. The house was saturated with the hearty odor of cabbage. Mrs. Haller's brow was clouded; apparently all her Monday-morning patients had been of Annie Getzendaner's bringing, and apparently all had been induced to stay away. At noon she smoothed Mrs. Shryock's arm once more and, in the names of the Trinity, again bade the sweeney depart. She had risen at four o'clock, had done a large washing, and had worked for four hours in the garden; now, having gathered the wash and folded it into the basket, she stood watching for the trolley car. Just before three o'clock it stopped again, to let Mrs. Shryock out.

The third visit differed from the others in that Mrs. Shryock carried a large parcel. Mrs. Haller knew what was in it — a glass or china bowl; and she had at least a hundred bowls, and had quietly sold two hundred to a dealer in secondhand articles.

'Annie said you did n't take money.'

Mrs. Haller grew furiously angry — Annie knew better than to say she did n't take money. She did n't ask

for money, or set a price — that would have brought the law down upon her. The policemen did n't care — she had treated more than one policeman; it was the ever-watchful, hateful Medical Society. She could not ask money; but there was nothing to prevent her taking it. The fools could lay down a greenback just as well as a bowl. Why, Annie herself had paid her hundreds of dollars! Some people had sense, some had none. A man from the country had given her ten one-hundred-dollar bills; a man from Lanesville had sent her the useless player piano, which must have cost almost as much. Neither the player piano nor the electric talking machine nor the radio had been attached; she hated noise, and of the radio she was afraid.

'Set down what you brought,' she said ungraciously to Mrs. Shryock. She observed that the bowl was wrapped in wrinkled paper. 'Something she had in the house, no doubt.'

Mrs. Shryock rocked back and forth. More at home each moment, she proved to be not only anxious to acquire information but eager to impart it.

'Annie Getzendaner has found a new doctor. I heard it this noon.'

'A new doctor!' Mrs. Haller sat down, her voice dripping scorn. 'What doctor?'

'A lady. She lives in the third house beyond the umbrella factory, going that way. She's entirely English. She has meetings and she reads from a book. She does n't give oils or liniments either; she reads and talks.'

'Do they say out loud at the meeting what ails them?'

'Nothing ails them. They're at once cured. Many are going.'

'Were you there?'

'I looked in the window from the side.'

Mrs. Haller applied the third treatment so firmly that it hurt. She watched Mrs. Shryock go down the street, and saw the trolley take her away without leaving anyone in exchange. She was, in spite of her irritability, grateful to Mrs. Shryock. When her sons asked her at supper whether she had had any business, she was able to say, 'To be sure!' Her younger boy gave her an invitation, extended each evening but never accepted — 'Take you to the movies, Mom.'

IV

When the boys had driven away and darkness had fallen, Mrs. Haller put on her shoes, stepped out of her house, and locked the door. The new and almost unoccupied suburb was laid out in alleys as well as streets. One was no less visible in the alleys, but Mrs. Haller preferred them, though they were unpaved and dusty. She wore a dark gingham dress and apron and sunbonnet; no one would have guessed that in one of the Lanesville banks, deposited to her credit, lay a small fortune, its capital growing, its interest piling on interest. Almost unseen, she passed into the city. The third house beyond the umbrella factory was not hard to find, and the vantage point in the alley from which Mrs. Shryock had watched was empty. The shades in the doctor's parlor were drawn, but a breeze, gathering momentum in the narrow space between the houses, lifted them obligingly.

The long parlor was filled with rows of chairs, and on them sat many acquaintances of Mrs. Haller's. She saw Annie Getzendaner, meagre and brown, peering nearsightedly. 'My, what a peaked nose!' she thought. 'Like a weasel she looks.' She saw Annie's sister-in-law, her crutches beside her. 'Did I not cure the pain in her leg that was taken off?' She saw Annie's cousin, Eliza Harry, a Mennonite.

'Her that I cured of the wildfire!' She saw Annie's next-door neighbor. 'What warts she had till she obeyed me and buried the chicken head under the eaves!'

She not only saw the audience; she heard every word spoken by the doctor, who stood by a little table. She was a tall and very good-looking lady — there was no denying that. Her hair was reddish, and her voice was like honey.

'Thousands of mankind's ills are entirely imaginary.'

'There's that fat woman,' thought Mrs. Haller. 'Her name's Mrs. Lentz. She was often by me.' She remembered hungrily the ten-dollar bill left on the table by Mrs. Lentz. 'She had good sense.'

'You can create illness,' continued the doctor. 'If you say to your neighbor each morning, "You are pale, your eyes are dull, you're losing weight," you'll make her ill. Having made her ill, you can cure her. "How well you look! How your eyes shine! You are"' — the lady smiled, but her joke did not register — '"you are a perfect thirty-six." Soon you can restore her to the health of which you have robbed her. Let us apply the principle to ourselves. Let us sit in darkness and concentrate upon it. Let us say, "There is no illness, there is no evil." Let us say in concert, "I am well! I am well! I am well!"'

Mrs. Haller stood flattened against the wall, her mouth open. The lights went out; two-score voices chanted, 'I am well! I am well! I am well!' A few of the voices were masculine — there must be a room into which she could not see. The lights were turned up, a collection basket was circulated. To Mrs. Haller's outraged eyes all the bills were fives and tens. 'So that's how she works it!' In profound discouragement, she made her way home.

V

The week was rainy and Mrs. Haller had only ten or a dozen patients in a day, a small number. No one brought her any money; bowl mounted upon bowl. Fortunately she had enough cash in the house to make her weekly deposit, and her sons need not know of her humiliation. On Monday she neglected her work and sat in the kitchen, her elbow on her knee, her chin in her hand, looking down the street. She counted back — it was three months since Annie Getzendaner or any of her friends had entered the door. She could not put out of her mind the smooth-spoken woman standing beside her little table, the attentive rows before her. 'To think it should give so many fools!' She remembered every word the woman had said. 'What lies! No taking-off! No wildfire! No stomach ache!'

The nine-o'clock trolley brought Mrs. Shryock. She walked briskly up the hill and into the enclosed porch. 'Hello!' she called, with a familiarity which Mrs. Haller did not invite.

'Well?' said Mrs. Haller.

'I'm better. I hope I don't put a hex on it by saying so; but I'm better.'

Again Mrs. Haller bade the sweeney depart. 'Your arm's not so thin,' she said encouragingly. 'I can easy tell it.' She felt a sudden warmth toward Mrs. Shryock. 'You can eat here. It's useless to go into town and back. Half past eleven I eat.'

Mrs. Shryock accepted the invitation. She followed Mrs. Haller into the garden, into the cellar, down into the yard to bring in the wash. All the time she talked. It was to Mrs. Haller's advantage to know a great deal of the affairs of her patients, and this morning added considerably to her store of information. It was plain that Mrs. Shryock told everything she knew.

'I belong to a club,' she said. 'Annie Getzendaner is a member, and Mrs. Lentz, and Annie's sister, and lots of others. They know I'll soon set the day to get married, and on Wednesday when we meet I believe they'll shower me. Sometimes we play five hundred and sometimes we play flinch, since there are some that do not hold with five hundred, and sometimes we just talk and eat. This Wednesday we'll likely talk and eat.'

After dinner Mrs. Haller gave Mrs. Shryock a treatment; then she sat with her on the porch. 'You can stay,' she invited again. 'You can sit till it's time.' She saw in her mind's eye Annie Getzendaner and her sister and her cousin and the fat woman all listening, wide-eyed and open-mouthed; she remembered all that the good-looking woman had said.

'Is it Wednesday they shower you?'

'Yes, Wednesday.'

Mrs. Haller rocked back and forth, her bare toes propelling her. Her eyes gleamed cunningly.

'Annie Getzendaner's sister that lost her leg better look out or she'll lose yet another. You have to watch after such things. You have to keep ahead of them.'

'I guess that's true,' agreed Mrs. Shryock.

'Mrs. Lentz is very fleshy.'

'She sure is.'

'What will happen to her is this — she'll get a goitre in her neck, and she won't know it till it's too late.'

Mrs. Shryock was alarmed. 'I know a woman that was operated for goitre — she got well.'

'That may be so. Was she fleshy?'

'No, she was n't.'

'Then it could be seen in time. Mrs. Lentz has a fleshy chin. Anything could nest there.'

'I'd be afraid if I were so fat.'

'You have right,' approved Mrs. Haller. 'Annie Getzendaner's mother had a tumor and I banished it,' she went on bitterly. 'She had heart trouble, too, and of that she died; but I did n't treat her for heart trouble. I cured Annie's sister after her leg was amputated. The doctors took the leg, but they could n't take the pain.' The trolley uttered an agonizing yowl; it seemed to incite Mrs. Haller to further bitterness. 'Annie Getzendaner! Do you know what ails her?'

'No, I don't.'

'Did you take notice how brown she is?'

'Yes.'

'And getting browner?'

'I thought it was sunburn.'

'Sunburn! The gall flows from her liver into her veins and turns her blood black — that's what ails her.'

'Oh, my!' gasped Mrs. Shryock. 'Someone should tell her. I'll tell her.'

'It's not that alone,' went on Mrs. Haller. 'One of her sides is growing less — from the liver the effect is outward as well as inward. Outside she has sweeney.'

Mrs. Haller gave Mrs. Shryock her final treatment for the day. On Tuesday she had only six patients; one brought an old-fashioned carafe, with traces of evaporated water along its sides, one a handkerchief, the others each fifty cents.

'Poor cattle,' commented Mrs. Haller.

VI

On Wednesday there were only four patients. In the evening Mrs. Haller sat on the porch looking over the garden, over streets and alleys, into Lanesville. She saw Mrs. Shryock entertaining her guests — fleshy Mrs. Lentz and opulent Annie and all Annie's friends. What folly for them to risk their lives — to deny evil, to do nothing to make malice ineffective

and to turn hatred back into the heart which conceived it!

She heard the loud chatter at Mrs. Shryock's, the shouts of laughter; she seemed to hear also a sharp voice like a drill, now in a question under cover of the chatter and the laughter, now sinking to a whisper in vestibule or kitchen.

'Annie, are n't you getting very brown? It seems to me like you have such a brown spot on your cheek.'

'Mrs. Lentz, are n't you afraid of goitre in your chin? Have you perhaps an enemy?'

'My arm's better, almost well. I went to her on Lingle Street. She said it was an enemy after me. Did n't you use to have pains in your leg that was taken off?'

In all probability there would be some girl at Mrs. Shryock's whose lover was growing inattentive. 'Someone is enticing him — you ought to go to her on Lingle Street; she'll get him back!'

With profound satisfaction Mrs. Haller heard these imagined prophecies and recommendations. 'I give Mrs. Lentz till Monday,' said she; 'no longer.'

Mrs. Haller gave generous measure; Mrs. Lentz did not wait until Monday. On Thursday morning Mrs. Haller rose early, her heart lightened. By seven o'clock she had fed her men and packed their lunches and dusted the multitudinous articles in the parlor. She was not accustomed to pay heed to the shriek of the trolley until nine o'clock. At seven she looked out the window. The trolley had stopped, and eight women were getting out — one of them on crutches. They came slowly up the hill, accommodating themselves to the lame woman, who was Annie Getzendaner's sister, and to Mrs. Lentz, who walked heavily. Mrs. Haller was acquainted with all but two, who wore plain bonnets. It was like old times to see them coming. With delight she observed that they bore no parcels; whatever fees they proposed to give were carried in their purses.

Annie Getzendaner walked in the van, glancing sidewise like a sparrow at Mrs. Haller's house. They entered the closed porch and there Mrs. Haller met them, standing very straight and serious.

'Here we are,' announced Annie with a frightened giggle, 'in a body, like a lodge at a funeral.'

Mrs. Haller looked at Mrs. Lentz. Mrs. Lentz was very pale; she gazed now back at Mrs. Haller, now down at her own chin, which she could see plainly. It was true, as Mrs. Haller said — anything could nest there. Mrs. Haller looked at the strangers — in them was no evidence of anything out of the ordinary except their frightened stare. She looked, last of all, at Annie Getzendaner. Whether or not Annie was shrinking unsymmetrically, she was very tiny. She was also very brown. It was true that she looked a little like a weasel; she looked now like a cornered weasel.

Mrs. Haller was resolute, but she was merciful. 'Annie can come first,' she said. 'Walk in the sitting room.' She closed the folding doors between sitting room and parlor. She looked at Annie, at her little face and her little body. 'An evil person has got the better of you,' she said. 'Your gall is flowing into your veins, and it's causing sweeney on your one side. It's a tall woman with red hair who wishes evil to you.'

'A tall woman with red hair!' gasped Annie.

'A tall woman with red hair,' repeated Mrs. Haller, firmly. 'She is after many in this town. We banish first the sweeney, then the other.'

She pressed her hand down the side of Annie's lean body, from her armpit to her thigh. In her side she drew with her forefinger a little cross. Annie closed her eyes; tears of relief stole from under her lids.

Mrs. Haller sighed. The trolley shrieked; surely it had stopped. The zero hour, she believed, was past.

'In the name of God the Father,' she said, solemnly, 'sweeney, I bid thee depart!'

INHERITANCE

BY FRANCIS C. COOK

THE cars swerve by the barriers in the street,
Where Negroes with clanking drills pockmark the asphalt.
The surface gashed away, the black boys' picks
Deepen the ditch; their shovels swing to bare
The rusty pipes, the clay-clung veins of the city.

Inside the red brick walls beyond the sidewalk
The newspaper presses shuffle and click away;
A crowd of street boys is waiting, ganged on the pavement.

The sun climbs higher, burning in the sky.
Sweat pops out on rusty shoulders and brows:
The undershirts of the Negroes cling with sweat;
The sun and the stinking work have warmed their hearts
Like cheap, raw whiskey. Laughter runs down the ditch;
The picks swing deeper, and swing in easy rhythm —
Swinging all as one, as to a chant.
This is the black boy's heritage, the son
Of slaves: sweat-shouldered toil, the fire of the sun —
But much cheap laughter, the rhythm of a song.

The newsboys stream from the door, and fill the street
With shrill excitement, crying the noonday news:
The five-cent summary of a ghastly scene.
White men had whisked a black boy out of a jail,
And left him swinging, riddled, up in a tree —
Five towns away, before the sun was up.

The headlines cease to ring in the street; but the laughter
Is dead in the ditch. The black boys heave their picks
Silent and slow; the rhythm is broken; each stares
Down at the dirt, and thinks of his heritage.

LETTERS OF TWO WOMEN FARMERS. I

BY EVELYN HARRIS AND CAROLINE A. HENDERSON

HOWELL'S POINT FARM
BETTERTON, MARYLAND
April 10, 1932

MY DEAR CAROLINE,

It seems as if it had been ages since I last had a letter from you. Possibly the fault is mine. Be that as it may, I am most certainly going to have a chat with you this afternoon while I am in the right mood for it.

Perhaps you are in the same mood, for spring is here for both of us, although many miles stretch between us. Thirty years ago spring was the herald of new clothes, but that has long since been changed. Now spring gives promise of crops which *may* pull us out of debt. Spring means bloom on the trees, bloom means bees, and bees mean pears and apples and peaches if the weather is kind.

The trees are now masses of flowers, and the bees are working hard to pollinate the blossoms which are fully open. If bees are plentiful enough in an orchard, the crop of pears will be 'set' in one day of warm sun, but a fruit farmer has to remember that myriads of bees are needed where there are thousands of trees. So what do you think I have done? I have hired from a neighbor more than one hundred thousand bees to help pollinate my pears and cherries and berries, and they are such willing little workers that they require no supervision at all. Every morning I cut branches from my seventy-year-old seckel and d'Anjou pears and haul them to the front yard of the hired bees, so that they cannot pass by without dropping into a blossom or two. One taste is enough to send them hunting for more, and that brings the whole swarm into my orchard.

We have been busy every good day since the first of the year doing some sort of work in the orchards. I have found that we have less blight if the orchard is ploughed but once in three or four years. That helps to discourage the rapid and soft new growth on which blight spreads fastest. To date, I have not been able to learn of anything which will cure the blight, although I am receiving bulletins on the subject from California, as well as from the agricultural colleges of the Eastern pear-producing states. We have to fight it all the time. Some folks say, 'Don't let bees come into your orchards; they spread the blight.' Others say, 'Get about six thousand bees to the acre if you want to make a crop.' How is a woman to know what to do?

Years ago my husband planted twelve thousand Bartletts, but the rabbits girdled them so badly the first winter that many were killed off. When he replanted, he used Manning's Elizabeth, which produces a dear little sweet pear, very firm, which ripens before the Bartletts. These trees have proved to be very susceptible to blight, however, and few of them are left. Since there is a ready market for the

fruit, I have been trying to get more trees to replant, but the nurseries no longer carry them. So four years ago I cut bud sticks and sent them to a nursery to have them grafted on blight-proof stock. These trees came to me about two years back, and are doing very well.

A week later

Things are always happening on this place; I was interrupted before I could finish my letter, and have not had a chance to return to it until this moment. Meanwhile, successive days of warm, dry weather have worked miracles upon all the growing things. Tiny pears are already appearing on the trees, and it looks as if there would be enough of them to pull me out of debt, if they mature and all goes well.

As I walk through the orchards, I picture to myself bushels and bushels of No. 1 fruit, with no culls. I see buyers down on their knees in the New York and London markets begging for *our* brand. I see lines of men waiting for their checks on Saturday evening, and myself, in October, paying off the Land Bank. After living through a winter of sleet and snow, this vision of the harvest is what sustains me through all the labor of the growing season. That is what makes farmers continue to produce, come what may.

From what I have written, you may think that I spend all my time looking after the trees. Far from it. Here in Maryland we board our help, and I should be kept busy if I had nothing to do but attend to the garden. The children tell me that my favorite expression is 'Hurry up!' *They* can hear me, but the seeds cannot, so I buy thousands of early plants from the South and set them out in February, March, and April under Hotkaps — tiny tents of oiled paper. These coverings serve as protection against heat and cold, against dry weather and rain, against hail and wind, and against bugs.

I shall never forget the first time I used Hotkaps. I bought a trial order, and one beautiful warm afternoon I put out a lot of plants. That night we had a terrific rain, with heavy wind. When I glanced out at the garden the next morning, I felt like crying, and I was disgusted with myself for having believed what I had read in the advertisements. My plants and money were gone — I just knew it! — and I was so discouraged that I did not even go out to inspect the garden and assess the full extent of the damage. But on Sunday — the day when I usually give everything a thorough inspection to correct my mistakes of the past week and make plans for the next — I discovered that all the plants under the Hotkaps were standing up as saucily as could be and were quite unharmed.

My son has just come back from Florida with a large truckload of tomato plants for our neighbors and ourselves. When I inspected them, I found a number of large green worms busily eating their fill of the tender leaves, and I knew that there must be many more too small for the men to see when they set the plants out for me. So I prepared the duster and gave every plant a thorough spraying before it was put in the field. As a result, the back of my neck is tanned as dark as if I had spent a month at the seashore.

Here in the East and South, many men, women, and children are depending upon the farms for their daily bread. I do not say 'and butter,' because we have very little of that, even though butter fat is cheaper than it has ever been in my lifetime. In Maryland we are paying our help a low wage, it would seem — only a dollar for ten hours' work; yet in Florida the best the farmers can do, so I am told,

is to pay forty cents for eleven hours' work, with a wild hog and a tumble-down shack thrown in for good measure. One reason for these starvation wages is that the foodstuff which we raise and ship to New York by boat must pay freight charges high enough to allow the longshoremen up there to receive from $.85 to $1.10 for *one hour's work* in unloading it. Last week when the transportation companies proposed to reduce wages about 7 per cent, the men went on a strike and held up the delivery of our garden produce until much of it spoiled.

This tremendous difference in value between the farm dollar and the city dollar is the root of all our troubles. I do not see how farmers can even begin to get back on their feet until something is done to correct the injustice of it. No wonder we are in debt and going bankrupt when a long day's work on the farm is worth less than an hour's work in the city!

When I came to this farm as a bride twenty-seven years ago, my husband promised me a new house. To-day, with the hard work of all those seasons behind me, my husband is gone, I am left to carry on without him, and I am still waiting for that new house. There has always been something to take whatever money we managed to lay aside. Just at this moment, for example, it is bugs and other pests. There are worms and potato bugs on the week-old plants, codling moths and peach leaf curl on the fruit trees, beetles on the early sugar corn and asparagus, and mice in the hotbeds.

But this is grumbling enough for one letter, so I had better stop. In spite of everything, spring is here with its promise of another harvest, and I am glad that my children and I are still on the land. Write me about your plans and prospects.

EVELYN

WAYSIDE FARM
EVA, OKLAHOMA
May 2, 1932

MY DEAR EVELYN,

Last week I caught a glimpse of what must have been the real bluebird of happiness — a flash of deepest azure brightening the misty morning on which he appeared among the branches of our locust trees. We were more than glad to welcome this messenger of spring, for the 'winter of our discontent' has been long and stormy and persistent. Even this past week, when we should have been making May baskets, the lilac blossoms, which had survived the March blizzards and the April gales, and the rosebuds, just beginning to show their color, were coated with ice and tinkled like glass in the shifting winds. One day of the week before, four freight cars on our new railway went hurtling along the track for about forty miles, set in motion and carried forward solely by the violence of the wind and their own momentum.

These days of furious wind, which we must expect in the early spring, have a nervously exciting effect on both man and beast. On one of the worst days recently, our little Leghorns fought like fiends from dawn till roosting time, and when I went out in the night, as usual, to see about the brooder fire, they got up and promptly went at it again.

You ask about farming prospects out here. Well, we are going ahead with our spring work, but in a rather hesitating way. Unfavorable weather, lack of moisture, and wretched business conditions have slowed up everything. We cannot afford expensive mistakes, and are trying to proceed cautiously, with the least possible outlay. Our stored wheat from last year's crop is all we have to depend on to keep things going, except the small returns from dairy and poultry products. It

would require a lot of close accounting to prove which involves the greatest loss — wheat at 31 cents a bushel, eggs at 7 cents a dozen (in trade), hens at 8 cents a pound, calves at 3 cents, steers at 2 cents, or milo maize and Kafir corn at around 30 cents a hundredweight.

In nothing that we can produce here is there at present the slightest chance of any return on our labor. Yet we keep on working — really harder than ever. I wonder sometimes whether we are any wiser than the ants that William Beebe writes about in one of his books. He joined the ends of a marching column, and the ants went milling around in that circle without sense to stop or break from the line until they died of complete exhaustion. I'll have to confess that at times the endless round of our daily duties seems quite as meaningless and unprofitable. Just now, all by our two selves, besides trying to plant the garden and truck patch and prepare for feed crops and summer fallowing on 240 acres, Will and I are milking 9 cows, caring for 41 head of cattle, about 100 hens and 240 young chicks, grinding and mixing our own feeds, and struggling to make a few improvements about the place.

This spring we have set out about 300 small trees — Chinese elms, mulberries, and arbor vitæ. Our State Forestry Department is generous with seedlings for hedge and windbreak planting, and my own feeling is like the parting advice of Sir Walter Scott's wicked old laird of Dumbiedikes in *The Heart of Midlothian:* 'Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping.'

Through this most lonely and disheartening of all winters, I have found my greatest inspiration and encouragement in the blossoming plants in our windows. The geraniums have fairly outdone themselves in blooming, and the Christmas cactus, oxalis, begonias, and amaryllis have all done their share. A few wild geranium seeds gathered last summer on the summit of Raton Pass have given me one delicate plant with leaves of characteristic pattern, sheltering under Will's precious date palm. Insignificant little things these are, I realize; yet they have seemed to reassure me that sunshine and rain, the laws of life and growth, seedtime and harvest, are in a general way dependable; that our earthly heritage is still rich in possibilities; and that most of our troubles are caused by human faults and follies, and are therefore capable of correction — if only we care enough, and are brave enough, to demand and to work personally for justice and mercy.

During the winter we have had several letters from a young friend engaged in social work in Chicago. Trying as our situation here often seems, I feel ashamed of my own bitterness when we read of conditions there. She writes of homes 'where only oatmeal has been eaten for days, where a loaf of bread must serve six children for a meal until relief comes,' and of schools where 'children sit in men's clothing and overshoes. . . . They have gone without food until they do not feel hunger pangs any longer.'

Granting that much of this misery is brought on by personal inefficiency and mismanagement, are not such conditions a challenge to us all? Some of my friends are uneasy about my interest in the Russian experiment — as if Americans had never tried daring adventures! The Russians may fail, but I see no reason why we should nationally assume a self-righteous attitude and pour contempt upon them for having dreamed of a new order under which men should work for

the joy of the working and for the common good. Someone — I think it was Professor Carver of Harvard — has recently said that the Russians have equality without liberty, and we have liberty without equality, but that we might, by the application of intelligence to our own problems, have a fair measure of both. I believe that.

I judge that hardening of the heart is about as common among bankers in the East as in the West. They say that they are making no new loans here except occasionally, in very small sums and for a short time. The State Banking Commission has been taking care of a part of our small resources since October, and we cannot even get a reply to our inquiry as to whether the depositors of the closed bank may expect any return whatever.

Our own programme contains nothing new or original, but is largely an intensification of effort along the lines we have previously followed. We try to spend money only when the loss from doing without the needed supplies would be greater than the loss on the wheat that must be sold to purchase them. Some things, like coal for the brooder at $20 a ton, seem necessary regardless of the loss. We are trying, so far as possible, to keep thin s in reasonable repair. We have bought fencing to protect the yard and garden, and have even squandered a load of wheat on paint. So you see we are not among the much-berated hoarders — though I wish we had something to hoard for taxes and emergencies. Our own personal 'use-what-you-have' movement had been going on for a long time before anyone thought up the hateful phrase, 'anti-hoarding.' It is surprising how many things temporarily out of use we have been able to fix up and turn to some account for ourselves or for other people.

And we mean to help where we can — especially to help young people who might grow disheartened under the stress of existing conditions. I hope your boys and girls are all doing well in whatever interests them, and that somehow we shall all find courage for the tasks ahead. I often think of Christina Rossetti's little poem, 'Uphill,' and begin to realize its truth: —

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

Our best wishes to you for all of the journey.

CAROLINE

BETTERTON, MARYLAND
June 1, 1932

MY DEAR CAROLINE,

If you were near enough to talk to, I should get me a big handkerchief and cry it full of tears. I am really having to choke them back while I write this letter, for all of my Bartlett, seckel, and Manning's pears are lost, and, I fear, many of the trees as well.

Ten days ago I wrote to our State College and said that the results of its teaching during the past eight years could be plainly seen in my orchards, for, while the best yield I had gotten from the young trees heretofore had been 4500 bushels, this year they would give me 7000 bushels. Every tree had pears on it as large as my little finger, and there were so many of them that I decided I should have to thin the fruit if I wanted it to grow to full size. By walking down each block of trees and counting the fruit on each, it was easy to estimate how many bushels there would be. So when I had an inquiry from the president of the company which manufactures my crates and boxes asking what my needs would be, so that the lowest prices could be quoted, I did not hesitate to tell him 7000 bushels also.

Since I needed money very badly, I then wrote to a firm in New York, asking that a representative be sent down to look over the orchards with the idea of making me an advance to cover hail insurance and additional sprayings. Their man came, and when I took him out to inspect the fruit I found that the orchards looked exactly as if a fire had swept through the place. Almost every cluster of fruit, together with the surrounding leaves, was hanging limp and was perfectly black all over. It was the dreaded fire blight.

There is nothing at all that I can do. The disease must run for a week or ten days more before I shall be able to discover just which trees will be worth pruning and which will have to be cut down entirely. Seven years ago I had more than 3000 trees destroyed by a fire; to-day my trees look just the way those did then.

Last year we had a good crop, but the markets were glutted, and the learned ones said the trouble was that too much had been grown. 'Cut down on acreage,' they said. 'Farmers do not know how to plant.' They forget that the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, and that we, as farmers, are powerless to do anything about it either way. I am told that the continued rains and heavy dews, together with the extremely hot spell we had at the same time, were responsible for the fire blight, but these are things quite beyond our control.

Never shall I forget that terrible day. It was the same day the Lindbergh baby was found.

And the next morning I discovered that the potato patch was infested with bugs. Whenever I am at work there is always some phrase or song running as a constant refrain through my mind, and that day it was the Biblical phrase, 'Male and female created he them.' There were literally millions of potato bugs. I set one gang at work picking them off, another at dusting, another at spraying with small sprayers, and a fourth took buckets of poison and with a bundle of long weeds sprinkled each plant. I pitched in wherever I could do the most good, and I assure you I was swatting, sweating, and almost swearing before the job was done.

I see that Congress has been asked to appropriate a lot of money to fight grasshoppers out in your part of the country. I wish you would tell me just what you folks do with help that comes to you in that fashion. Does it mean that you are able to get poison by the carload and put it on, yourselves, or does it simply mean more government jobs, at five dollars a day and 'keep,' for friends of the Congressmen? I am curious to know how it works, for if the West can be protected against grasshoppers, why can't the East be protected against potato bugs? And why not aid on interest and taxes when fire blight or some other 'act of God' destroys our crops?

A friend in Baltimore tells me that her mother has property in Chicago which she has not been able to rent for several years. She plans to tear down the buildings and thus save hundreds of dollars annually which she is now forced to pay out in taxes. She says that the tax is very little on unimproved land. But on the farms it makes no difference whether we have planted acres, blighted acres, or acres growing up in weeds — the assessment does not change. Many are complaining about the high rates, but nothing is being done.

Have you visited your county seat lately? The next time you do, go to the courthouse and take a look around. Notice the unused rooms and the number of petty politicians standing about talking and idling all over the place. There's unemployment for you! But

those fellows are unemployed on a salary, and if farmers want to know why their taxes are so high, that's the answer.

Each little county is overrun with its horde of officeholders, and the sole purpose of their existence seems to be to make taxes higher. The whole system needs overhauling, and everybody knows it, yet nobody does anything about it. To-day, five counties could be governed as easily as one was fifty years ago, and with a smaller staff of officials, and governed far better, too, because we enjoy improved methods of communication — telegraph, telephone, and telawoman — while in those days they had only the last.

And speaking of taxes, what about freight rates? Coal for your brooder at $20 a ton is exorbitant. If I could collect a bill for fruit that I sold in a mining town two years ago, I could pay a few of my own bills. Yet the merchant who bought my pears writes that they were sold to a mining company's store, that the store is unable to pay its bills because the miners are not working, and that they are not working because of the low prices paid for coal. In spite of that, you with your seven-cent eggs have to buy coal at $20 a ton. Where does all that money go?

I am reminded of an Italian pushcart peddler I once talked to in New York. He was selling California pears, and had paid top prices for them — about a cent apiece. *His* price was four for 25 cents. I asked him why he did n't sell eight of them for 25 cents so that the consumer could have a better chance to dispose of a product that was being overproduced. He replied, 'Why I push two box if I make it on one?' There you are. And so with the railroads. Why 'they push' two tons of coal if they make it on one? The same principle applies to wheat and corn and everything else.

My oldest daughter graduates from college this year, but so far the chances of her getting a position seem very remote. However, she says she will keep on trying just as she did when she swam across Chesapeake Bay, one stroke at a time. We are preparing for a local horse show, put on for the benefit of health work in the county, and my youngest daughter hopes to have at least one of the horses fit to enter. The middle girl is very busy preparing for her graduation from high school. That, of course, means clothes, and having her photograph made, and getting a class pin to go with the class ring — and everything means money. But she has made her own money working in the packing house here on the farm. I paid her the same wages as the boys I hired last summer to crate the fruits and vegetables, for she worked as hard as any of them. This money has been drawing interest for nearly a year, and it has been a life-saver to us more than once.

I shall have to stop now, for it is growing late and I shall have to be up with the sun to-morrow. Our love to you both.

EVELYN

EVA, OKLAHOMA
June 10, 1932

MY DEAR EVELYN,

You must have been writing to me on the very evening when I was thinking especially of you, and wondering whether farming in Maryland is as difficult as it is here on the great plains. We had had no rain for weeks. The wind, which had raged all through April, seemed to have blown itself out, and for several days the breeze had been too light to stir the windmill upon which we depend for water. The tanks were all empty, and my lettuce bed was drying up. So after dark one night we put a cream can in the back of the old

Model T and drove to a shallow pool in the south pasture to dip up water for the thirsty plants.

The pool is supplied by a deep well, one of the earliest in all the neighborhood. The people who drilled it 'on the lone prairie' have moved on long ago, but that much of their work remains. The cottonwoods which they planted about the little pool rustled silkily. A pair of killdeers, disturbed by our adventuring, filled the air with their answering cries. A young moon, with Venus and Jupiter blazing in the west, gave light for our undertaking. The lettuce revived, and with later waterings has provided a welcome addition to our 'iron ration.'

Just a few days later we received your letter and were dismayed by the report of the disastrous fire blight. We still try to hope that even though this year's crop is lost the trees may survive, and that fate may be kinder another year.

Out here we thought the depths of the depression had been fathomed some time ago when the sheriff subtracted from the very personal possessions of one of our neighbors a set of false teeth that he had been unable to pay for. But we were too sanguine. While we were again distracted by lack of wind to pump our water and by apparently futile but finally successful efforts to recondition a small gasoline engine for that work, we received in the mail a lengthy document explaining why our only intangible possession — a real estate bond for $1000 — had become valuable principally as a souvenir and a warning. It appeared that the only hope of any ultimate recovery lay in turning over the bond to a committee whose autocratic powers would make Mussolini ashamed of himself. The committee seemed to have in mind some plan of reorganization incapable of completion until long after we shall have ceased to care about bonds or anything else.

The same week another disaster overtook us. One day when the men were busy in the fields, a terrifying cloud came rolling up from the south. Though I tried hard to get the small chicks into their shelter, they turned away, not realizing their danger, and were almost instantly beaten to earth by the vicious pelting of hail which burst from the angry-looking cloud. I stayed out through all of it — and how those hailstones did sting! — picking up the helpless chicks. Most of them I was able to revive by wrapping them up in warm cloths, but several were beyond help.

I was so occupied with trying to save the chickens that the storm was nearly over before I realized that garden, truck patch, and wheat fields were all involved in one common ruin. Although stubs and stems remained, almost everything above the ground except the screened-over lettuce and tomato plants was either destroyed or so seriously damaged as to give little hope of recovery. What to do? We hardly know, but, as the saying goes, we have the bear by the tail and it looks like a poor time to let go. I have replanted some of the quicker-growing seeds and hoed the entire garden to give all possible encouragement to the scattered, broken plants that remain. Fortunately, our cantaloupes and Mississippi peanuts were just coming up, and most of them escaped injury. Will is going on with his field work, and expects to finish his milo maize planting and to replant the Mexican and Tepary beans to-day.

As for our wheat, it was poor at best, but we hoped for a little feed for the cattle and poultry from what the cutworms had left. No farmer can feel any enthusiasm over ploughing out a third of his cotton or seeing a hailstorm

harvest a large share of his wheat, particularly when he knows that people are ragged and hungry through no fault of their own.

But of all our losses in recent years the most distressing is the loss of our self-respect. How can we feel that our work here has any dignity or importance when the world places so low a value on the products of our toil? We are humiliated every time we have to dole out another load of wheat at a price below production costs, but we must do it to meet our current expenses. We did stop selling cream and dairy products when prices fell, but we may yet look back to the good old days when butter fat was worth 9 cents a pound.

By sacrificing the small reserves we had held against the days of drought or disaster, we have succeeded so far in keeping on a cash basis. We have disconnected the telephone, our only insurance in case of accident or emergency; stopped the daily paper; postponed our annual gift to the Grenfell Mission until wheat reaches 50 cents, if it ever does again; made hand towels out of the cement sacks which are no longer returnable; substituted cheap lye for washing powder, so that my hands are rough and uncomfortable from week to week; abandoned regretfully our emergency shelf in the cupboard. If the President were to drop in for dinner some day, he would have to eat wheat porridge or beans or potatoes or cheese or eggs along with the rest of us, unless there were time to prepare a worthless chicken.

I am sure you are quite right about the seriousness of the transportation problem. It affects to our disadvantage the price of everything we buy or sell. In the April number of the *Nation's Business* a staff writer refers to the price of wheat as 'around 70 cents.' At that time the price here was hovering around 30 cents. The difference of 40 cents a bushel must have gone into transportation and handling costs, with possibly a margin for gamblers' gains.

You ask about government appropriations for fighting grasshoppers. We have heard nothing about it here. As yet, insects have been less troublesome than usual, perhaps because of the severe winter. But if our crops *were* threatened by grasshoppers, I feel reasonably sure that we should have to provide our own poison, together with bran, lemons, and molasses, mix the loathsome mess, and scatter it broadcast over the fields at nightfall just as we did during the early summer of 1918. Government action in such emergencies ought to be the most economical and effective way to meet the situation, but too often, as you suggest, it simply provides an opportunity for the working out of a pernicious idea, which every loyal citizen ought to combat wherever he meets it — the notion that government is a sort of gold mine, to be worked with the least possible effort, for individual profit. I don't know of anything more destructive of confidence, the lack of which is so frequently deplored by our leaders, than the knowledge that government, whose chief aim should be to 'promote the general welfare,' is being used for selfish, personal ends.

But confidence may be sacrificed in other ways, too. Last November we received an appeal signed by our county agent and the chairman of our county advisory committee. It was headed, 'Wheat Donation for Red Cross,' and went on to explain that the American Red Cross had asked our state 'to donate 25 carloads of wheat for relief work in the Northern states where crop failures had been all but complete.' The letter stated that railroads and mills had agreed to transport and make this wheat into flour free of any charge.

The farmers of our county were urged to give whatever wheat they felt they could spare for this purpose — 'to aid farmers who, because of drought and grasshoppers, must have help.'

The day before Thanksgiving was appointed for collection. It was a bitter day, and we had a desperate time getting the old truck started. At last, however, we got the wheat loaded, hauled it to the elevator, and were given a pink receipt marked 'Wheat for Red Cross.' We warmed ourselves with the thought that a little of our concentrated Southwestern sunshine would be going North where it was needed for the cold winter.

We heard nothing more of the project until late in February. The county agent was here one day, and we asked him about the success of the appeal. He seemed chagrined to have to tell us that we had all been let down together. After the wheat was collected — there were something like 1200 bushels — the railroads refused to move it, and the nearest general division of the Red Cross could furnish no funds for transportation. There was nothing to do but sell the wheat, and either to turn the proceeds into the general treasury of the Red Cross without assurance that it would ever reach the people for whom it was intended, or to hold the money — about $400 — until somebody could decide which community stood in the greatest need of it. The second course was chosen, and in February, with the winter nearly over, the money was still on deposit in a bank at the county seat. Though it was later turned over to Red Cross officials in South Dakota, the plan proposed in the original appeal was not carried out, and the intrinsic value of the donated wheat would have been far greater in flour and feed than the small sum received for it at the low market price.

When such things happen, is it strange that people lose confidence?

The sun is getting low. It's chicken time and cow time and supper time and time for the tractor man to come home from his hot, dusty work. Would you like to know what has been running in my mind to-day? Two lines from Shelley, the lover of all beauty: —

> Ay, many flowering islands lie
> In the waters of wide Agony.

Perhaps you wonder whether, amid all our futile efforts and disappointments, we do find any flowering islands, any place of rest and refreshment for continuing the struggle. Yes, we do.

I wish you could have been with us one day when we had to make a trip to town to see about repairing the tractor. You would have noticed the blue lakes of the mirage as they appeared and faded in the road ahead, and you might have thought that our hopes for the future were quite as insubstantial. But you would have taken pleasure, as we did, in the fields of golden coreopsis, in the banks of salmon-colored mallow, in the mats of vivid purple verbena, in scattered plants here and there of white and lilac beardtongue, and in several varieties of evening primrose — lemon yellow, pink, and white.

We came back by the pool where we got the water for the lettuce and saw the reason for the killdeers' anxiety that night — two downy baby killdeers, soft gray with white collars, teetering forward rather uncertainly on their long slender legs and whispering a little call surprisingly like the 'Did it? Did it? Did it?' cry of their parents.

Yes, we find respite in many simple things like these. Of those green and flowering islands, each of us must, I think, be his own discoverer.

CAROLINE

(To be concluded)

'ON THIS SPOT OCCURRED . . .'

Tales for Tourists

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I

Guidebooks. — Nowadays guidebooks are compiled with the idea of making culture easy. Before the necessity of being cultured had entered anyone's head except Ruskin's and Matthew Arnold's, the guidebooks were full of stories, good stories. But now they are mostly made up of information like this: —

'The E. half of the nave is Norm., the W. half Trans.; and on the S. side are slender detached columns. The clerestory is E.E. The choir is Dec. work, with stone altar-screens, ambries, and sedilia, and a great East Window containing Flowing tracery and restored 14th Cent. glass (Tree of Jesse). The so-called Lady Chapel or retrochoir, likewise, is in the Dec. style, the arcades in the choir-aisles and sacristy noteworthy. The S. transept and the central tower have been rebuilt.'

This is a description of Selby Abbey, but Selby Abbey did n't look like that to me. I could dream in Selby Abbey for a year without ever knowing that half the nave is Norm. and the other half Trans.

Guides. — I am glad to report, however, that the guides do not read the guidebooks — not even the ones they sell. They have not looked into a guidebook for fifty years. They know that, although the American tourist thinks he comes to Europe to acquire culture, he really comes to be told stories. What he wants is romance. And they also know that a tale gains enormously in effectiveness if told on the spot, with actual castles, cliffs, gardens, ravines, mountains, scattered about, where one can see them, looking exactly as they did at the time when the story did not occur. The most talented novelist cannot lie half so successfully as the humblest guide, because the latter has only to point to this or that to prove that he is telling the truth.

And maybe he *is* telling the truth, even though he may not be telling the facts.

In Edinburgh Castle, the guide conducts you to a little paneled room in which, he says, Mary Queen of Scots bore James VI, and from the window of which she lowered him in a basket by a rope to friends waiting below, who took him off to be baptized in the Catholic faith. This is a very good story. You look from the window and picture the baby swinging down, while the beautiful distracted mother pays out the line. You measure the distance with your eye. You hope the baby will arrive safe. And then you go back to your hotel and read in the guidebook (which you bought at the Castle) that Queen Mary never occupied that room at all and certainly never let her baby down in a basket.

But what of it? Whether Mary of Scotland ever did it or not, letting her

baby down on the end of a rope was just the sort of thing she would have done if she had thought of it. What is a prosy old guidebook, anyway, compared with a paneled room in an old castle? Is not a significant fiction always to be preferred to an insignificant fact? And were not 'history' and 'story' originally the same word?

Guide Psychology. — 'I say it once,' says the Captain, in the *Hunting of the Snark*. 'I say it twice. What I say three times is true.' Any guide would perceive the logic of that. He says it three hundred, three thousand times, until for him it is truer than the truth. But he is not peculiar in this. If I wanted to be philosophical, I might go on to show how many of our own religious, political, patriotic beliefs were arrived at by the same method.

When the guide has memorized three or four good stories, he is fully equipped for his profession. He need know nothing else. But one at least of his stories must be blood-curdling. In every German castle the caretakers, like the Fat Boy, are doing their best to give us pleasure by making our flesh creep. In Italian museums they keep one room always locked, to be opened only with a golden key; within is some wax model of a city stricken by the plague, or other creation equally enlivening. Nothing is more popular in the Tower of London than the headsman's block and axe. At the Carnavalet, in Paris, they exhibit not only the baby clothes of Louis XVI, but a neat little model of the guillotine. And in every English baronial hall and manor house they keep a ghost. All this is done so that the guide may have at least one story certain to be popular.

II

Anonymous Fictionists. — In an old castle in Germany, on the Bodensee, the guide points out a deep pit in a corner of the dining hall as the place in which the twelfth-century proprietor used to confine captives whom he particularly disliked, 'so that they could smell the food and listen to the sounds of eating while they starved.' This is a strangely effective story. You shudder to think of the poor pale wretch at the bottom of the dank well, holding up his open mouth, like a little bird at feeding time, hoping that some crust or crumb might fall into it. It is true that, like as not, some learned but officious professor will tell you next day that the pit was merely an artless mediæval means for disposing of garbage. This is not a pleasant thought either, but it lacks the romantic tone that gets stories into the repertory of castle guides. I must admit that for once I hope the professor is right. But think of the unknown Poe who first saw the possibilities of that hole in the floor!

As I traveled about Europe, sedulously collecting misinformation, I was gradually filled with admiration for the host of anonymous fictionists of talent who apparently no sooner saw a place than they knew exactly what story ought to have occurred there. These humble folk have received no praise. Their names are not blazoned on the tablets of fame. They lied simply, or simply lied, and sank into oblivion. They made thousands laugh, or weep, or shudder, and they gave employment to whole generations of guides and makers of guidebooks. They made countless castles and ruins worth visiting. But nobody thinks of them. They are totally forgotten.

However, their pleasing inventions are not. The guides all memorize them. The tourists all swallow them. They give the historian a pain, but they give the poets poems; and that is much more important.

Guides' Pride. — Especially ingrati-

ating is the guide who loves his gallery, museum, church, or ruin; who feels a stronger sense of proprietorship in it than its owner.

'Mon,' said a guide in Edinburgh, with a wave of the hand toward the War Memorial, 'gang in and ha' a luke; and if you don't think it the bonniest war meemorial ever you saw, coom oot and say so, and I'll geeve you a shillin'.'

I do not see how a Scotchman could make a more sporting offer than that.

'And where be ye goin' next?' asked the ruddy old gatekeeper at Warwick Castle.

'Oh, to Kenilworth, of course,' said I.

'Ow,' said he. 'What do ye want to go to Kenil'orth for? That's aonly an aold blaown-daown sort o' plice!'

And he turned proudly to survey *his* castle, so portly and well preserved.

III

Giorgio Vasari. — In Florence they still tell you that when Cimabue had finished his Madonna the entire city turned out to escort it and him from his house in the Borgo Allegri to Santa Maria Novella. What a fine story that is! Only the guidebooks say that the famous Madonna was not painted by Cimabue, but by Duccio, and that it never was carried through the streets in spontaneous processional, to the acclamations of the populace. Here once more, if this story is not true, it ought to be; because it indicates just how thirteenth-century Florentines might have acted. And surely that is more important than how they did act. I think that is what Lamb meant by the remark Hazlitt ascribes to him. Hazlitt tells how, when Holcroft and Coleridge were 'disputing fiercely which was the best — *Man as he was, or man as he is to be*, "Give me," said Lamb, "man as he is *not* to be."'

Most of the best stories about Florence originated with Giorgio Vasari, who put them down in his lives of the painters without bothering too much to inquire whether they were true. By doing so he gave many an editor the hobby of industriously correcting his statements. But we should never forget that it is much easier to prove that a story is not true than to make it up in the first place. In making up stories that ought to be true, old Giorgio was something of a genius.

Time, Place, and Man. — I think that he was gifted with the ability to see that in history the time, the place, and the man seldom meet in perfect comity, but that for them to do so is the very essence of what is called 'romance.' His trick, then, was to correct the carelessness of history. Given the time and the place, or the time and the man, or the place and the man, he supplied the missing term of the equation, with the result that his stories have been snapped up by the poets, dramatists, and novelists, even though the historians have viewed them and him with a lacklustre eye.

But once in a blue moon history does quite as well as Vasari. One pleasant afternoon, across the river in Santa Maria del Carmine, as I stood looking at the frescoes of Masaccio, a small boy, with whom I was sharing some tangerines, — or *mandarini*, as they call them there, — told me a story. He was a guide in embryo, so to speak, and he was practising on me. He told me that on that very spot Michelangelo's nose was broken in a quarrel with Torrigiano, a fellow student, over those very pictures. I liked this story so much that I wanted to believe it; and when I looked it up in the encyclopædia I was astonished to find that it was true. For once history was equal to fiction. For once Clio agreed with Calliope.

If one had to choose among all the places where Michelangelo ought to have had his nose broken, one could find none so appropriate as this. I mean that, if he was to bear that disfigurement to his dying day, then this was the place to receive it: here, in the Brancacci Chapel, fighting about those pictures which may have first shown him the path his own genius was to tread. The only trouble is that we do not know what he and Torrigiano were arguing about; but I am sure he was on the side of the moderns. Anyhow it is a fine story, as fine as that other they tell in the Cathedral at Pisa (and this also is true), of how Galileo caught his first hint of the theory of the pendulum while watching, during divine service, the swaying of the chandelier. Such authentic anecdotes furnish a gauge for the travelers' tales of the guides, by showing what may happen when the time, the place, and the man happen to meet.

IV

Ghosts. — In Warwick Castle you are shown a room which is haunted by the ghost of Fulke Greville, who, I believe, is still stabbed on certain evenings by the ghost of the servant who killed him. Now there is one good thing about a ghost story: it can never be disproved, even by the compiler of a guidebook. That which exists only in the spiritual world can be dealt with only by spiritual means. All a scientist can say about any particular ghost is, 'It did n't appear when I was there.'

You might go and sleep in the Fulke Greville room every night for a year undisturbed, and then write a letter to the Society for Psychical Research denouncing the ghost as a fraud; but you would not have proved that the ghost did not exist. It might have decided not to walk while you were there, because it did not like your looks, or did not like the Society for Psychical Research, or did not like people who write skeptical letters. The night after you moved out, it might walk and scare somebody else out of a year's growth.

I pressed the personable young man who escorted me to the room to admit whether he had ever seen the ghost, but he only looked mysterious and 'smiling waved the question by.' I saw at once that he had not, because, if he had, nothing would have restrained him from telling me all about it. One is like that about ghosts. But I also saw that he did not want to hurt the business in ghosts, which is one of the most flourishing industries in England.

I tell myself that I do not believe in ghosts, and yet I should not care to sleep in that room. It is one of the peculiarities of ghost stories that one can rationalize about them with complete conviction in broad daylight, and yet become entirely irrational about them at dead of night in a wainscoted room in an old castle. When we listen to such stories there is always a margin of hesitation in our minds about them. One might as well believe in ghosts as to be afraid of them without believing. And there is always the chance that, even if we do not believe, one may come walking through the wainscot after all.

Guides and Guides. — To have a good lively ghost in one's castle must be a great help to any industrious guide; but even without one most guides do pretty well if they have a murder, a hanging, a premature burial, a torture chamber, a monk's hole, or an oubliette. All they need to charm the tourist is some little fillip to fancy.

On the whole, the more ignorant a guide is, the more amusing he is. Of course there are guides and guides, and some are intelligent, learned, and instructive. These have a strong pedagogic bent and are probably men who for some reason failed to become teach-

ers; otherwise how can we account for their willingness to say the same thing over and over, year in and year out? The trouble with them is, however, that they are inclined to 'say an undisputed thing in such a solemn way.' The guide who says a preposterous thing with a straight face is much better.

Guides Unofficial. — Everywhere in Europe one meets travelers who ought to have been guides. The showman's instinct in them is highly developed. During the soup, in a Florentine *pensione*, you hear a feminine voice asking in tones unmistakably American, 'Have you been to Sant' Apollonia yet?'

Suddenly becoming aware that the question is addressed to you, you strangle for a moment, at the same time trying to remember whether you have ever heard of Sant' Apollonia before. Then you ask politely, 'What is Sant' Apollonia?'

'Oh,' says the lady at the second table on your right, 'you must n't miss Sant' Apollonia! It used to be a nunnery, and in the refectory is the *cenacolo* of Andrea del Castagno, his masterpiece. Mrs. Puddleford-Hicks and I were there to-day, and we think it the nicest *cenacolo* in Florence.'

'How interesting!' you reply. 'But what is a *cenacolo?* I am very ignorant.'

Chorus, from several tables: '*Cenacolo* is the Italian for "Last Supper."'

First voice: 'You go along the Via San Gallo to the Church of Jesus Pilgrim, and right opposite, at the corner of Via XXVII Aprile, is Sant' Apollonia.'

Another voice, from a far corner: 'I like the *cenacolo* of Fuligno still better.'

There is a dead silence. Nobody else has seen the *cenacolo* of Fuligno. And so with a sigh you continue your soup.

The official guide still tells you the very nice story of how Michelangelo, sitting in the sun in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, chatting with a friend (my guide told me it was Donatello; but that seems hardly possible, since Michelangelo was not born till nine years after Donatello had died), reached over his shoulder and drew a profile on the wall behind him, 'almost without thinking of what he was doing.' I find that the guidebooks also repeat this story. But one of the unofficial guides, an English gentleman I happened to meet there one morning, pooh-poohed it with all the decision we associate with the English character. I gradually discovered that such voluntary guides make it their business to tell you what you ought to know and to prove to you that everything you do know is wrong. But the official guides are eager to make you comfortable.

Therefore no professional guide will ever leave this Michelangelo story out of his repertory. It is one more story that ought to be true, whether it is or not. There is the grim gray castle, there is the place behind the statue of Hercules and Cacus, there is the hot sunshine, and there, sure enough, is the profile on the wall. Could an entire book about Michelangelo which omitted this incident bring before us so brightly the everyday life of that awe-inspiring man? Because nothing is more perfectly Florentine than sitting on a palace bench in the crowded *piazza* and chatting about this and that; and nothing is more characteristic of the nervous fingers of a Renaissance artist than the absent-minded sketching of a face on the only wall handy, even if it was behind him.

V

Touching Attentions. — Europeans find the inoffensive American tourist, with his anxious pursuit of culture, amusing — and lucrative. Every year

they set the stage for him, dusting off the literary shrines and hanging out more and yet more tablets for his edification. They should remember, however, that he only thinks he is seeking culture. He is really seeking romance.

Simple folk, like guides and villagers, long since discovered this fact and do their best to make him happy. They know that he would much rather look at a dungeon than read about naves, transepts, ambries, and sedilia; would much rather see gorse, heather, hawthorns, wallflowers, and cowslips; would much rather listen to larks, nightingales, and cuckoos. But the polite European cannot get over his feeling that the sentimental traveler is funny.

One May evening my daughter and I went out from the Swan at Newby Bridge for a row on Lake Windermere. Below Newby Bridge the lake is no wider than a small river and it winds its way, like a river, for fifteen miles down to Ulverston. On both sides are low hills. The place that evening was so quiet that the ripple and drip of the oars seemed noisy. We stopped rowing every now and then to listen to the stillness. I suppose the landscape was no more attractive than a hundred we had seen in America, but the time of night, the setting sun, the musical names we had been reading in the guidebook, together with a multitude of hazy memories and snatches of poetry, put us in a mood of sentiment.

We had drifted perhaps a mile when over a little hill floated the unmistakable call of a cuckoo.

That is the only time I have ever heard the European cuckoo, except once, a week later, when we were climbing the hill — Craigmore, I think it is called — where the Trossachs begin behind Aberfoyle. It was during the twilight, which lasted till eleven o'clock. I had just discovered a pretty waterfall, attracted by its roar among the rocks and bushes, and was calling to my wife to come and see it, when again there came floating over a hillock the triple call of a cuckoo. We were glad to have heard it, because we knew that within a month this most mysterious of birds would either fall silent or migrate. The call seemed to provide a moving commentary upon the multitude of references to it in English poetry, from 'Sumer is icumen in' to the present. Naught 'but a wandering voice' —

> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides.

A few days later, in Edinburgh, I came upon a note in a London newspaper, and read it to the family: —

'This is the season when the oldest inhabitant of our villages hides behind a tree and imitates the call of the cuckoo for the gratification of the American tourist.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Letter to Kallikrates

My dear Kallikrates: —

Your letter to Saint Paul which appeared in the *Atlantic* four or five years ago interested me very much. It is a long time since we used to hear him together at the house of Justus, and, while I have never lost touch with him since, I had not heard from you for a long, long time, and had actually lost your address. But your letter in the *Atlantic* brings back very vividly all those old days and experiences together — our life in Egypt, our studies at the universities, and our religious instruction at Corinth by Saint Paul. All sorts of memories of those days came at once to my mind on seeing your name once more.

Do you remember, back in the first century, when we used to have to work five days a year on those Nile embankments for the government, instead of paying taxes? How tyrannical and oppressive it used to seem, the old corvée! But you should see us now. My cousin, a very able engineer, told me last night that he works one whole month of every year for the government, and as for me, one fifth of my time, or two months and a half out of each year, is spent working for it. Think of it! Not five days, but seventy-five! Of course we do not actually do the special work required ourselves, but we earn the money equivalent and turn it over to the tax gatherers, who apply it — we hope! — to the public good.

But it makes me sigh a little sometimes for the old free life on the embankments, working up the loose earth with our mattocks and carrying it in our little baskets to the place indicated by the overseer, and then camping out at night under the stars. There was the jolly fellowship with the other taxpayers who were working out their corvée, and the songs and stories about the supper fire. And when it was over we were all off for home again, with the load off our shoulders for another year.

Here, we all grow stoop-shouldered bending over our desks week after week and month after month and year after year, while the tax load grows steadily heavier and heavier. It's a long, losing race, trying to keep ahead of it, with ruin sure at the end. I remember, just a few years ago, one of our best daily papers (which are such a blessing to all our people nowadays, telling them just what to think and do about everything you can imagine) startled us by declaring that we were all paying 5 per cent of our incomes to the government in taxes. It was a revelation to most of us then. But of course that is a mere nothing to what we are paying now.

One wonders where it will end. Of course every office seeker, from the ward committeeman to the President, declares he will reduce taxes, and everybody who is elected to office is committed to effecting some reductions in these burdens, which are rapidly getting to be intolerable. We now have a new alderman, a new mayor, a new governor, and a new President. The result is, my personal property tax has just been increased 700 per cent. A friend of mine inquired at the Assessor's office how they came to do this, and was told that the Assessor in poking about had found that I was a member of the University Club and concluded that I must be rich. Of course I am only a teacher-member, and pay only nominal dues, but he did not poke as far as that.

But what a tribute this is, my dear Kallikrates, to our modern university education! Hard-faced men like tax gatherers used to think study an impractical and visionary pursuit. But now, if a man belongs to a University Club they think he must be a millionaire! What a change from our old university days at Rhodes and Athens, where we worked so hard over astrology and Aristotle. Such studies never made any of us rich! It is very different nowadays. Indeed, they tell us that one

has n't much chance of financial success now without a college training, and the colleges are waking up to their obligations in this direction.

Well, I must get back to work, my dear Kallikrates, or I shall not succeed in earning the 20 per cent the state now requires of me for its support. In that case, my house and small effects will be confiscated and I shall become a wanderer, dependent upon the relief provided for me by the steadily decreasing few who can still pay their taxes. Of course they will inevitably grow fewer and fewer until the last one passes over from the ranks of the taxpayers to the tax-eaters, and there will be nobody left to tax, and the government will become, as our dear old teacher Saint Paul used to say in a nobler connection, all and in all.

In fact, that is the actual state of things in a big, wild region up north of Dacia, which was almost unknown in our time but is now called Russia. And that is the way our politicians are hurrying us as fast as the taxes can carry them. In ten years my own taxes have gone up from 5 per cent to 20. In ten more they will, at that rate, have reached 80, and I shall not wait for them to reach an even 100, but will go on the relief rolls probably when they get to 75. Of course, the way the thing is accelerating, it will not take nearly that long.

Perhaps it will be easier then; at any rate we shall not have to worry about making ends meet any longer. As it is now, anyone who is foolish enough to own a house to live in really rents it of the government; I pay fifty dollars a month to the state for the use of my house, which amounts in a year to 3 per cent of its cost when it was new; and to the bank I pay more than forty dollars a month on the mortgage, so you see I am really renting it, except that I have to pay for insurance and repairs myself.

But we are very happy, my dear Kallikrates. Do not think otherwise. We are all proud of our politicians, who live richly and splendidly, and are a source of simple pride to us. The obsequies of our late mayor, who was shot by a man aiming at someone else, were of unexampled splendor; no Pharaoh was ever better buried. (Still, Egypt did n't work out so well, did it?) In fact, I was myself one of his honorary pallbearers. There is a great deal of comfort in this. It means more to plain people like me than most thinkers realize. There are also the movies to go to, and in the evening one can do jig-saw puzzles and listen to the radio at the same time — pleasures unheard of in your day, even in Corinth, as I am sure you will admit.

When you next hear from me, Kallikrates, soul of my soul, I shall have given up the losing fight, and be free and independent again, as we all used to be in our old spring camping parties on the embankments, doing our jolly five days of corvée! Those were the days!

Yours till Serfdom,

DESPERATUS

a. d. X Kal. Jun.
1933

I Meet Myself

In better days, with many another swain, I used to telephone some fortunate young lady of an evening and make what is called a 'date.' But with the advent of the lean years I was forced to change my habits. The frequency of these nocturnal conversations became less and less until I began to look about me for some other recreation. It was hard at first; there seemed to be no way of climbing from the rut. Only after weeks of melancholy brooding was I able to arrive at the solution that has since occasioned me so much pleasure and satisfaction.

In short, I hit upon the idea of taking myself out. The utter simplicity of the thing stunned me for a moment, but from the first it was a delightful experience. I commenced by inviting myself to dinner one quiet winter night. Wishing to make a good first impression, I dressed with more care than usual. There was no trouble at all in deciding where to go, and I picked one of those intimate little spots where we could be alone and just sit and talk things over and get acquainted. During the course of a delicious meal we expanded and discovered quite a few things about each other we had n't known before. We had a most gratifying evening. Nothing boisterous, you understand — just a quiet, old-fash-

ioned good time. We agreed to do it again.

I rapidly became absorbed in this unique companionship. Several days after the first experience I asked myself to the theatre, and the invitation was accepted immediately. Our tastes seemed to be the same, for we had no difficulty in selecting a play that suited us both — one that was stimulating and yet would not require too much discussion afterward. I spent a most fortunate evening, my thoughts running smoothly and freely, at times soaring to undreamt-of heights, at others probing the inner depths of consciousness with the most charming results. We stopped for a bite to eat and found that we liked waffles and black coffee, and that tomatoes disagreed with us.

Soon we were seen everywhere together. I could go twice as many places within the allotted expenditure and was pleased with the society of my new-found friend. There was never a subject on which we did not agree, from Wagner to jig-saw puzzles. There was never an argument as to what we should do, or when. A remarkable part of the association was that, no matter how late one of us happened to be for an appointment, the other invariably arrived at the same time. This became a joke between us and never failed to start the evening off in the right manner.

We often did unusual things, and I have taken myself upon many an enjoyable adventure. Coney Island in winter, Eddie Cantor's birthplace, the Fulton Fish Market — all these we saw and many more. Frequently I dressed as carefully as a bridegroom and read to myself for hours. Sometimes it was a novel, sometimes poetry, and once the telephone book, all of which we enjoyed.

Of course we could n't go to dances, but this was not really a disappointment, because we agreed that dancing was a rather stupid pastime. In fact, after we had mulled it over, we perceived how ridiculous two persons could be, making aimless little movements and gyrations of the body; old gentlemen attempting to look young, young gentlemen attempting to look old, and the in-betweens trying to look bored. We banished the subject from our thoughts.

There were one or two minor embarrassments attendant upon our relationship, especially at first. I remember a certain hostess asking me to escort one of her guests home — me trying to explain that I should have enough trouble taking myself home, and attempting to show her just what the situation was. Somehow she was not convinced and kept looking at me quizzically out of the corner of her eyes. She has not spoken to me since. There have been other incidents, but on the whole our relations have been entirely successful.

No doubt a more fertile brain than mine could invent other exciting things to do, but I am content with working on an expansion of this same theme. The idea has infinite possibilities. For instance, I am just now trying to think up a way to induce myself to take me out.

Light, and Shade, and Curving Line

Though I do not know where or when I read it, the fact is in my mind that in ancient times, when paper in China was at a premium, an artist spent days studying the simplest form, bringing his mental image to perfection, before risking the transfer to precious paper. The sweep of a bamboo shoot could be an object of study for days. Chinese art testifies to the resulting poem of light, and shade, and curving line.

A short time ago I cut myself off from that confusing part of present-day civilization which is temporary, the backwash of progress which jumbles one's days into a confusion too complicated to be effective. As a result I ultimately found myself in a log cabin in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains. The days stretched timelessly ahead like so many sheets of untouched paper. It was my privilege to fill them with light, and shade, and curving line.

The danger of marring these sheets lay in too much haste and too little contemplation. Moderation, and the slowness that breeds contemplation, are parts of an art of living which does not come easily or naturally to those conditioned in adolescence by the speed of war and boom years. I do not know what institution, or combination of institutions, is to blame for instilling in the modern mind a guilty fear of being caught moving slowly, but the fear is there.

It must be overcome before there can rise up to fill its place a love for simple things that grow slowly.

'If,' said I to myself, 'a man can spend days in the study of a bamboo shoot, why should I be above spending a similar period of time wondering over a blade of grass on a mountain side, its light, and shade, and curving line?' But, valuable as leisure and contemplation may be, they are dependent upon certain natural laws that cannot be denied — and one of them is the commonplace necessity for food. In the case of a poor farmer, no garden, no food. 'So,' said I to myself, 'you had better start your studies of simplicity through contemplation of a hoe.' I did; and I am not yet ready to paint even a small finished picture from the truths and half-truths discovered.

I might have leaned the hoe up against the wall of the 'blow-hard,' seated myself comfortably upon a cushion, and meditated for hours upon the beauty of its cylindrical handle, the changes of light and shadow upon its polished surface as the sun circled from east to west, the hardness of its steel blade, the constantly moving atoms making up that steel, the source of the power tapped by man's mind which enabled him to know the preparation and uses of that metal. Yes, I might have done so, but I did not. I eliminated the cushion and the wall. I did my contemplating upright on my two feet in the hot sun, the hoe handle leaning against the calluses on my palms.

The results of a study of simplicity are paradoxically complicated. That hoe has led me into surprising mazes of conjecture. I shall be glad in a way when the gardening season is over and the leisure of winter months gives me the time to sit in front of the fireplace and think, to wonder about the names of worms and bugs turned up by the blade of my hoe, their origin and their use or uselessness; the weeds cut down and the fruitful plants spared; stones, dirt, plant life, and the law of the interrelation of matter; the effects of summer sun upon the human body (especially the human body wielding a hoe with a steady chop, chop along the rows, up and down, up and down, in the dust and the sun). . . . And contemplation of the sun leads one to contemplation of the source of all energy.

The possibilities of that hoe will yet be my despair! The challenges it has dug up may yet send me back to cities in search of refuge in the dulling effects of motor civilization, the pleasant coma induced by noise and carbon monoxide.

It is now two months since I evolved my 'blade of grass' theory, and as yet I have in my mind no definite picture of light, and shade, and curving line. 'But,' I caution myself, 'you must not hurry. Time is only relative.' So I have figured it out this way: I shall save those untouched sheets, by some considered wasted, and join them to form one long white stretch. If it is true — and I have every reason to believe it — that farmers live long, it will be a very long white strip stretching through the years. It will not be cluttered with records of the simple events which fill the days and years, such as the number of inches of rainfall in 1942, the number of times I have fed and watered the chickens over a period of fifty years, the days of drought when crops went limp and springs went dry, the ways in which we raised money to meet taxes, the alternate loss or accumulation of material possessions through right or error, the shooting of a neighbor (not by us, let it be understood, but by another neighbor), the animals we have nursed through sickness or accident to health, the growth of the walnut tree in the side yard. No, that would not be consistent with the original theory. In the medley of simple tasks brimming the days there must be somewhere concealed the light, and shade, and curve of line necessary for the drawing of one bold simple picture the length of the long white strip.

It may have to do with an understanding of the source of energy which makes it necessary to carry a hoe up and down a dusty row that fruit may grow, instead of leaning it against the blow-hard wall. It very easily might.

I Like to Be Kept Waiting

No one need ever hurry in keeping an appointment with me. No one need ever come up panting with apologies and explanations as to why it is ten minutes past six instead of the appointed six minutes past

ten. It is all one to me, for I like to be kept waiting.

As I grow older the fallacy of many early tenets once held sacred is revealed to me, and no discovery has given me such breadth of vision as has come with the dawning consciousness, now confirmed as a canon of my new faith, that promptness is an overrated virtue. My only regret is that this revelation came so late, after I had wasted in unappreciated agony so many hours of waiting — hours which might have been turned into pleasure unalloyed.

As a child, I was taught that tardiness for an appointment was little short of a crime, that the explanations and apologies due to anyone kept waiting could not be adequate unless they issued from a heavy and contrite heart. As a result I lived with my eyes on the clock. I hurried. I scrambled. Life was a series of breath-taking rushes. And if, through some misadventure or act of God, I was forced to arrive late, I was purple with shame and guilt.

But now I am done with promptness and all its obligations. If anyone makes an appointment with me, it is distinctly at his own risk. I shall probably be late — hours late — and quite cheerful about it. I may even not appear at all. On the other hand, if he who is to meet me is delayed, what of it? The longer I wait, the better I like it. I love to be kept waiting, for I have learned a secret: that waiting time is all one's own.

Out of all the day with its endless demands and exactions, that time which one spends in waiting on the convenience of another is a gorgeous, private gift. These are the moments when one is not duty-bound to be thinking about home discipline, the grocery budget, or the maid's morals. There is no compulsion to dwell on elevating thoughts. Such time is, in truth, one's very own.

How I regret the hours on end that I wasted in tense waiting before this realization came to me! How I used to try, with one futile device or another, to shorten the time, mentally urging some delinquent friend or relative to greater speed and promptness, inwardly computing how I should have to slice and parry later engagements to make up the lost time. I am forced to admit, you see, that I am a scuttler.

Now a scuttler is a person who is congenitally and eternally in a hurry. You can recognize a scuttler as far as you can see him by his trot — a kind of worried, hopeless half-run, half-walk. His eyes are harried; they fairly burst with apologies at the slightest provocation. 'Between the telephone, don't you know, and the doorbell, and the maid's afternoon out and Junior's swallowing his tooth brace, I simply could not make it one minute sooner!' Male or female, the species has its distinguishing marks.

I was born a scuttler. I trotted. I apologized. Each morning as I looked over my list of obligations for the day, I knew that I could not possibly meet them all on schedule, scuttle as I would. Still I tried. My hands busy with one task, my mind would be two jobs ahead casting up its accounts to see just how far behind I was already and wondering frantically where I should be at six.

But that was before I made my discovery. Now there are only two appointments to which I hold myself. Each day I pick up the children at three and my husband at five-thirty. If you have ever tried to hurry the modern child or the modern husband, you will know that every day, rain or shine, I sit waiting at the wheel anywhere from thirty minutes to two hours and a half. As long as I remained a scuttler, these periods were sheer agony. I had nothing for it but to learn wisdom. And learn I did — and, in learning, discovered that I liked waiting.

Now, as I sit parked double at the curb, cars can bump me from behind or jam into me in front — what care I? I am as delightfully alone as if I were in the North woods. If the traffic officer orders me to take a turn around the block, my hands and feet obey the signals, but my spirit, so to speak, skips rope.

'Your mother has been waiting for you an hour,' says some kindly teacher reproachfully to the children.

'Your wife must get tired,' a client tells my husband, viewing me ten stories below. 'Three times that traffic cop has made her move.'

'Oh, she likes it,' they reply.

And I do.

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

A SMALL, shy Englishman, H. M. Tomlinson is usually referred to as the man who wrote *The Sea and the Jungle*. That was his first book, written in 1911, when he was thirty-eight. Clerk in a London shipping office, war correspondent, former literary editor of the *Nation and Athenæum*, and traveler, his essays and articles, *Tidemarks* and *London River*, and his novels, *Gallions Reach* and *All Our Yesterdays*, have set him down as an important writer with an unforgettable and brilliant style.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

H. M. TOMLINSON

The Snows of Helicon

[Harpers, $2.50]

IF the thought and prose of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson were not so dangerously brilliant, a congress of small critics would be out to get him on the simple score of 'no novelist.' Some of them will try anyway and burn their fingers for whatever pains they take. They sniffed at the strange odor of *Gallions Reach* when it appeared in 1927. It bothered some of them. Was this a novel? It seemed to have a plot. But the plot got lost in the Malay somewhere, and the hero (an escaped murderer) and Mr. Tomlinson fought it out in some passages of that rare, supporting prose which made *The Sea and the Jungle* at least a hundredth part as well known as it deserves to be. Mr. Tomlinson, whispered his readers, is not a novelist. He leaves things unfinished. But we can't leave him unfinished. There was a girl in *Gallions Reach*. But the author, unused to feminine names and pronouns, gave her up in the third chapter and the incident was closed.

Mr. Tomlinson's new book, *The Snows of Helicon*, is more of a novel than *Gallions Reach*. There is almost a complete plot, and one woman stays the distance. Is this enough? 'His new novel,' the publishers will say. What of this? Forget it as a novel. But you won't forget it as a book. The author has seen to that. It began, I think, in an essay he once wrote, called 'A Lost Wood.' In this country we are getting so used to ruin in the wake of progress that we doubt whether our daily land and townscape were ever quite unspoiled. But England is going, too. We are surprised and appalled at that. 'Improvement had come. In the heart of the wood, oaks were being felled, and by the torn roots of one was a dead hedgehog, which had been evicted from its hybernaculum into the frigid blast of reform.'

Like Samuel Butler and Hudson before him, but with a worldful now of fact, Mr. Tomlinson in his latest narrative assails the machine age in bitter reason. The weapons are fanciful enough. Travers, an English architect, arriving in Liverpool from New York, revolts suddenly from the thought of adding more ugliness, more colossus, to the earth. He leaves his wife in the railway station and goes off ostensibly to buy a book. An astonishing sequence of events carry him to other ends of the globe with the half-apparent idea of saving from destruction a temple to Apollo in the Greek island of Colonna. An unscrupulous power, a man called Lord Snarge (or he might be machine in the flesh), wants to build a wireless station there. The literal-minded will balk at this. A fantastic idea! But the story, skipping material details, moves in a curious boxing of the mental compass toward the desired end. Like all Tomlinson stories, it touches ships, jungle, revolution (this time), and a fine salt character in Bert Byles. Lord Snarge is never seen. He is a presence, like Kurtz in Conrad's 'The Heart of Darkness.' But it is not the individuals or the direction of the book which holds us. It is Tomlinson's sheer genius at giving the world an ugly look at itself in a strange but unclouded glass. The look is ugly, but the comment is beauty to alarm. 'On a fine morning, not specially noted in the calendar, an unknown cap-wearer, merged with his fellows, has a touch of sun. He goes fey. That one point in the stream no longer bobs along the current. It stops and interrupts the regular flow; presently deflects it, dams it up convincingly, gathers the oncoming caps into a deepening threat, swells them into an irresistible opinion fed by all the rills of the countryside, and away goes a flood to alter the landscape forever, and spin every wheel to another purpose. If that were not possible, humanity would be as dumb as a bed of oysters.'

A touch of sun. Whatever it was, it has caught on the snows of Helicon. A lot of us would like to have said this. A lot of us feel it. We'd save the temple and blast the machine. But could we? That's why Travers remains a symbol. He is n't real. He sees too straight and talks too well. For a few lucid minutes he lives: witness the revolution, and the vividness there. But the undertone is important. Listening to that, we hear strange syllables. Have we heard them before? We burn with the thought that perhaps the gods once wrote like this.

DAVID MCCORD

Looking Forward to Some Good Books

SUPPOSE we consider them in the probable order of their appearance. Early in September comes ENTERTAINING THE ISLANDERS by STRUTHERS BURT, a novel of modern American manners and morals, which combines a dramatic and compelling love story with a wealth of penetrating and pungent comment on our so-called civilization—all set against an exotic Caribbean background. $2.50 📖 About the same time you may expect the MEMORIAL EDITION of THE FORSYTE SAGA by JOHN GALSWORTHY, with a preface by Mrs. Galsworthy. For this edition the classic story of Soames, Irene, Fleur, and the rest has been entirely reset, printed on extra fine paper in a larger page size, and has a handsome new binding. $3.00 📖 In mid-September there will gallop into circulation WILL JAMES'S novel of Western outlaws, THE THREE MUSTANGEERS, the story of a trio of adventurous riders whose greatest pleasure is "outsmarting stockmen and sheriffs"—a stirring yarn with many drawings by the author. $2.75 📖 Another novel of riders, of a more conventional sort, is AMORY HARE'S DEEP COUNTRY, a tale of American fox-hunting squires laid in the lovely hunting counties of southeastern Pennsylvania; of men and women whose lives are governed in large measure by the rigid sporting code. $2.00 📖 Later in the month there will be published MEMOIRS OF A SPY by NICHOLAS SNOWDEN, former Austro-Hungarian agent, who recalls his numerous and thrilling adventures on the Eastern Front during the World War and in the troubled lands of *Mittel Europa* in the post-war years. $2.75 📖 At the end of the month will come FAIRFAX DOWNEY'S colorful biography, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: HIS DAY, the story of a man whose life was a steady string of thrilling adventures. The book is profusely illustrated with photographs and drawings that recall the gay '90's and the years before Armageddon. $3.00 📖 September publications for younger readers include twenty titles in the SCRIBNER $1.50 ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS, deathless tales like "The Black Arrow," "Quentin Durward," "Westward Ho!" illustrated in full color by N. C. Wyeth, Maxfield Parrish, and other famous artists—as fine a value in children's books as you'll see anywhere. 📖 And—here's a *real* event—a new edition of THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS by KENNETH GRAHAME, filled to bursting with drawings of Toad, Badger, "Ratty," and the other lovable creatures by ERNEST SHEPARD, who illustrated the Milne books. All—text, illustrations, binding, etc.—for one lonely dollar. 📖 So much for September publications. A little later on you'll hear about John Galsworthy's last novel, "One More River"; Alice Roosevelt Longworth's reminiscences, "Crowded Hours"; "Our Times: *Over Here*" by Mark Sullivan; Charles Edward Russell's slashing autobiography, "Bare Hands and Stone Walls," and many others. 📖 But for your September literary fare, since September magazines have a curious habit of coming out in mid-August, we suggest that you tear out this page, mark the books you want with a check, thusly √, send it to your bookseller, who will be glad to fill your orders on date of publication.

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The BOOKSHELF

***Deep Water*, by Captain Pryce Mitchell**

[Atlantic Monthly and Little, Brown, $2.50]

A GOOD many sea books come to me. I have a landsman friend who has the unpleasant, though well-meaning, habit of sending me every sea book he comes across. And those by retired skippers are often the weirdest. When I saw that *Deep Water* was by a retired skipper I groaned.

When I had read the first eighteen pages of Mitchell's book I had to lay it down. I could go no farther then. At the risk of being judged a sentimental sort of slob, I must admit that there was a dimness in my eyes. I took paper and I wrote to Mitchell, as man writes to man. For I also was raised with the smell of salt water, of tar and of cordage, in my nostrils; and, like him, I also have followed the sea. And when I had written to him I picked up his book again, and read on; through the afternoon, through the evening, and on and on into the night. It was a cold night, and my fire went out. I dragged a quilt from my bed, wrapped it about me, and continued to read. I was a lad on my first voyage again.

Be it ship, master, mate, or man that Mitchell writes of, each is painted full true. I recognize, and have met, each. And when he writes of a wind, it is of a wind that he writes. He gives me the heave of our old sea, the sting of her spray on my face. And when, for a time, he leaves the sea and goes on shore adventuring, I go with him; as hopefully, as merrily, as wearily or wonderingly as he goes himself. The shore part of his yarn is every bit as fine as the sea part. Just what part of his yarn hits me hardest would be mighty difficult to say, for all of it stabs home. It's hard to talk about it! It is plain talk, and simple talk, and that, being high art, is the very best sort of talk. I'd be sorry for the nowadays lad who did not revel in it. I'd be sorry for the grown-up who could n't get a message from it, forget his troubles, and feel young again! It's an epic, learned by and told by a man of the old sea breed. A plain fellow without any frills to him, but with the heaven-given gift for spinning a grand yarn.

In a way it would be impudence for me, who was never more than a mate, to criticize Captain Mitchell's book. But I wish the old days were back, and that I, a lad again, were just away to sea on my first voyage — under a skipper such as Pryce Mitchell. And no man can say more than that.

BILL ADAMS

NEW FICTION

WHEN some ten years ago **A. S. M. Hutchinson's** *If Winter Comes* made its prodigious appeal to a public strangely diversified, its enormous popularity was explained on the ground that readers were satiated with the subjective dregs of post-war fiction and wanted to look at life from a more romantic point of view. Times have changed. The best fiction of the past two years has been largely objective both in its material and in its approach, encouragingly universal in its final impression, and, if not always strictly realistic in content, surely so in purport and in tenor. Witness, for example, Walmsley's *Three Fevers*, Sherriff's *The Fortnight in September*, Willa Cather's *Obscure Destinies*, Phyllis Bentley's *Inheritance*, Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*, even Charles Morgan's *The Fountain*. And thus far many readers have experienced therein only relief and hope for the future.

It is, therefore, going to be of real interest to watch the reception accorded Mr. Hutchinson's new novel, ***The Soft Spot*** (Little, Brown, $2.50). Avowedly romantic and at times a bit unconvincing in its incidents, which range in place from a quiet English countryside to South American jungles and Malay islands, it has yet a definite thesis, and might, in fact, be termed ethical if not spiritual in its mission. Stephen Wain, whose life is here recorded by the sometimes irritating methods of diaries, letters, and journals as well as by the author himself, has been cursed from boyhood by a soft spot in his moral fibre; and Mr. Hutchinson's book is the story of its depredations upon him and his final conquest of it by means of a new light vouchsafed him under curious, attractive, and surely romantic circumstances. That the story is interesting, even absorbing, few will deny.

In ***Stranger's Return*** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), **Phil Stong** has written a far less convincing book than in *State Fair*. In the first place, the earlier story was built around a stable, well-rooted institution — namely, the fair. Events arose inevitably out of that all-engrossing situation and were reasonably motivated thereby; people were propelled by such circumstances as do arise at state fairs in Maine, Massachusetts, or Iowa. The book had a real if somewhat acrid quality, and justly merited the enthusiasm of many thoughtful readers. *Stranger's Return*, on the contrary, is without any such motivating and unifying situation. Supposedly rooted in the rich Iowa earth, it, nevertheless, impresses one not only as frail and uncertain, but also as wanting any real excuse for being at all. Perhaps this impression is born of the fact that not one of the characters, except perhaps Grandfather Storr (who ought to live by himself, but who constantly needs Mr. Stong), is rooted at all, either in the earth or in his own mind. *State Fair* had a robust, hale, even lusty reality; *Stranger's Return*, well written as it is, seems to have been evoked to satisfy Mr. Stong's desire to write yet another book.

***All Men Are Enemies*, by Richard Aldington** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is described in its title as 'a romance.' The definition is more incomplete even than are most definitions, unless, indeed, we push the term 'romantic' to the furthest limits of its æsthetic and spiritual connotations. Mr. Aldington's book, as I see it, and as indeed he tells us in a rather needless and

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The BOOKSHELF

enervating Author's Note, is the story of a ceaseless quest after the beautiful in life, which he believes to be apprehended only by the senses and especially by the sense of touch, unhesitatingly termed 'divine.' His repeated contention that god (he is careful to avoid the capital) is ultimately physical is sometimes not a little confusing. Does he not mean rather that his conception of deity, 'the not-me of this world,' is in reality spiritual, but understandable by and operative with men only through the employment of the senses? In any case, the thesis of the book is forced upon us to its own hurt (and ours). Neither the Author's Note nor the opening section, in which the immortal gods meet together to endow Anthony Clarendon with their gifts, is in the least necessary. Moreover, both take away from the reader the pleasure of discovery for himself what it is all about.

The book is, nevertheless, full of interest, aside from a captivating and moving story. Mr. Aldington's considerable achievements as a poet, a critic, and a translator are evident in these pages. Like Charles Lamb, in Pater's words, he knows 'the genius of places,' and his sensitive descriptions, whether of an English spring or of the Bay of Naples, alone make his book distinguished. There is evidence, too, of his wide reading and its influence upon him. Pater's *Marius* is here throughout, not only in its Epicurean ideal of 'life as the end of life,' its 'hard, gemlike flame of ecstasy,' but also again and again in its style and imagery. Keats is here, too, with his apotheosis of sensation, and Plato, and, not least, Homer himself. Nor does Mr. Aldington's recent connection with the works and thought of D. H. Lawrence come as any surprise, for both are present in large measure, 'pressed down and running over.' These influences, in fact, save this story, with its sinister and not entirely appropriate title, from becoming too much the hawking about of an idea, even though they now and again retard its action and extend it to an undue length.

Little Man, What Now? by **Hans Fallada** (Simon and Schuster, $2.50) is one of the finest and most heartening books of the year. It has an epic quality not easily discernible in its somewhat oversimplified, shorn, staccato style, but irrevocably, insistently uppermost. The figures of Johannes Pinneberg and of Bunny, his wife, are epic figures, and their story the epic of the heroic unemployed all over a suffering world. It may be more true to call the book an epic of the human spirit, of its resiliency and humor which flower not only in eternal hope, but in the eternal capacity for happiness in something tangible on this earth.

Indeed, the atmosphere, the spirit, the light streaming over and through these terse, objective, simple pages, transcend the story itself, so that one does not think primarily of manner or even of matter, excellent as is the first and all-engrossing as is the second. One knows that the dialogue is superb, and congratulates Eric Sutton, the translator; that the characterization is swift and sure and dependent not so much upon the author as upon the persons themselves; that the incidents such as those of the dressing table and the baby's tooth are in themselves admirable; and yet these singly somehow play a modest part to that which together they create — the unextinguishable spirit of the book born of the unextinguishable love of two ordinary yet extraordinary human beings, none too good, surely none too bright! Nor does the author need to acquaint us through his own words with his notions, his ideas, his ideals. For he has chosen that more difficult but better part: to let his people have their way with him, to lead him whithersoever they will.

MARY ELLEN CHASE

***Henry P. Davison*, by Thomas W. Lamont**
[Harpers, $3.50]

IN this bright picture there are no shadows, and perhaps the portrait is all the more engaging on that account. Mr. Lamont sees his 'friend and partner' much as a boy sees his big brother coming home from school with all the prizes, happy, praised, triumphant. But 'Harry' Davison could never have brought home the Golden Fleece; he could not have turned so many discords into harmonies; he could not have rolled so many banks into one; he could not have changed a riot of individualism into a game of Follow My Leader; above all he could never have accomplished the miraculous organization of the largest, noblest charity our civilization has seen, if he had not been the self-devoted hero of Mr. Lamont's enthusiastic description. After all, the whole truth about bankers may not be printed in the newspapers. Readers between the lines of the recent Morgan inquisition caught more than a solitary hint that, although bankers are not in business for their health, they sometimes contribute quite as much as reformers toward making business healthy. In the murky world of finance, perhaps, the torch which Harry Davison held aloft will never quite go out.

E. S.

THE Leslie Stephen lecture delivered in May at Cambridge University by **A. E. Housman** is published with the title ***The Name and Nature of Poetry*** (Macmillan, $1.50). Impeccably graceful and elegant in form, the lecture is not very consequential taken as a whole. Much in it is finely and wittily said, and many dicta delivered with the chastened epigrammatic turn made familiar by the author's poems. Mr. Housman fights a bout again in the long-vexed battle over the poetical claims of Dryden and Pope and the tradition of which they are the great exemplars; and he reasserts the view held in the nineteenth century, not departing from the verdict of Arnold. This is now the conservative view, I believe; once it was romantic, novel, and revolu-

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tionary. Mr. Housman defends it, as I think, soundly and with a fine edge of understanding. His illustrations of poetic style, his observations on diction and the citations by which he supports them, are especially valuable, and nearly every one is chosen with nicest discernment. But the concluding parts of his essay speak in favor of poetical madness, and suggest that to be a poet it is all but necessary to be divinely distracted, like Blake or Christopher Smart. Mr. Housman's observations on the writing of his own poems will be read with interest; but some readers at least will desire to feel that an author is not his own best psychologist when he seeks to pierce the springs of his productive excitement.

If ill health was actually an accompaniment of Mr. Housman's creational periods, we can only maintain with gratitude that the evidences of it are happily concealed in such stanzas of lasting perfection and strength as the 'Epitaph on a Contemptible Army of Mercenaries.'

THEODORE MORRISON

I WONDER if there was ever a time when the world was more dead set against war. And I wonder if other citizens, other veterans, share with me in the difficulty of bequeathing this abhorrence to those who come after. To study the pictures in the photographic history, ***The First World War***, which has been edited by **Laurence Stallings** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), is to be reminded, not of the wine, women, and medals, but of the utter waste of 1914–1918. The war albums of *L'Illustration*, which I possess, deliberately glorify the Allied arms, and quite naturally the pictures in *Die Woche* did the same for Germany. But this new collection of five hundred photographs speaks with universal compassion; these pictures come from all fronts. Some of them are beautiful in composition, others stark and pitiable. In their association, in their captions, is an irony which shocks the mind, as Mr. Stallings intended it should. History, says Santayana, is merely memory aided and directed. If our national conscience is ever to be protected from mob psychology, it will be because books like this are seen and remembered.

According to Clemenceau's vision of the future, 'European history is to be a perpetual prize-fight,' wrote **John Maynard Keynes**, watching the peace strategy at Versailles. In his capacity as financial expert and in his rôle as a teaching economist, Mr. Keynes has had occasion to compose prose portraits of certain statesmen and scholars. These portraits have now been gathered together in a small volume, ***Essays in Biography*** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), and are delightful both for their power of perception and for the preciseness

There is an Island

—a very tiny island—Blasket—which braves the gray Atlantic, just off the Irish coast. Its people are poor and little known—but rich in their zest for life and in their cherished traditions. To them the little people of the wood still live, and moon-filled caves are perilous at midnight.

One of them, Maurice O'Sullivan, wrote a story, the simple recounting of his first twenty years—of fishing and hunting for heron's eggs—of courting and going to fairs. He wrote it merely to amuse his friends during the long winter evenings but, somehow, it came to the notice of an English publisher.

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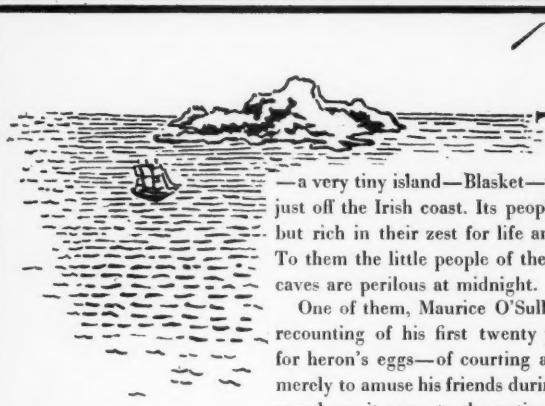

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